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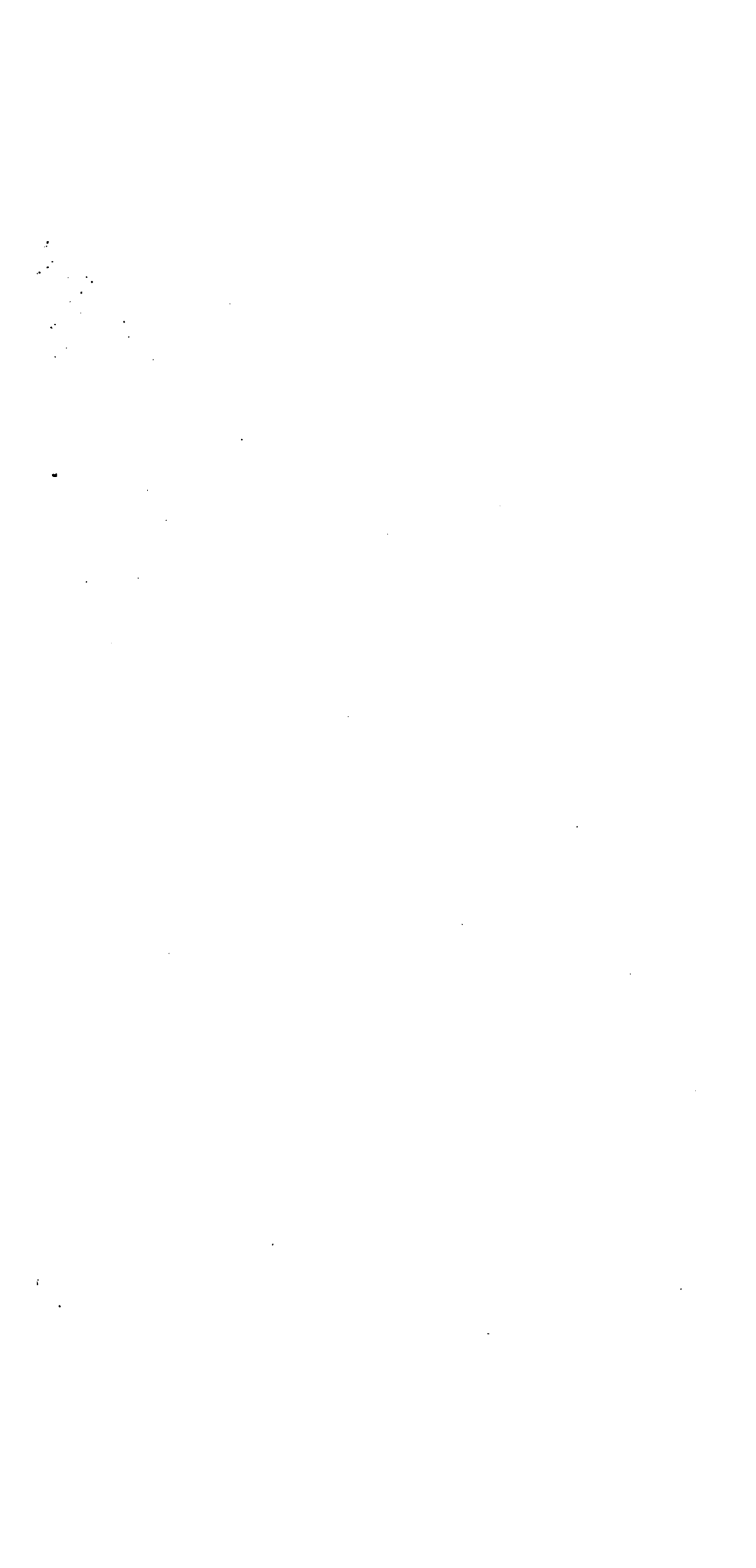
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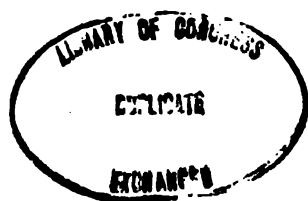




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THE RIGHT HON. LORD WANTAGE, V.C., K.C.B.
COMMANDING HOME COUNTIES BRIGADE OF VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Naval and Military
MAGAZINE.

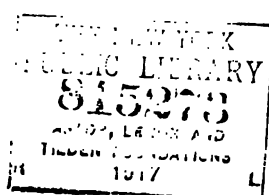
*A Monthly Journal devoted to all subjects connected with
Her Majesty's Land and Sea Forces.*

New Series, Vol. II.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
W. H. ALLEN & CO., 13 WATERLOO PLACE, Pall Mall. S.W.

1889.

NOV 1917



LONDON :

PRINTED BY W. H. ALLEN AND CO., 13 WATERLOO PLACE,
FALL MALL. S.W.

By transfer

OCT 26 1915

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No. 6.

JUNE 1st, 1889.

Vol. II.

The Right Hon. Lord Wantage,

V.C., K.C.B.,

COMMANDING THE HOME COUNTIES BRIGADE OF VOLUNTEER
INFANTRY.



ORD WANTAGE, as Major Lindsay, served with the Scots Fusilier Guards in the Eastern Campaign of 1854-55, including the battles of Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman, siege and fall of Sevastopol, and the sortie of the 26th October. For these services he received the Crimean Medal with four clasps, the Victoria Cross, the Legion of Honour, the Medjidie, and the Turkish medal. He obtained the Victoria Cross in the following manner:—"When the formation of the line of his regiment was disordered at the Alma, Captain Lindsay stood firm with the colours, and, by his example and energy, greatly tended to restore order. At Inkerman, at a most trying moment, he, with a few men, charged a party of Russians, driving them back and running one through the body himself." Lord Wantage is Lord-Lieutenant of Berkshire, which county he

represented during twenty years in Parliament; he is equerry to the Prince of Wales; he has commanded the 1st Volunteer Battalion Royal Berkshire Regiment since its formation. He was Financial Secretary to the War Office during Lord Beaconsfield's administration, and was for some time Lieut.-Colonel Commandant of the Honourable Artillery Company. In 1888 he was appointed Brigadier-General of the Home Counties Brigade, which is composed of the following battalions:—

1st	Volunteer	Battalion	Bedford	Regiment.
2nd	"	"	"	"
3rd	"	"	"	"
1st	Bucks	Rifle	Volunteer	Corps.
2nd	Volunteer	Battalion	Oxford	Light Infantry.
1st	"	"	Royal	Berks Regiment.

The following portraits of Brigadier-Generals of Volunteer Brigades have already appeared in this Magazine:

1. Lieut.-General Lord Abinger, C.B., Commanding West London Brigade, in April.
2. Brigadier-General Right Hon. J. H. A. Macdonald, C.B., Commanding Forth Brigade, in May.



The Campaign of 1815.

By WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.



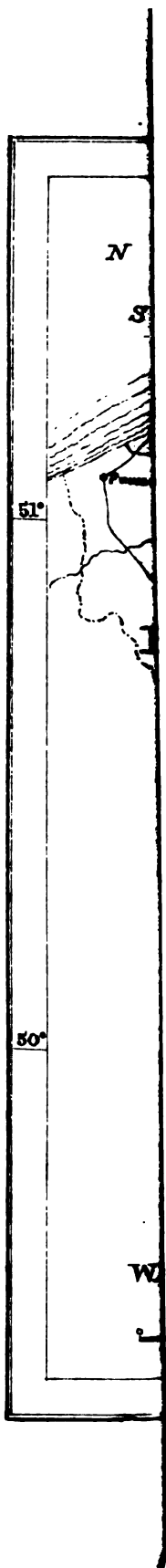
I.



PURPOSE, in this and a subsequent article, to describe the main features of the Campaign of 1815, and to endeavour to pronounce a fair judgment upon it. Of the interest of the subject it is needless to speak; this grand passage of arms will attract the attention of history to it in the same degree as the contest decided on the field of Zama, or the last struggle between Pompey and Cæsar. Yet this is not my chief reason for attempting this sketch; I venture to think, though a large literature has grown up round the theme of

Waterloo, that there is still room for an impartial study, brief though it be, of the leading incidents of this ever-memorable and most decisive conflict. Many causes, in fact, have concurred to obscure the truth respecting the Campaign of 1815, and to prevent a just estimate being formed of it. On some points our knowledge is still imperfect; passion and prejudice have distorted the facts, on several others of the first importance; and commentators on Waterloo, even including the chief actors in the drama, have, in most instances, either made palpable and grave mistakes, or have applied a kind of criticism to the course of events, essentially, and from the nature of the case, fallacious. The narratives of Napoleon, in some of their parts, bear the ineffaceable marks of his genius, but they abound in serious errors of detail, and in places they are far from just or honest. The apology of Wellington, though the most truthful of men, written as it was in far advanced age, is not trustworthy in many respects; and all that has emanated from the Prussian staff is by no means accurate, or even always candid. As for historians, Thiers has composed a romance confuted by the evidence in most important points; and the same may be said of the host of Frenchmen who, like him, have slavishly followed Napoleon. We have had a like class of writers in England; from Siborne to Hooper it has been the fashion to describe the Duke as faultless in 1815, in plain defiance of unquestionable facts; and Dutch, Belgian, and German authors have equally erred in claiming praise for chiefs of their races beyond their merits. Then we have commentators, of whom Charras is by far the ablest and most perfect specimen, partisans who test operations of war by an impossible standard of mere theory, and who, in this way, have succeeded in making the greatest chiefs seem inferior men; and Chesney's *Essay*, though in parts excellent, is by no means free from this most unsound criticism. Passing by General Hamley's valuable sketch, I believe Jomini's account of Waterloo to be, even now, the best extant narrative; but it is necessarily wanting in many respects, in the information obtained since his day. I shall try to follow, in these papers, the method which, in an inquiry of this kind, will most probably lead to just conclusions; that is, I shall rely* only on contemporaneous documents, the genuineness of which is not doubtful; and I shall endeavour to judge of events as they happened, from the point of view of those who took part

* My limits preclude me from citing extracts from these authorities. But I shall, when it is required, indicate them; and I hope I shall accurately express their meaning and purport.



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in them, and not by the light of subsequent knowledge, or by the mere abstract rules of strategy.

I have no space to discuss the arrangements made beforehand by Napoleon to meet the League of Europe in 1815 ; but they were most able and even wonderful, and the detraction of Charras is false and unjust. The memories of an immortal campaign would have caused the Emperor to defend France on the Marne and the Seine, with fortified Paris a pivot for his operations and a vast entrenched camp ; but the state of opinion made this plan impossible, and he resolved to assume a daring offensive. His design, resembling in its main features the strategy which led to Ulm and Austerlitz, may be left with confidence to judges of the art, and bears the clear stamp of his transcendent genius. A million of armed men were advancing on France from the Scheldt, the Rhine, the Oder, and the Po ; but the hosts of the allies were widely apart, and at unequal distances from the points of attack ; and the extreme right of the vast front of invasion, composed of the armies of Blücher and Wellington, was isolated, and close to the French frontier. It was possible, therefore, to make a sudden spring on this detached part of the Coalition's forces, to surprise and to overthrow it in detail ; and if decisive success were achieved, there were reasons to believe that Napoleon's triumph might bring the war at once to a close. The situation, besides, of the menaced armies in Belgium invited a daring attack, even though made with an inferiority of force. They were disseminated along a wide front, from Ghent to Liège, a hundred miles in length, and from thirty-five to fifty miles in depth, from Brussels to the edge of French territory ; they were scattered in divisions, covering the roads that led, in many lines, from the frontier of France ; and two days, at least, were required before they could even nearly concentrate on a given field of battle. They were thus vulnerable at all points, and the strategy which placed them in such positions has long ago been condemned as false ; but many and decisive reasons concurred to induce Napoleon to select their centre, and the space where their inner flanks met, as the first spot on which to direct his efforts. Were he to assail the allies on either wing, he would press their armies against each other, and favour rather than retard their junction, the very event to be most avoided ; and, besides, they were in greater strength on these lines than at those points of their centre at which their separate forces came in contact. Again, Wellington was based on the sea, from Brussels and Ghent to Ostend and Antwerp ; the base of Blücher was the Rhine and Cologne. Were their

centre, therefore, fiercely attacked, and their armies compelled to diverge from each other, the probability was that each chief would fall back on his proper base, as happened in the campaign of 1794, and that the Emperor would be able to interpose and, perhaps, to overwhelm their recoiling forces. Other considerations combined to determine the purpose of the most profound of generals. Blücher was known to be hasty and bold to a fault; the genius of Wellington was circumspect and cautious; and Napoleon calculated—rightly, as the event proved—that should he fall suddenly on the allied centre, Blücher would hurry forward to repel the attack, and that Wellington would be slow to advance; and this single circumstance, it was not unlikely, would give the Imperial chief an admirable chance to beat in detail his divided enemies. The peculiarities of the theatre, too, encouraged an attempt against the allied centre. At each side of this point the French frontier at this time ran into Belgian territory, especially from Valenciennes to Rocroy; a great main road by Charleroi to Brussels nearly traversed the space where the allies met, and led into the heart of the Belgic provinces; the communication between the allies depended chiefly on one lateral road, extending from Nivelles to Namur eastwards, and behind this lay a difficult region of hills and marshes watered by the Dyle, and unfavourable to the junction of divided armies. Should Napoleon, therefore, advance on this path, he would have the shortest line of attack from France; he would have an avenue into the midst of the camps of his foes, and conducting him to the Belgian capital; and should he once be able to force his adversaries from their main point of contact, the Nivelles and Namur road, they would find it no easy task to reunite, and they would probably be placed in serious peril.

The allies were thus to be struck at their centre, and their separated hosts to be rent asunder, as Beaulieu and Colli, twenty years before, when Bonaparte was first revealed to Fortune, were assailed from the Genoese seaboard, and driven in eccentric retreat from Piedmont. An untoward event at the outset increased the difficulties of carrying out a plan, which may be pronounced one of the most brilliant even of Napoleon's marvellous career. The united armies of Blücher and Wellington were about 224,000 strong; the Emperor reckoned that 150,000 men were required to assure his operations success; and it may confidently be said that, had he had this force, he would, humanly speaking, have been victorious, spite of the misadventures and faults of the Campaign. A sudden rising in La Vendée, however, deprived him of 20,000

good troops; but, though this added largely to his adverse chances, his position was such that he still resolved to persevere in his audacious project. The execution of his profound design was admirable, and, indeed, all but perfect. The divisions intended to make the movement were encamped along the northern frontier of France, or thrown back southward almost to the capital; and the problem was how to draw together these widely separated bodies of men, and to concentrate them at the appointed spot, without interference on the part of the enemy, and without even his knowledge, if this were possible. The operation was accomplished with success, largely through that remarkable skill in stratagem which was one of Napoleon's distinctive gifts. While the corps on the frontier, their march concealed by different expedients with consummate art, were collected together from the vast distance which extends from Lille and Valenciennes to Metz, the corps in the interior were moved forward by degrees, and the united masses were brought into contact, at the points indicated by their great head and leader. On the evening of the 14th June 1815, nearly 128,000 Frenchmen, including 22,000 cavalry, and with 350 guns, had effected their junction, on a narrow front, on the very verge of the plains of Belgium, a few miles from the banks of the Sambre, and converging towards the great main road, running, we have seen, from Charleroi to Brussels; and the concentration, if not quite complete, was, in the circumstances in which it was made, one of the finest known in the annals of war. The Emperor's left wing, about 45,000 strong, composed of the 2nd and 1st corps, in the experienced hands of Reille and D'Erlon, was near the Sambre at Leez and Solre; the centre, nearly 68,000 men, comprising the Imperial Guard, the 3rd Corps of Vandamme, the 6th Corps, with Lobau as its chief, and the cavalry reserves, under the command of Grouchy, lay in the country around Beaumont; and the right wing, the 4th Corps, led by the brilliant Gérard, and numbering perhaps 15,000 soldiers, was, in part, at Philippeville, its appointed station, a part, however, being half a march distant, the single detachment that had not fulfilled its mission. The purpose of Napoleon was to conduct these forces, assembled at his bidding as if by magic, at daybreak against the enemy in his camps; to cross the Sambre, to enter Charleroi, holding the main road to Brussels before referred to; and having taken possession of the adjoining country, and overpowered, if possible, any foes in his path, to press on to the road from Nivelles to Namur, to occupy on it Quatre Bras and Sombreffe, the two

points where the allied commanders would probably attempt to effect their junction, and having attained this position of vantage, to interpose between their divided armies, completing the first act in the drama of the Campaign.

Having made a spirit-stirring address to his troops, Napoleon set his army in motion at about 3 A.M. on the 15th of June. The left wing was not long in crossing the Sambre; soon after mid-day the two corps of Reille and D'Erlon had passed the bridge which spans the stream near the town of Marchiennes—it had been left intact by the enemy—and the great French columns had easily pressed back a detachment of the Prussian corps of Ziethen, in observation along the frontier. The march of the centre was greatly delayed; an advance-guard of cavalry, with a weak support of foot, entered Charleroi, indeed, and was over the Sambre a short time after the left wing—the bridge at Charleroi, too, was not broken—but an accident had kept back Vandamme; and it was past three in the afternoon before a part of the Guard, the 3rd Corps, and the mass of the reserve of cavalry had made their way out of the narrow streets of Charleroi, Lobau and some of the cavalry being still in the rear. The progress of the right wing was even more retarded; it did not move until a part at least of its backward detachment had come into line; the march of the troops was, in some measure, checked by the villainous treason of Bourmont; the country to be traversed was close and difficult; and it was about three before it had passed the Sambre, even in part, across the bridge at Châtelet—unbroken like those of Marchiennes and Charleroi—nearly half the corps being on the southern bank of the river. These delays enabled the bulk of Ziethen's forces—their head-quarters had been at Charleroi—to effect their retreat before the advancing French, and frequently to arrest the heads of their columns. The Prussian commander had manœuvred ably, though he had greatly erred in not destroying the bridges; Ziethen made good his way to Fleurus, with a loss of not more than 2,000 men, any hope which Napoleon may have entertained of surprising and crushing his isolated corps having been at an early hour frustrated. Mainly, too, from this cause, the Emperor failed to seize the two points of Quatre Bras and Sombrefe, on the cross road from Nivelles to Namur, which had been the object of his march on the 15th; and the day, as Charras has said, was, in part, incomplete. Nevertheless, Napoleon had already attained considerable and most promising success; and he might even now reckon on approaching victory. As evening closed one

division of the left wing, supported by a large body of horsemen, was at Frasnes, quite near Quatre Bras; and, in fact, it had been prevented from gaining that point only by a demonstration made by the young Prince of Saxe Weimar, anticipating his orders by many hours. The remainder of the left wing, now under the command of Ney—the Marshal had reached Charleroi some time in the afternoon—was extended from Gosselies to Jumet, holding the great road from Charleroi to Brussels, and from ten to thirteen miles from Quatre Bras, a single division approaching the centre; and a march of a few hours could place it in force on one of the chief points of the allied line of junction. As for the centre, Lobau, and part of the Guard and of the cavalry were still near Charleroi but Vandamme and the great body of the Guard and of the cavalry reserve were not far from Fleurus, a few miles only from the point of Sombreffe, by which Blücher would unite with Wellington, and filling the country back to Charleroi; while the right wing of Gérard was at a half march's distance. The main body of the French army, about 100,000 strong, had thus attained positions near the allied centre, which already made it difficult in the extreme for Blücher and Wellington to combine their forces along the road from Nivelles to Namur; if the Emperor had not cut his foes in two, he threatened their communication in a most dangerous way; he was master of the main road from Charleroi to Brussels almost up to the point of Quatre Bras; and, notwithstanding several mishaps, he had not 30,000 men in his rear. He had every reason to assert, as he did, that if not wholly, he was, in the main, satisfied with the results of the operations of the day.

What had been the dispositions of the allied chiefs, while Napoleon had gained this immense advantage? Neither Blücher nor Wellington seriously thought that their adversary would venture to invade Belgium, for his inferiority of force was well known to them; and Wellington was convinced that the Emperor would await the attack of the coalition, as he had awaited it the year before. This partly explains, though it does not justify, the dissemination of their scattered forces; and, as has been said, it is now conceded that this strategy was essentially faulty. They admitted, however, that an attack was possible, and everything tends to show that Blücher conceived that an attack on his centre and left was the most probable; while the Duke certainly believed that the blow would be most likely directed against his right. As an attempt, however, against their centre might be made, they had made provision for this contingency; and it had been arranged

between them that should Napoleon advance by Charleroi on the great road to Brussels, striking at the point of contact of their inner flanks, each should concentrate in force on the road from Nivelles to Namur, holding the two positions of Quatre Bras and Sombrefe, which they felt assured they could occupy in time, though the mass of their armies was far distant, and Quatre Bras and Sombrefe were but a march from the frontier. These calculations might have proved correct in the case of a foe of ordinary powers; but in that of a consummate master of his art, they were pregnant, as Charras has said, with danger. The Duke, however, and Blücher were not surprised, as has been alleged, in the true sense of the word, though they were out-generalled by Napoleon's movement. As early as the afternoon of the 14th of June, Ziethen had learned that the French had approached the frontier, and he immediately despatched the news to Blücher at his headquarters, miles off at Namur. The Prussian army was about 118,000 strong, including 12,000 horsemen and 312 guns; but its four corps were widely apart: the first, that of Ziethen, being around Charleroi; the second, that of Pirch, in camp at Namur; the third, under Thielmann, to the south-east at Ciney; the fourth led by Bülow far away at Liège; and it was all but impossible that the collective mass could be united on the road from Nivelles to Namur before nightfall on the 16th of June. The ardent veteran, however, eager for the fray, at about midnight on the 14th, when Napoleon's advance might be presumed, ordered a general concentration of his army on Sombrefe, as had been agreed between himself and Wellington; the Prussian chiefs gave proof of extreme activity; and while Ziethen, who, as we have seen, had skilfully retarded the march of the French, fell back to Fleurus, and thence to Sombrefe, Pirch, by the night of the 15th of June, had got near Mazy, four miles from Sombrefe, with three of the four divisions of his corps, the fourth being a short way in the rear; while Thielmann had attained Namur, half a march from the intended point of junction. Three corps, therefore, of Blücher's army could be at Sombrefe on the 16th by noon, ready to encounter the shock of Napoleon, and doubtless expecting support from Wellington. The corps of Bülow, however, could not be up in time; notwithstanding his energy, the Prussian chief had failed to collect a fourth of his army; and, in the actual position of affairs, could he confidently rely on the aid of his colleague?

At this moment, indeed, the French outposts were close to the allied line of junction, and Wellington had made scarcely a sign of

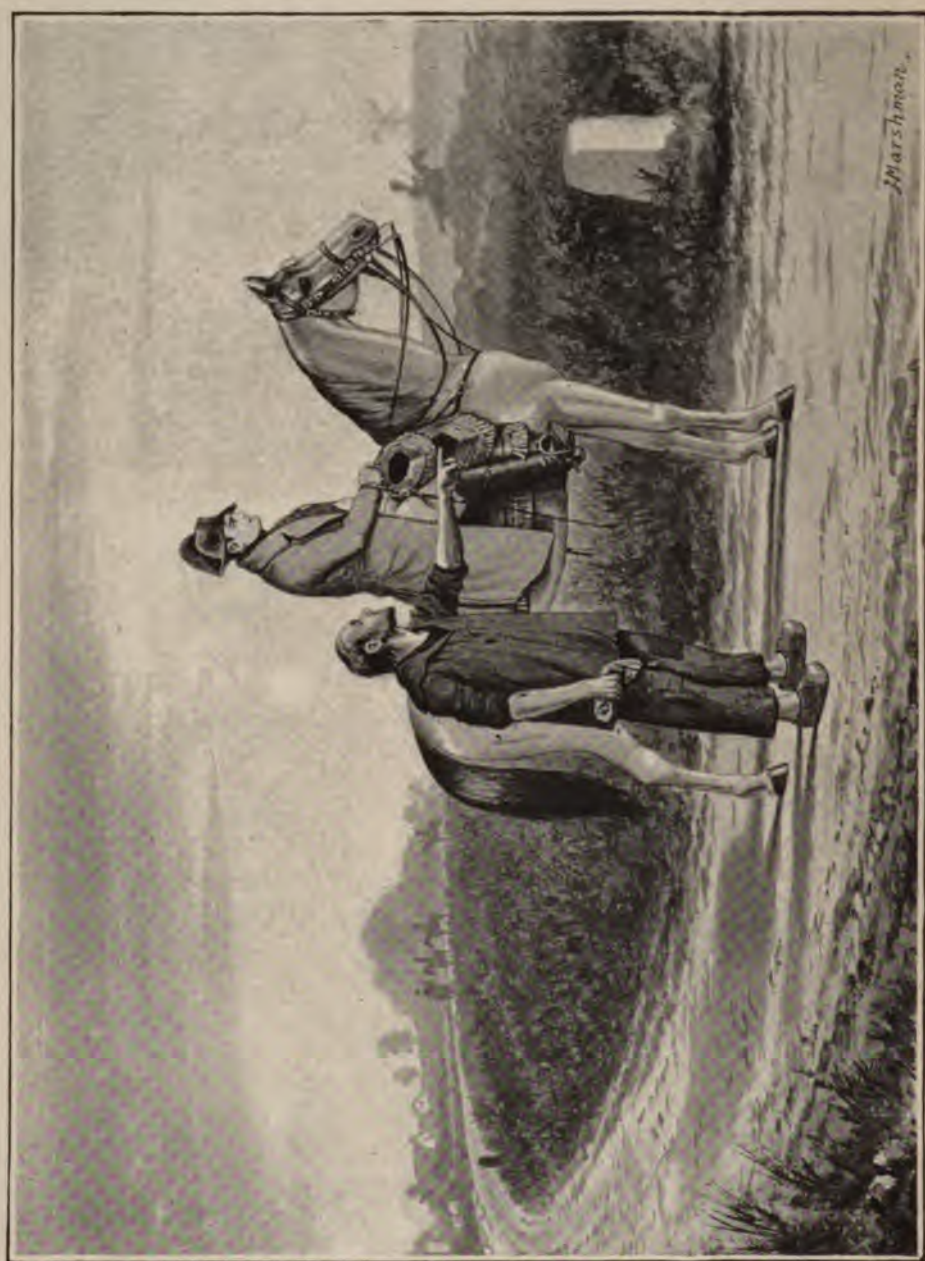
moving. The army of the Duke was about 106,000 men—of these 14,000, or nearly so, were cavalry—with 196 guns; and it was spread over even a larger space than that of the veteran Prussian warrior. A motley array of many races, it had been hastily formed into three masses; the first corps, under the Prince of Orange, scattered over an arc from Genappe to Mons, and covering two of the main roads from the frontier; the second, in the skilful hands of Hill, extending westward as far as the Scheldt, from near Braine de Comte to Ath, Leuze, and Oudenarde, observing, too, the approaches from France; and the third, or the reserve, at Brussels, a long distance off, round the head-quarters of Wellington. A fraction only of the first corps was thus near the road from Nivelles to Namur; the dispositions of the Duke were, in truth, made to protect his right, and his communications with the sea, and time was required before he could send anything like a strong force to the support of Blücher. By nightfall on the 15th, when the heads of the French columns were but a few miles from Quatre Bras and Sombrefe, the army of Wellington had scarcely stirred, and it was some hours afterwards before the British chief set it in motion in the direction of Blücher, and that, too, slowly, and as if with reluctance. The Duke had heard from Ziethen in the afternoon of the day, that the French were crossing the Sambre, and near Charleroi, and the intelligence was subsequently confirmed by Blücher; but thinking that Napoléon was making a feint, and believing that his own right was menaced, he waited upon his enemy's movements, and merely ordered his lieutenants to be in readiness. As is well known, indeed, he went to the historical ball given at Brussels by the Duchess of Richmond; and it was after ten at night, when he had been made aware that Napoleon had mastered and passed Charleroi, that he took anything like a decisive step. Hill and the Prince of Orange were now directed to concentrate their troops, and to move to their left; but they were to hold a line from Enghien to Nivelles; the reserve at Brussels was still kept back, and nothing like a considerable force was to be drawn towards the allied points of junction, or to be so placed as to approach Blücher. The wide interval, in fact, from Nivelles to Quatre Bras, and thence by the main road to Sombrefe—the communication with the Prussians—was to be left uncovered, and whatever mere partisans may urge, there is not a word to be said for this strategy. Happily for the allies, subordinates of the Duke interpreted the situation better than their chief. Saxe-Weimar, we have seen, had advanced to Quatre Bras, and checked Ney in his forward march; and

Perponcher, a general in the Dutch service, ere long had occupied that most important point, though he held it with a single division only, which could scarcely offer a prolonged resistance. By midnight Wellington gave further orders for a general concentration to his left, and the reserve from Brussels was directed towards Nivelles; but these orders were extremely late, and it had become most improbable that the British commander would be able to master the road from Nivelles to Namur, even now almost in the grasp of his enemy, to advance along it by Quatre Bras, and approaching Sombreffe, to unite with Blücher. It was, indeed, far more likely that the divided armies would be attacked, and beaten in detail.

The previsions on which Napoleon had formed the plan of his campaign had thus been realised, up to this point, in their main particulars. The divergence of the bases of the allied chiefs had left their centre weak and ill-joined. It was now, after the retreat of Ziethen, connected only by a thread of vedettes; it was within easy distance of the French army; and should it be attacked, and cut in two, Blücher and Wellington would fall back, and probably separate, happy if they escaped a disastrous reverse. Blücher, again, had rushed forward to confront his enemy, leaving 30,000 of his troops far off; Wellington had paused, hesitated, and not approached his colleague, and an admirable chance had been thus afforded to the General of Arcola and Rivoli. The allied commanders, in fact, whatever may be said by apologists, and by worshippers of success, had laid themselves open to a terrible stroke, and though Napoleon is a most exacting critic, I can see no answer to his profound remark, that, out-manceuvred as they had been on the 15th, Blücher ought not to have made for Sombreffe "already under the guns of his enemy," and Wellington ought not to have tried to join him, but that both chiefs should have endeavoured to unite in a line, in the rear, between Wavre and Waterloo. Their strategy, in short, was bad, and they only escaped defeat owing to a set of accidents in which fortune baffled their mighty adversary. We have reached the morning of the 16th of June, and we turn to the operations of the French army, and to the direction given it by its Imperial leader. Napoleon had returned to Charleroi on the night of the 15th, to "take repose for his wearied frame"; his physical strength had been long declining; and possibly even on the first day of the campaign, he began to give proof of those failing bodily powers which were certainly exhibited before the contest closed.* Yet, though,

* Napoleon had shown signs of illness in the campaigns of 1812, 1813, and 1814, and was in bad health in 1815. Mr. Dorsey Gardener in his useful work on Waterloo,





"THE IDOL OF THE SOLDIER'S SOUL"—Bigon

murmurs were heard in the French camp, both Jomini and Charras seem to me to reason too much on mere theory, and to fall into the error of judging only by the event, when they charge the Emperor with sluggishness and delay in his conduct on the morning of the 16th. A large part of the French army was still in the rear; Napoleon did not and could not certainly know the exact positions of the allied armies; he was about to thrust himself between two hostile masses, each nearly equal to his own force in numbers; and though he could have done more had he been omniscient, the circumstances required caution in any forward movement. Be this as it may, his orders were given, at Charleroi, at about 8 A.M.; and if they were founded on wrong assumptions, they proved his perfect knowledge of his art, and were admirably adapted to the events that happened. These orders, contained in four despatches, two from the Emperor to Ney and Grouchy, and two from Soult, the Chief of the Staff, to the same generals, prove that Napoleon did not believe he would be seriously opposed on that day; he thought that his left wing would easily pass Quatre Bras, and that his centre and right wing would easily pass Sombreffe; and he conceived that it was not improbable that he would enter Brussels on the morning of the 17th. This calculation was, no doubt, false; but it was founded on the true strategic view that Wellington and Blücher would not now endeavour to make a stand at Quatre Bras and Sombreffe, on the threatened road from Nivelles to Namur; and what Charras and others fail to point out, but what the real student of war will dwell on, is that, ignorant as he was of the actual facts, the dispositions made by Napoleon were in accordance with sound principles, and fitted to meet the situation of affairs. Ney, in command of the left wing, was ordered to advance, and go beyond Quatre Bras, concentrating the 2nd and 1st Corps, supported by a mass of heavy cavalry, and holding the great road from Charleroi to Brussels; while Grouchy, entrusted in the Emperor's brief absence, with the centre, the right wing, and the cavalry reserves, was to pass Sombreffe, and to attain Gembloux, attacking any enemy in his path, and to stand on a parallel line with Ney. As the army, however, should be well united, Ney was enjoined to detach a division to Marbais, a village near Sombreffe and Gembloux, to give support if required to the centre and right wing;

pp. 34-36, has adduced ample evidence to prove that Napoléon was unwell and out of sorts on the 16th, 17th, and 18th June; and this, I know, was remarked by Soult on the morning of Waterloo.

and the Emperor added that, at about noon, he would be on the spot to assume the supreme command.*

Napoleon's orders despatched from Charleroi reached the chiefs of the 2nd and 1st corps, spread, we have seen, from Gosselies to Jumet, on the great road from Charleroi to Brussels, at about 10 A.M. or a little before; they reached Ney at Frasnes at about 10.30 A.M.; and as† Reille and D'Erlon had been directed to advance by the aide-de-camp who carried the Imperial message, Ney might have been in possession of Quatre Bras at about 1 or 1.30 P.M., at the head of 45,000 men, and might have crushed Perponcher's feeble division, at the time standing alone at that place. In that event Ney could have seized Quatre Bras, in conformity with the Imperial orders, and have made the required detachment on Marbais; and had this been done, the 16th of June would probably have witnessed a second Jena. We pass from the French left wing to the centre and right wing, directed, we have seen, at the time, on Sombrefe, and intended to prolong their march to Gembloux. Napoleon had reached Fleurus by 11 A.M.; the Guard, the 3rd and 4th Corps, with the cavalry reserves, for a moment under the command of Grouchy, had passed, at about 1 P.M., into the Emperor's hands; the division detached from the

* After the publication of these despatches, and of other documents, especially those collected by the son of Ney, we must reject Napoleon's statement that Ney received "positive orders" to occupy Quatre Bras on the evening of the 15th, and to advance from that place, "at daybreak," on the 16th. Still, I think Napoleon indicated a movement of the kind to his lieutenant on the 15th; the *Moniteur* of the 18th contains a despatch of the 15th, which announces that "Ney had his head-quarters at Quatre Bras." The point, however, is not of very great importance; had the Emperor's orders of 8 A.M. on the 16th been intelligently and rapidly carried out, Ney would have done all that was required, and Napoleon would have gained decisive success.

† The failure of Ney to attain Quatre Bras, and to send a division to Marbais, before the arrival of a sufficient part of Wellington's army to arrest the Marshal's progress, saved Blücher from destruction on the 16th of June, and was fraught with the most momentous consequences, and the truth on this subject has been studiously concealed. Charras and the detractors of Napoleon, eager to condemn the Emperor, and English writers, desirous of hiding what might have happened through Wellington's tardiness, concur in insinuating that Reille and D'Erlon were not to begin their movement until they had received their orders from Ney, who would have to send despatches from Frasnes back to them, and contend, therefore, that Ney could not have been in great force at Quatre Bras before 3.30 or 4.30 P.M., at which time he was fully engaged with Wellington, and could not even master Quatre Bras. This, however, is a complete mistake: Reille and D'Erlon have acknowledged that they received the order for their movement from the aide-de-camp at about 10 A.M.; and, in fact, Ney could have swept all before him at Quatre Bras soon after 1 P.M., and have made the detachment to Marbais, had the order been properly carried out. See the letters of D'Erlon, of Reille, and of Durutte, quoted by the Prince La Tour D'Auvergne in his book on Waterloo, p. 149, p. 170, and p. 171.

left wing on the 15th had come into line, and Lobau, with the 6th corps, was marching from the rear. By this time Blücher stood in the path of the French in an advance on Gembloux; he was in force on the road from Nivelles to Namur, and his three corps held a formidable line, extending from Sombreffe almost to Marbais, and fronted by the villages of Ligny, St. Amand, and La Haye. Napoleon seems to have disbelieved at first that his adversary could be in strength on the field; but at 2 P.M. he sent a message to Ney enjoining him to complete the movement on Marbais, and to fall on the flank and rear of Blücher, and at the same moment the Emperor marched his army from Fleurus against his enemy. The armies opposed were about equal in force, if we reckon the approaching corps of Lobau; the French being inferior in numbers—78,000 to 87,000 men—but having more guns and more numerous horsemen; but the superiority of Napoleon's tactics gave him the advantage almost from the first moment. The villages, indeed, before the Prussian front proved defences of remarkable strength, and were taken and re-taken with little results; but Napoleon occupied a full third of Blücher's forces by merely threatening his communications to his left. The French batteries caused frightful destruction in the Prussian reserves, which had been recklessly exposed; and while Blücher brought most of his troops into action, the Emperor husbanded his men for a final stroke. The battle, however, was raging furiously and wholly undecided at 4 P.M.; and as Blücher's rear was not assailed from Marbais, and the roar of cannon announced a battle at Quatre Bras, Napoleon formed a fresh combination to surprise and to overwhelm his enemy. By this time he had, no doubt, learned that D'Erlon, who ought to have been in line with Ney three hours previously, was still in the rear; so he sent* an order to D'Erlon to turn aside from Quatre Bras, and, moving towards Ligny, to fall in full force at St. Amand on the right and the rear of Blücher, accomplishing thus, in a different way, the results of an attack from Marbais. D'Erlon had approached Ligny within an hour, but he had so marched that

* A host of witnesses, Soult is the most conspicuous—his well-known testimony of the 17th of June, the day after Ligny, has been shamefully garbled by Charras—have proved that Napoleon sent this order to D'Erlon; and the fact, I conceive, is indisputable. It is denied, in the face of the evidence, by those only who, seeking to censure Napoleon and to excuse Wellington, pretend that the Emperor had not the means of gaining a decisive victory over Blücher after 1 P.M. on the 16th of June. Even after the failure of the projected movement from Marbais the means were ample; D'Erlon would have annihilated Blücher had he struck the Prussian right and rear at St. Amand.

Vandamme pronounced the apparition to be that of an enemy—a part, probably, of Wellington's force—and the Emperor despatched* a general officer to ascertain how the fact stood, retarding meanwhile the course of the battle. Ere long the advancing columns were seen to draw off, and to disappear from the field; Ney, in fact, now assailed by superior numbers, had angrily ordered D'Erlon to Quatre Bras, and D'Erlon, Napoleon at least consenting—the Emperor would have been in extreme peril had his left wing been defeated and forced—abandoned a movement which, if pushed home, would have given his master a splendid triumph.† It was now 6.30 P.M., and it was time for Napoleon to endeavour to strike a decisive blow, the march of D'Erlon having not only ended in a disastrous false movement, but caused unfortunate delays at Ligny. During all this time the Prussians and French had been engaged in mortal encounter, but Napoleon's skill had borne its natural fruits. Blücher's left had been held in check and paralysed; the Prussian losses had been enormous; the veteran's reserves had been thrown away; and in an effort to outflank Napoleon's right, Blücher had weakened and almost laid bare his centre. The Emperor, who had his reserves in hand, launched the Guard and a mass of cavalry against the endangered point; the Prussian centre was broken after a fierce contest, and Blücher's whole army was driven from the field, the corps of Lobau, which had come up from Charleroi, hanging on the retreat of the defeated enemy. The losses of the French were about 11,000 men, those of the Prussians not far from 30,000, including 10,000 disbanded fugitives; but how different would the result have been had Ney or D'Erlon fallen on the rear of Blücher!

While the star of Napoleon still shone at Ligny, it had begun to wane hard by at Quatre Bras; and the faulty disposition of his left wing had saved Blücher from a complete overthrow. We left Ney at Frasnes, having received the order of 8 A.M. at about 10.30 A.M.; and the Emperor's aide-de-camp, we may be quite

* This was Dejean, a favourite aide-de-camp of Napoleon. As the evidence shows that the Emperor ordered D'Erlon to Ligny, so it indicates that he must have permitted D'Erlon to abandon his march, and to retrace his steps towards Quatre Bras when peremptorily ordered to do so by Ney. This, in the events which happened, was over-caution, for D'Erlon would have destroyed Blücher had he carried out Napoleon's order, and Ney, hard pressed as he was at Quatre Bras, could have held his ground against Wellington without the aid of D'Erlon; and this, I conceive, is the reason that Napoleon's commentaries on this most important subject are vague and unsatisfactory.

† D'Erlon detached a division to observe St. Amand before he counter-marched to Quatre Bras. This division, however, merely reconnoitred, and took no part in the battle; it was simply useless.

certain, informed the Marshal that he had communicated the order to Reille and D'Erlon, the chiefs of the 2nd and 1st Corps, at this moment at Gosselies and Jumet, about ten miles off, along the broad highway from Charleroi to Brussels. That order directed Ney to advance beyond Quatre Bras, collecting his 45,000 men, but making a detachment to the right at Marbais; and Ney might have begun at once to execute a movement which, if well carried out, would perhaps have changed the fortunes of Europe. Ney, at 10.30 A.M., had 9,000 good troops, of whom 4,000 were fine cavalry, at Frasnes, actually in his hands: his only foe was Perponcher's weak division, 7,000 infantry, with scarcely a gun, and almost wholly unsupported by horse; and the Marshal knew that within three hours he might expect the aid of more than 30,000 soldiers, including a magnificent body of cavalry. Had Ney, therefore, been the chief of Elchingen, he could easily have overwhelmed Perponcher; and directing Reille and D'Erlon to expedite their march, he could have passed Quatre Bras, and detached to Marbais, at from 1.30 to 2.30 P.M., without encountering any enemy in force. But, as the whole course of the Campaign proves, Ney had become demoralized, like most of his colleagues, by the events of 1812-14, and that even in a greater degree; he fought with a halter round his neck, and was by turns timid and unwisely bold; and he not only did not make a step forward, but seems to have made no effort to induce Reille and D'Erlon to accelerate their movements and to come into line. This delay saved Blücher, and gave Wellington just sufficient time to repair, in part, the tardiness and hesitation of the 15th, to check Ney, and to baffle Napoleon in the manœuvre he had planned, which would have crushed the Prussians. The Duke reached Quatre Bras—but with an escort only, his advancing divisions were still distant—at about 11 A.M. on the 16th; and he rode off to near Ligny to confer with Blücher, whose faulty arrangements to meet Napoleon he condemned in a characteristic phrase “they will be damnably beaten,” he said to his staff—but to whom he promised support, “if possible.” Meanwhile, Ney showed no sign of moving; Reille advanced slowly, and the march of D'Erlon from the rear was a succession of delays; and it was 2 P.M. before the French Marshal—one division of Reille had come to his aid—made even an attempt to attack Quatre Bras. It is unnecessary to retrace the scenes of a combat, in itself not of supreme importance, though it had much to do with the issue of the Campaign. Perponcher's division and other supports were nearly overwhelmed at 4 P.M.;

but reinforcements came up by degrees, moving in haste from Nivelles and other points, which ultimately turned the scale against Ney. The Duke, returning from Ligny, displayed on the field the intrepidity and the genius in defence which were his distinctive gifts in war; and Ney, as night closed retreated on Frasnes, having failed to fulfil his appointed mission, which, I repeat, might have been accomplished, having, however, prevented Wellington from sending a man to Blücher. The Marshal had been supported by Reille's corps only; D'Erlon, loitering in the rear, had been directed, we have seen, to another field at Ligny, and when recalled by Ney came into line too late to be of any use, or even to fire a shot; and Ney had conducted the battle ably, and even performed an important service, though he had thrown away a part of his superb heavy cavalry. He had, however, proved unequal to his task; he had not carried out Napoleon's designs, which ought to have led to Blücher's ruin, as, beyond question, he might have done; and though Reille and D'Erlon, especially the last, who contrived on the 16th to do simply nothing, are in a greater degree to blame, he cannot escape a share of censure.

The first part of the Campaign of 1815 ends with the battles of Ligny and Quatre Bras. Napoleon's operations, up to the evening of the 16th, had been attended with marked success, which might easily have been complete and decisive. Selecting, with perfect insight, the true point of attack, he had conducted his army with admirable skill and secrecy to the Belgian frontier; and aiming at the centre of the allies, the weakest and most vulnerable part of their line, he had drawn close to it on the 15th of June. His enemies had been unable to arrest his progress, disseminated on a broad and deep front; and the impetuosity of Blücher, and the caution of Wellington, gave him, as he had foreseen, a favourable chance to divide his adversaries, and to beat them in detail. Blücher had hurried to Sombreffe to confront the Emperor, leaving a fourth part of his army behind; the Duke had paused, hesitated, and delayed in moving, and it was hours after Napoleon had passed Charleroi that Wellington even made an attempt to draw near his endangered colleague, even then directing his troops to points distant from the selected place of junction. This was the situation on the morning of the 16th, and it gave Napoleon a great advantage, which almost led to a crowning triumph. He may, perhaps, have delayed at this moment, though in this judgment I cannot concur, and his projects were founded on imperfect knowledge; but his general dispositions were so excellent that he ought to have

overwhelmed the Prussian army. Having directed Ney, with his left wing, to pass Quatre Bras and to detach to Marbais, he marched to Fleurus and attacked Blücher; and had the attack in front at Ligny been combined with an attack in the rear from Marbais, Ligny must have terminated in another Jena. Exactly the same result would have followed had D'Erlon, who had lagged in the rear, continued his movement upon Saint Amand; and a series of misadventures alone saved Blücher from a crushing disaster. Ney was not equal to his appointed mission; he lost the occasion to reach Quatre Bras, to advance, and to occupy Marbais. Reille and D'Erlon did not second their chief; and D'Erlon, when launched on the path of victory, was turned aside by an order of Ney, Napoleon, I think, at least consenting. The blame of these failures must be divided between Ney, Reille, and D'Erlon, who deserves the most; Napoleon, too, may not have been bold enough, though this is mere theory after the event; but the fact remains that, but for unlucky accidents, Napoleon would have annihilated his foe. As it was, Ligny was a real victory. The Prussian army lost a third of its numbers, and Blücher was driven from the only road by which he could readily join Wellington into a difficult and intricate country. Meanwhile, though Ney had not accomplished all that his master had a right to expect from him, he had, at the opposite side of the line, attacked Wellington and held him in check. The Duke, his forces coming up late and in fragments, was unable to send assistance to his imperilled colleague; and though he had compelled Ney to fall back a little, Ligny made it necessary that he should quickly retreat, happy if he could effect his escape. Napoleon had thus succeeded on the 16th, though his triumph had been incomplete and partial. He had defeated Blücher, and kept Wellington at bay; and, above all, he had forced the allies to abandon the road from Nivelles to Namur, their natural and their only easy line of junction. Would they diverge as Beaulieu and Colli had done, and give the General of the Campaign of Italy an opportunity to ruin them in detail? To Napoleon the prospect seemed full of promise, and yet all was not light on the scene before him. He had not gained a decisive victory. Blücher and Wellington were no ordinary foes; their armies nearly doubled his own; might they not yet close on the Imperial Eagle, which, terrible and swift as had been its swoop, had not thoroughly grasped and destroyed its quarry?

The Bersaglieri.

By EDITH MARGET.



THE Italian autumn manœuvres have again proved the popular favour in which are held the Bersaglieri, whom an Italian author has called "the poetry of the Italian army." The Bersagliere has such a peculiar character; he is so fresh, so energetic, that he is a favourite not only in Italy, but throughout the civilized world. When an artist desires to make a picture of an Italian soldier, he invariably takes one of this corps for his subject. The Bersagliere is the modern soldier who most resembles a volunteer; he is the Garibaldian of the regular army, and may be styled the soldier of the revolution. When Manara undertook the defence of Rome, it was the Bersaglieri who fought to the last moment, and died invoking the avenger of Italy. Twenty years later it was the Bersaglieri who entered the Eternal City by the breach at Porta Pia, and the corps has distinguished itself in all its country's battles.

Before we enter into our slight sketch of the origin and career of this particular type of Italian soldier, we will briefly mention the characteristics of the Italian soldiers in general, who are, as a rule, cheerful, active, sober, self-sacrificing, patient under fatigue, well-disciplined, vivacious, and intelligent.

During the annual manœuvres they have often won the praise of foreign as well as of native officers. At the end of a long march under the fervid midsummer sun, they may be found in the evening merry and talkative as if they had but just returned from a party of pleasure. At such times, the camp is full of life.

The soldiers, small and slender when compared to the northern races, stand about in groups, or are intent on cleaning their arms, and chaffering with wandering pedlars. Many sit in circles, singing the sentimental songs of their native villages. Their vivaciousness is extreme, and yet the following anecdote will show that they can control it.

During one of the summer manœuvres, a group of Italian and foreign officers began to discuss the discipline and habits of a camp, and a French general, who had been sent officially to witness the Italian manœuvres, remarked that in France it would be utterly impossible to obtain absolute silence and quiet, even late at night, among a number of troops camped in the open air. And when an Italian officer declared that the contrary was the case with the Italians, it was determined to put his declaration to the proof.



A BERSAGLIERE.
(From the *Bersaglieri*, Numero
Illustrato.)

That night the Italian general, Mirra, invited the French general to ride with him. They left Modena under the dark but serene sky, and rode some eight or ten miles along the road to Sant' Ilario. On approaching that town, Mirra stopped his horse. "Well, General," said he, "have you noticed nothing?" "But we have not yet reached the camp, it seems," answered the French general, surprised. "You are in the very midst of two divisions sleeping under tents," replied General Mirra; and he drew his guest's attention to the long lines of gleaming white canvas, the black masses of vehicles and horses, and the rare lights of a camp, among the trees on either side of the broad high road. But not a sound, not a voice was heard from the vast camp, where 35,000 Italian soldiers were quietly resting.

The company of Bersaglieri, or sharpshooters, was founded in 1836, by a decree of the Royal House of Savoy, granting to Major Alessandro della Marmora, a Piedmontese officer of noble birth, the permission to organize the corps according to a plan he had long projected. The qualities required from the soldiers chosen to enter the new corps show what a high standard La Marmora had set before himself in order to procure the best elements. The "moral qualities" required were: "perfect conduct, honesty, and sobriety; an acute sense of honour, such as would render each man ready to take up a quarrel in case of need, but without impetuosity; a quick and intelligent mind, capable of

easily grasping an idea." The "physical qualities" required were: "age, from 19 to 25; height, from about 5 feet 5 inches to 5 feet 8 inches. A strong, active, and healthy frame; endurance of fatigue, and capability for every kind of gymnastic exercise; expert in the use of all sorts of firearms, and, among the officers, the highest capacity and activity."

When the first Bersaglieri crossed the Ticino with Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, their joyous march to the sound of trumpets at once struck the popular imagination, and several companies of Volunteers were formed on their model. It was said of the Bersaglieri that when the trumpet called them to the mess-table, they swung themselves down from the windows of their barracks by cords, not taking time to descend the stairs.

One day Charles Albert had reviewed the troops at Rocconigi, and at the close he saluted the Bersaglieri, entered his carriage, and drove off at a trot to Turin. When he reached his palace he found the Bersaglieri, whom he had left on the field presenting arms, standing in their ranks ready to receive him. Another day, La Marmora invited the King to inspect his men in the Piazza d'Armi. When the King arrived, the place was empty. "Where are your Bersaglieri?" he inquired. "You will see them immediately, Sire!" answered La Marmora. He gave a sign, a shrill trumpet-note was heard, and like lightning the Bersaglieri dashed from the shrubberies around, and rapidly closed up their ranks.

Ten years after the first formation of the corps, Della Marmora, as colonel, took command of these troops, and led them to their baptism of fire at the battle of Goito, 8th April 1848, where they acquitted themselves with great valour, and where their leader was wounded so severely as to prevent him from taking further part in that campaign. But his merits had been recognized, and he soon rose to the rank of general on his recovery.

Alessandro della Marmora was born in 1799, and, as a boy, was noted for his extreme beauty. He became page to Prince Camillo Borghese in 1809, was made lieutenant in 1817, and captain in 1823. He was a great advocate for reforms in the army, and especially for improvement in the rifle or carabine. He travelled much in England, Germany and Switzerland, studying the organization of troops, and his ideas were so much in advance of the age, that he was pronounced to be extravagant and visionary. An incident that happened in 1849 will show what stuff the man was made of. During the retreat of the Piedmontese from Novara, La Marmora heard that the enemy's vanguard was about to enter

that town. He immediately mounted his horse, and taking with him two orderlies, stationed himself in the centre of the road beyond the bridge of Porta Mortara. His bold aspect caused the enemy to hesitate for a while in continuing their march, and this gave the Piedmontese time to accomplish their retreat at leisure. For this act La Marmora received the medal of valour.

Various skirmishes on the plains of Lombardy and the Venetian territory had proved the efficiency and pluck of the Bersaglieri,



ALESSANDRO DELLA MARMORA.

when the decision of Cavour to take an active part in the Crimean War resulted in a detachment of Bersaglieri being sent to the trenches round Sebastopol, under the command of La Marmora. Fifty battalions were passed in review at Alessandria on the 13th April 1855, by Victor Emanuel, then King of Sardinia only. But already the hearts and hopes of all patriotic Italians were fixed on the *Re Galantuomo*, and Major Cassinis, commander of the 5th

battalion, concluded an address to his men with the words: "Bersaglieri! this name alone is an augury. Let us cry, with one hand on our hearts and the other on our swords, "Long live Victor Emanuel! Long live the hope of our country!"

The troops embarked on board the *Carlo Alberto*, an Italian vessel, and two English ships, the *Resistance* and the *Indian*, and arrived at the port of Balaclava on the 9th of May; but the disembarkment was not effected until the 14th. Immediately on landing, they had an opportunity of proving their ability, for on the 23rd orders came to the allied armies to occupy the valley of the Tchernaiia, and a column of Piedmontese, and the Sardinians forming the 5th battalion, gave essential aid to the French in their advance. Lord Raglan, at the head of the army, publicly expressed his satisfaction with the manner in which the Bersaglieri had acquitted themselves on this occasion; and Lord Cardigan, who commanded the English cavalry which acted in concert with them, was no less appreciative of the promptitude with which "the black men with feathery hats" had availed themselves of the inequalities of the ground to protect or conceal their advance, dispersing in long lines, or re-forming into compact columns at every sign of their leader, without even needing the word of command.

Unhappily it was not only in the battle-field that the courage and constancy of the Bersaglieri were to be tried. The cholera, which was then raging in the allied camps, broke out on the "Piedmontese Rock," as their position was named, on the very day they took possession of it. Major Cassinis was one of its first victims, only four days after the first skirmish. He was followed on the 30th by Captain Tosetto, the commander of another company, and, to the inexpressible regret of the whole nation, the military career of General La Marmora, founder of the corps, was terminated by the same fatal malady on the 7th of June. He was attacked by it one evening on returning from the hospital, where he had been indefatigable in applying the experience he had gained in combating the dread disease at Genoa the year before. He foresaw that he would succumb to the malady, and exclaimed with his last breath, "*Je sonde la brèche!*" His Bersaglieri wept bitterly over him whom they called their "father."

On the 16th August the Russians made an attempt to dislodge the allies from the position they had taken up on the banks of the Tchernaiia river, where the Bersaglieri occupied the Bridge of Traktir. La Marmora's brother, Alfonso, was commander of the division first attacked. Another column was led by Captain

Chiabrera, acting for Major Della Chiesa, who was at that moment on the sick-list. But the sound of an actual engagement proved too strong an attraction, and hardly had the soldier's ear caught the sound of the guns than, forgetting his sufferings in his military ardour, he insisted on riding at the head of his division.

Taken by surprise in the early dawn, and outnumbered by the Russians, the Bersaglieri had been obliged at first to yield the heights of the zigzag to the enemy; but hardly had they re-assembled their forces, when, with irresistible impetus, shouting their battle-cry of "*Savoia!*" they charged up the rock. "Forward! forward!" was the cry of their lieutenants; "remember that you, of all, must be foremost!" Like a torrent they rushed into the midst of the enemy's fire, and a lieutenant whose arm was broken by a ball, simply wiped the blood away and cried, "Courage, lads! Take care the Zouaves don't get before us!"



HUT IN WHICH LA MARMORA DIED.

They re-captured the position, with two Russian guns which had just been planted there, and which the enemy had not even had time to spike.

All this had been so rapidly accomplished, that the French, acting in another part of the field, had not even perceived the change, so that Marshal Pelissier sent an order to the Italian commander to attempt the assault. We can imagine the smile of pleasure with which Alfonso La Marmora replied, pointing to the plumed hats already waving on the summit of the height, "*C'est déjà fait!*" Even the swift glance of the Frenchman's eye had failed to follow the Piedmontese mountaineers in their impetuous onset.

On the evening of that day General Pelissier pressed La Marmora's hand, saying, "The Emperor of the French shall know of the splendid conduct of the Piedmontese at the battle of Tchernaiia." Soon after, Lord Panmure wrote to the Italian general in the same sense,

and La Marmora, addressing his troops, exclaimed, "Soldiers! this evening your country will learn that you are worthy of fighting side by side with the French and English!" When King Victor Emanuel heard of this victory, he clapped his hands in delight. Officers, subalterns, and men had alike displayed the qualities that make the soldier, and the eulogies of their allies, the decorations and military honours received from their own country, proved that this was recognized by all.

The position which the Bersaglieri then gained they continued to occupy through the winter. With unequalled fortitude they confronted the terrible cold and hardship which that season brought with it. Always cheerful and self-helpful, they managed by their own exertions to shelter themselves from the severe inclemency of the weather by building huts and fences. Officers and men alike became speedily popular throughout the camp.

During the French attack on the Malakoff, the Bersaglieri supported a harrowing fire from the enemy with unshaken intrepidity and coolness, and on October 8th they had also an occasion of displaying the same passive valour, more rare, perhaps, than active bravery.

The re-embarkation of the Italians commenced on August 16, 1856, and by the end of May all these troops, excepting those who had found an honourable resting-place in the cemetery of Balaclava, had regained their native shores. Later on, a small Gothic chapel was raised to the memory of the Piedmontese who had died in the Crimea, at Kamar, near Sebastopol. At first, General La Marmora's remains were simply wrapped in a woollen blanket and interred in the camp itself, then they were placed under a pyramidal monument on a hill near Balaclava, near the Genoese forts, and finally in a grand tomb on Mount Hasfer, which had been the Piedmontese post of observation.

On June 15th Victor Emanuel held a review on the Piazza d'Armi at Turin, and was greeted with loud acclamations by the troops which had just returned from a campaign that, though brief, had not the less added a laurel wreath to the honours of their rising nation. It is not too much to say that the friendship founded on mutual esteem as comrades in arms has greatly aided and strengthened the good feeling between the English and Italian nations, which has been preserved uninterrupted throughout the fluctuations of European policy.

The next campaign of the Bersaglieri, that of 1859, was on their native soil, and in defence of their own freedom and national

rights against the domination which Austria had so long exercised over the most fertile provinces of Italy. A long list of battles in which they distinguished themselves, and a still longer and sadder list of the killed and wounded, which included many officers, added to the glory that the Bersaglieri had already earned, and increased the predilection felt for them by the people of Italy. Among many episodes of courage and devotion, an incident is related of the skirmish at Trasinetta, which recalls the legendary exploit of Horatius and his two companions keeping the bridge against the Etruscan army.

The Austrians were preparing to throw a bridge across the Po, and this it was necessary to prevent at all risks. Four Bersaglieri,



TRASINETTA.

carrying on their heads the material necessary for destroying the enemy's bridge, undertook to swim across the full and rapid river, and set fire to the piles and material. This daring attempt cost one of them his life; before he could reach the opposite bank he was overcome by the force of the current and sank. The second, feeling his strength fail, turned back midway. But the other two, undaunted by these facts, contrived to cross the river, and succeeded in their hazardous task, swimming back again, to be greeted with enthusiastic applause by their comrades.

When, after the successful expulsion of the Austrians, the tide

of battle turned southwards, the Bersaglieri were not slow to follow, and several battalions took an honourable part in the sieges of Capua, Gaeta, and Messina. In 1861 they were efficiently employed in the repression of brigandage, which was then a terrible scourge in South Italy. In this work, more fatiguing than a real campaign, the Bersaglieri acquitted themselves admirably, and where the ruggedness of the country and fierceness of the foes with whom they had to contend added greatly to the arduousness of the task. Nothing but the untiring bravery of officers and men could have conducted the undertaking to such a successful termination that, at the close of it, brigandage was entirely extirpated from the provinces of Terra di Lavoro, Terra di Bari, and Calabria. In August, 1870, a company of Bersaglieri was sent to San Giovanni, in Fiore, against a band of brigands. The detachment was greatly reduced by fever, many men being laid up with it. One day a countryman came to tell the commander, Captain Cassano, that the band of brigands, headed by the celebrated Talarico, was on the slopes of Mount Palombella. The captain had received so many false reports that he doubted the truth of what the man said, but nevertheless ordered his sergeant to take a patrol to the place indicated. In order to complete the number of fifteen men, Sergeant Ferrarone—such was his name—was obliged to select a few of the invalids. After a fatiguing march of more than eight hours, the patrol arrived at Mount Palombella, but failed in discovering any trace of the brigands, and the sergeant resolved to pass the night at a farm, in order to renew the search next day. That, too, passed without result, and at the end of it the Bersaglieri had almost decided to renounce the undertaking; but, as it would have been imprudent to march back at night, they again passed it at the farm. At daybreak, as a last attempt, the little company silently and rapidly ascended towards the summit of the mountain. All at once the corporal caught sight of a mountaineer, whose aspect and dress was different from those of the inhabitants of that region. The suspicion that the individual might be a brigand was confirmed by his retiring precipitately as soon as he caught sight of the patrol, and firing at them as he did so. Sergeant Ferrarone divided his men into two divisions, and led on the attack. The brigands had meanwhile collected and opened fire against the Bersaglieri, whose advance was, however, protected by the trees and thick brushwood. On appearing nearer, the Bersaglieri fired in their turn, and the first to fall of the enemy was a woman, the companion of the chief Talarico. She was, however, but slightly

wounded, and, rising, fled into the woods. The brigands, though believing that the Bersaglieri were numerous, continued to answer the fire, till one of them fell dead, when they suddenly turned in precipitous flight. The Bersaglieri pursued them to the top of the hill, and on arriving there, found that the brigands had disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed them. But the man who had been killed was sufficient reward for all their zeal ; for, on taking from the corpse the weapons and splendid dress, they found a belt on which the words were embroidered in red " the chief Talarico." As it was too dangerous an enterprise to attempt to carry the body for eight hours through a district the inhabitants

of which were known to be friendly to the brigands and hostile to all soldiers, Sergeant Ferrarone cut off Talarico's head, put it into his bread-sack, and carried it to San Giovanni, in Fiore, where he and his men were received by Major Milanovich, who had repaired thither to await their return, amid the applause and joyous demonstrations of the townspeople, who thus found themselves rid of a great scourge. The major took the medal of valour from his own breast and attached it to that of the sergeant, his act being later on confirmed by the Minister of War.



OFFICER, 1836.

Another incident of an encounter with brigands is related of Lieutenant Pizzo, who once took with him a few men to search a cottage which had been pointed out to him as a dangerous spot. He found the solitary dwelling, which was situated in a lonely country, quite empty and half decayed. Placing his men in a neighbouring stable, he was meditating what to do next, when it was reported that ten men, who looked like brigands, were watering some horses close by at a brook. Pizzo called out his men and gave the word to charge, and fire. One of the brigands fell ; the sergeant of the Bersaglieri, who, in his eagerness, was in advance with two or three of his men, had no sooner reached the brook than he was surrounded by a hundred and fifty mounted brigands, who killed him and his companions before the rest of the Bersaglieri could come to their assistance. Seeing that he was outnumbered, Lieutenant Pizzo withdrew his men into the empty

cottage, and there they resolutely defended themselves for some time. When their ammunition was almost exhausted, the lieutenant sent the trumpeter into the roof to sound an alarm, hoping to attract the attention of some other patrol. All at once a pillar of smoke rose into the air. The brigands had set fire to the cottage. The Bersaglieri, half suffocated, continued to fire their last bullets, while the trumpeter blew with all his might on the roof. But the brigands fetched a ladder and attacked him also. He killed the first who stepped on the roof, but the next moment fell himself, stabbed to death by those who followed. Having gained the roof, the brigands proceeded to pull up the tiles and fire at the soldiers within. After losing ten of his men, the lieutenant, hoping to save the rest, offered to surrender. But no sooner did he open the door than he was seized and put to death by his implacable foes, and only six of his remaining men managed to escape in the confusion of the massacre.

In 1866 the Bersaglieri participated in the events which led to the formation of a united Italy, and, besides taking an active part in the war, distinguished themselves by suppressing the revolt at Palermo. Theirs was the glory of being the first to enter the Eternal City by the breach at Porta Pia, opening the road for Rome to become the capital city of the nation, instead of being only the residence of a Pope supported by foreign troops.

In time of peace the Bersaglieri are ever ready to devote themselves to the saving of life during inundations, earthquakes, conflagrations, epidemics, or other disasters, divesting themselves of their military character and assuming that of navy, nurse, and guardian angel in general. A romantic story is told of a Bersagliere called Nardo. He was an orphan, and was protected by a family of the name of Certaldi; at whose estate he was brought up. He became a handsome, merry lad, whom all loved, and finally held the position of gardener and general factotum. From childhood he had been the play-fellow of the daughter of the house, who was called Emma, and it was a hard day for both of them when she was at last told that it was no longer fitting for her, a grown-up young lady, to be the intimate companion of her father's servant. For young Nardo, this separation came too late; he had already conceived an ardent passion for his young mistress.

Soon after, Emma Certaldi was one day trying to reach a flower which grew on the bank of a little lake in the grounds, when she lost her balance and fell into the water. Young Nardo was at work near by, and at once sprang in and drew her out, half-

fainting but unhurt. In the excitement of the moment he could not refrain from pressing her to his heart, and at the same moment felt the lash of a whip across his cheek, and heard an angry voice call him "Villain!" It was that of a young gentleman who had been for some days a guest in the house, and who now came up and carried off the young lady. The next day Nardo was dismissed from his situation. For some time the young man was bent on revenge, and had a mad desire to commit suicide; but, as he possessed a good heart and strong sense of duty, he ended by returning to reason; and having entered the ranks of the Bersaglieri, he soon obtained the rank of sergeant, and became



OFFICER, 1855-56.

notable as one of the best soldiers in the corps. His one object was to obtain the epaulettes of an officer, for he still cherished a hope of winning his lost Emma, whom he had never seen again. Four years had thus passed, when one evening, as Nardo was smoking a cigar, he received orders to take his men to a certain house which was on fire. On reaching the place, he found that half the building had already fallen in. In the street a gentleman stood pointing at a window in the second floor, wringing his hands in desperation, and crying "My wife! my wife! There! there!" Nardo recognized this gentleman as the one who had struck him four years ago, and was filled with a terrible suspicion. The fury of the flames was intense, and no one had the courage to climb to the window. For an instant Nardo hesitated, thinking what a vengeance was thus offered

to him, but in the next he had climbed a ladder and was hidden in a volume of smoke. Immediately afterwards he was seen descending the ladder with a lady in his arms, and an ineffable smile of satisfaction on his lips. It was indeed the woman he loved whom he had thus saved. As soon as they reached the ground, she put her arms round his neck, kissed him, and cried "Save my baby too! He is there in his cradle!" In a moment Nardo reascended the ladder, and once more disappeared into the window, which had now caught fire. When he again appeared, with an infant in his arms, the flames had destroyed the ladder. "Throw the baby down!" cried the people, stretching out their arms. The baby fell unhurt

into their midst, and was restored to its mother. But the roof of the house suddenly fell in, and young Nardo was seen never more.

In the park at Villa Certaldi, close to the lake, stands a monument on which is inscribed the name of Sergeant Nardo. It is always decorated with fresh flowers, and frequently a lady may be seen there, holding her little boy by the hand, whom she teaches to make the sign of the cross and pray for the soul of the man who saved his own and his mother's life.

The Bersaglieri count many poets among their ranks. The famous song "Stella Confidente" was written by a Bersagliere called Robandi. Another, named Petricciole, was noted for his Latin verses; but the poet proper was a doctor called Domenico Carbone, well-known in Turin for his patriotism. He wrote a poem entitled "My Carabine," which at once became immensely popular. From the child to the veteran, everyone learnt it by heart, and it has become the hymn of the Bersaglieri. A free translation will give some idea of its tenour:—

Oh, Carabine! my Carabine!
 My dear betrothed art thou!
 When first I fought on Lombard's plain
 I made to thee my vow;
 Our bridal day will soon be seen
 By thee, my Carabine.

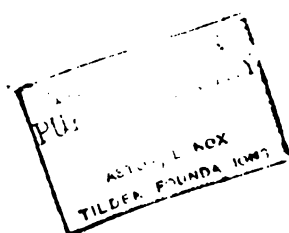
My Carabine! in festal guise
 Let Adige's bloody bridal show!
 The golden medal thou wilt win,
 The altar thou 'lt wrench from the foe
 Thy bed's a stone mid battle's din,
 And thou 'rt of every arm the queen,
 My Carabine!

My Carabine! thou, like a girl
 Who merry dance doth eager wait,
 Canst scarce await the dance of war,
 With fire thy glittering steel to mate!
 And every flash dread death shall mean,
 My Carabine!

Thy voice, my Carabine, to me
 Seems aye Novàra to recall!
 But not to me the shame, for aye
 My breast I turned to Croat's ball!
 And only he who flies is mean,
 My Carabine!



BARRACKS OF THE BERSAGLIERI AT NAPLES.



My Carabine ! whoever flies
 Before our black plumes bravely led,
 We 'll taunt them with Bicocca's deed
 Where, whipped, the harmless women bled !
 Thou hast for vengeance chosen been,
 My Carabine !

My Carabine ! thou never sayst
 The foe's too numerous on the field,
 But askest, what men to my balls
 In the death-agony do yield.
 And fatal has thy bayonet been,
 My Carabine !

My Carabine ! we Bersagliers
 Speed like the wind ; like tigers leap !
 Here we disperse and there unite ;
 Our glowing face the black plumes sweep,
 And aye in our embrace is seen,
 The Carabine !

My Carabine ! the eagle gnaws
 With double beak our heroes brave,
 So with the bayonet's point I 'll write
 The words, " Death, or revenge, we 'll have ! "
 I'll falling watch the stranger fly
 Before our charge ! And when I die
 Beside me in the grave is seen
 My Carabine !

But these verses were not set to music, and therefore could not be sung, and so another song, which came no one knows whence, and was written in a mysterious dialect, became a favourite, and was sung, played, and danced to with enthusiasm wherever it went.

This song, "Bela Gigugiu," became a kind of national hymn, and was played in Rome on the 21st September 1870, in honour of the victorious army. The march from "Flick and Flock" is also a favourite with the Bersaglieri. The distinctive feature in the uniform of this corps, namely, the low-crowned hat with the glistening, fluttering green-black plume of cock's feathers, which has attained such celebrity and popularity, we already meet with in the earliest representations of the uniform of the corps, and it has remained the same through all the changes in the uniform itself, which is now, with its becoming colours of black, red, and gold, one of the most handsome and ornamental in the Italian army. The later modifications have been unimportant, with the exception of the entirely new uniforms of grey linen for the African

corps. Our illustrations will give an idea of the general appearance of the Bersagliere.

The only really sad page in the history of the Bersaglieri was when they were sent against Garibaldi at Aspromonte, in August 1862. Another melancholy episode is that of the African expedition, when Colonel Putti committed suicide, and so many picked men were sent to a sterile campaign in Massowah.

Here in Naples, where this slight sketch has been written, the Bersaglieri are as popular as elsewhere. Their quarters are on the hill of Pizzo-Falcone, and occupy the place of an



OFFICER, 1870.

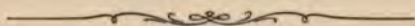


AFRICAN DRESS.

old prison, which was erected there immediately after the hill—which received its name from having been used, in the time of the Anjous, as a hunting ground for falcons—had been denuded of its woods. The site commands an enchanting view of the gulf. The street leading up to the barracks is called Monte di Dio, or God's Hill, a name deriving from the ancient time when, as is said, a temple to Hercules stood there. The hill was once called Echia, and it may well have been the ancient acropolis of Neapolis, with its commanding situation, dividing the curving coast into two portions, with the island on which is Castel del Ovo, stretching out into the sea. On its summit many remains of ancient build-

ings have been found, and in its bosom old caverns and grottos. At the foot of the steep street called Monte di Dio is a little square, in which, every evening, the trumpets of the Bersaglieri are heard sounding the "*ritirata*," or signal for going to bed. The group of trumpeters stand, dimly discernible in the short twilight and flickering gaslight, beneath the trees, surrounded by a crowd attracted by the spirited notes of the trumpets playing the well-known airs. But it is chiefly to see the rapid march up-hill to the barracks that the crowd gathers. A vanguard of little children, some of them turning heels over head, others running and dancing arm in arm, all in intense enjoyment of rapid motion, precedes the soldiers, who come dashing on, their trumpets pealing, their black plumes fluttering, their active figures pressing on, if not in rigorous line, at least with an alertness and energy good to see, and inspiring the bystanders with an irresistible impulse to keep pace with them.

In a few minutes the barrack gate is reached, the human whirlwind disappears beneath it, and the street, a moment before so full of sound and motion, is left deserted and quiet. And we, too, will take leave of our favourite Bersaglieri, with good wishes for their future welfare and ever-increasing fame and popularity.



The Future of Canada.

By JAMES W. BELL.



AMID the multiplicity of subjects that, under the present system of government, thrust themselves before the British Parliament and people, the outlying portions of the Empire do not usually receive attention until some calamity or social disturbance demands it. As long as the colonies are unmolested in the management of their own affairs, and avoid getting into trouble, things go on smoothly and so, for the most part, unobserved. Great Britain always has plenty to occupy it at home, in frontier wars, or in watching the game of European diplomacy; and each of the colonies, like the mother country, pursues its own course, paying little heed to the interests of the main body of which it forms a part, and troubling itself little about questions of the future, or what is contemptuously called speculative politics. Meanwhile, in the empire of the Mother of Nations and of modern constitutional government, political influences rapidly growing in importance are left unrepresented; there is no such thing as common consultation or deliberation; no one dreams of common action; and any common plan or purpose is conspicuous by its absence. Whatever the advantages of this *laissez faire, laissez passer* policy may be, it is likely to lead to surprises when the time comes for taking stock and balancing accounts. The object of the present paper is to supply some of the materials for such a survey, as far as concerns that portion of the empire known as the Dominion of Canada; and is an attempt to appreciate the character, force, and direction of the sociological currents that, whether hidden from public view or flowing on the surface, are surely determining its history. A careful enumeration of these currents, a proper estimate of their nature, importance, and relations, together with unprejudiced observation of their increase and development or the reverse, ought to give us a pretty fair idea of

the general trend of events. The writer is, of course, aware that, in questions of this kind that refer to the future and deal largely with the drifts of likes and dislikes in the present, and social tendencies working slowly and often unconsciously—where prejudice is strong, and the wish too often father to the thought—where there are no statistics, and little exact information to guide the student—mistakes are unavoidable and men naturally differ in their judgments. And even should the survey be accurate and just, a new and unforeseen factor introduced to-morrow may change the whole face of events, and falsify the nicest calculations. Nevertheless, it seemed that, despite the difficulties and liability to error, a brief account of the position of Canada in relation to the world around, and the forces that are steadily moulding its future, might not be without a certain interest at the present time. And at the outset it is perhaps best to say that, though the writer of these pages is a Canadian by birth and education, he claims to speak for no one but himself, he represents no party, has no hobby to ride, and no policy to advocate, but is trying to state facts simply and and give the results of his own observation and experience.

Canada, then, left to herself has jogged along almost unnoticed since the beginning of this reign, when she had her period of home rule and her little rebellion. In 1841 Upper and Lower Canada were united, but pulled badly together; for misunderstandings and bickerings soon broke out between Saxon and Celt, between the English and French settlers. This, and other considerations, induced the provinces to take a lesson in federal government from their southern neighbours and come together in the Dominion of Canada which, by successive additions, has grown until it now reaches from ocean to ocean, and from Alaska to the Great Lakes. To provide for this union of the whole of British North America under one legislature, with provincial legislatures for local affairs, a plan was prepared, and passed the Imperial Parliament in 1867, and is known as the "British North America Act" of that year. Since then Canada has happily had little history as the term is usually understood. Engaged in opening up her boundless west, with the unfortunate incident of an Indian war, she has had plenty to occupy her in the problems of adapting an old civilization to new conditions, while this civilization itself and these very conditions were constantly changing. But man cannot live by bread alone, nor can a great country with great traditions and still greater possibilities, renounce all thought for the morrow in the struggle for the necessities of the day and in the solution of

present difficulties. Questions have come up, at present, to be sure, of a speculative nature, but liable at any time to become pressing realities, and which in any case men of thought and leisure cannot and should not shirk. A look across the border suggests many such to the young Canadian. He sees the *status* and relations of each State in the Union clearly defined. As to its rights and duties there is little room for dispute, and should misunderstandings or differences arise, a permanent and regularly constituted court is at hand to settle them, known to all and trusted by all; for, while all parties are duly represented in it, it is as far as possible placed beyond the control or influence of any one of them. Each State expressly reserves to itself all the powers and privileges not voluntarily and formally surrendered to the federal government, and so knows, as clearly as may be, its own standing, its relation to the sister States, to the central authority, and to foreign powers.

In what relation, one is forced by analogy to ask, does the Dominion stand to the mother country, to the sister colonies, and to foreign nations? In case of a dispute with England in which passions were aroused—and this state of affairs however improbable it may fortunately be, the statesman is not entitled to regard as impossible—to what tribunal could she appeal that would be looked upon by both sides as neutral and impartial? Are the colonies unworthy or unfit to have any share in the formation and regulation of this supreme court? Is, again, the only political relation contemplated between colonies of similar history and conditions and identical aims and aspirations, to be *via* England, and that by the slender thread of mutual dependence? Then, if English diplomacy should ever fail, and war break out with some great power, what would our position be? Is Canada to be held responsible for the outcome of negotiations or deeds to which she was no party, over which she had no control, of which perhaps she had no timely knowledge, and in which she had no real interest? * For the past this may have done well enough—all's well that ends well—but how long is her position to be that of an unconsulted minor, whose freedom, though large, is limited by parental wishes, whose feelings of responsibility and self-reliance are overshadowed

* Mr. Goschen has lately referred, at Aberdeen, to the unsatisfactoriness and danger of this, from an English point of view: "Our difficulties with the colonies, notwithstanding the loyal behaviour of our colonies, and the most complex situations, have arisen in consequence of autonomous colonies being allowed to take their own line while this country has been responsible for the line that has been taken."

and repressed by an undefined authority, and whose main duty is that of childhood—prompt and unconditional obedience?

To this it may be answered that Canada practically enjoys complete freedom in the management of her internal affairs, and, until she reaches her majority, may well allow the mother country the care and anxiety of attending to foreign politics, and the thankless task of harmonizing, when it appears necessary, the inconsistencies resulting from the present colonial semi-independence. The question, however, still remains, when does a colony attain its majority? If age has anything to do with it, Canada is older—if population or extent of territory, it has more of both, than the United States a hundred years ago. Nor is it any answer to say that this is a purely theoretical consideration without any practical bearings. It is too late in the day to need insisting on that a feeling of responsibility educates and ennobles communities, as well as individuals, rendering them strong and self-reliant under difficulties; while a state of dependence correspondingly narrows the range of interest, and weakens every manly virtue. The young man who has no desire to assume the toga, with its cares and responsibilities as well as honours, promises ill for the future. Again, when the colonies do come of age, as in the course of nature they must, what provision does the constitution make for them? Are they expected to remain in this position of inferiority, or go off by themselves, as the eldest of them has done already, perhaps after some family quarrel, and preserve for generations, as a rallying point for national sentiment, an attitude of defiance toward a parent, whose haughtiness or indifference fails to provide for a union that might foster common aims and interests, while leaving local matters where they properly belong? And, finally, even admitting that the present system reasonably accomplishes all that it ought, will it long be able to do so, under the varying tendencies manifesting themselves throughout this heterogeneous and loosely-jointed Empire? Will it be able to counteract the centrifugal and resist the disintegrating forces at work, to harmonize the discrepancies and contradictions of colonial governments growing more and more jealous of interference, and of legislatures and law courts so different and so widely separated?*

* To illustrate by examples statements made here would encroach too much on limited space and the reader's patience; but a curious case may be mentioned of a well-known English divine who had married his deceased wife's sister, and went to live in Canada. Here this woman was his legitimate wife, while in England she was not—surely a not inconsiderable difference in the same Empire.

A little reflection will show that these are no idle questions. In politics, as in commerce and the ordinary affairs of life, eagerness and indefiniteness lead to misunderstanding. This was the real source of England's first colonial dispute, and, though the Imperial sky is at present clear, save the veriest specks on the Canadian and Australian horizon, man can take no bonds of fate. Since the American war of Independence, what real progress has been made in governing colonies, beyond allowing them to manage their own affairs, nominally subject to a British veto? If an expensive war broke out to-morrow on account of Canada or Australia, have we any more settled plan for harmoniously conducting it, or equitably apportioning its cost among the members of the Empire, than a century ago? If the colonies are brought no closer together, meeting, deliberating and acting neither with one another nor with the parent state, will they, with ever-diverging interests and views, have sufficient common sympathy to weather the storms that at times sweep over every sea? But, lastly, even supposing a long continuance of the present state of peace, are not the colonies, as matters stand, gradually and imperceptibly establishing their independence by right of prescription?

Naturally enough, such questions and speculations remained unthought of by the people at large as long as Canada consisted of a handful of colonists, over three thousand miles from home, scattered over half a continent, bound to the mother country by domestic ties and early training and seeing in her powerful arm the only safety in their isolation, alongside of a French community tenaciously clinging to its traditions, and uncomfortably near a voracious young Republic that was showing its elastic conscience and good digestion by appropriating the Great West to the ocean and the Great South into the heart of Mexico. And, later, the terrible Civil War, ending in strained relations and an enormous debt, for a long time effectually checked any desire to speculate on the future of Canada. But with the union of the provinces and the opening up of the Great North-West, all danger of French ascendancy passed away like a dream; and, to the surprise of many, the Grand Army of the Republic, like its Puritan predecessor of the seventeenth century, its work done, quietly melted away and returned to the peaceful duties of life. A great and wealthy nation, with a territory the size of Europe and in the pride of victory, retained an army of only twenty-five thousand men and a navy that is the constant butt of comic writers; thus plainly showing to the world that it had no notion of territorial

aggrandizement and little longing for military glory. Since the war it has more than once shown its unwillingness to embark on foreign adventures, or adopt among its members questionable subjects. Professor Goldwin Smith remarked some time ago, "that the United States was the only country in the world that looks at a mouthful before swallowing it." Americans well know that militarism and democratic republicanism are irreconcilable foes; and that, besides being a source of weakness, unwilling subjects are a constant menace to free institutions, accustoming men to exceptional repressive measures and lowering the respect for personal liberty.

Thus dangers and difficulties were being removed at a time when internal causes were casting up new and wider questions for the consideration of thoughtful Canadians. The presence in Canada at this time of a scholarly man, whose leisure and independent position allowed him to treat of questions that were not yet within the sphere of practical politics, attracted attention to a subject that, though of vital importance, was still one of a purely speculative nature. Aided by events roughly outlined in this paper, Mr. Goldwin Smith has made it evident to many that whatever the future of the Dominion may be, it is now passing through a transitional stage. Will it issue in an independent national existence, or in closer union with one or other of the two great kindred nations with which she holds constant intercourse and to which she is bound by the closest ties? Here, at all events, begins the discussion of the question of Canada's future. Whatever the causes may be, there is certainly a social movement of considerable interest going on in the Dominion at the present time. The confederation of the Provinces, itself an event of no small importance, was no sooner accomplished than new social forces seem to have come into play or old ones taken a new direction. As to why and how they are working and what they are doing, men may differ; but that they really are at work, few who have studied the subject can doubt. The question of Canada's future, scarcely talked of there ten or fifteen years ago, has since been moving more and more to the front. In 1882, when the writer returned to Canada after a few years' absence in Europe, he was astonished to see the increased attention that was given to it; and in 1886, after a second absence of a couple of years in the United States, he again noticed a distinct change in the attitude of the people towards this question that might have escaped those watching its daily growth. And now speeches are constantly

made in favour of closer union with the mother country; and, beside home talent, Canadian audiences listen attentively to American senators and congressmen advocating commercial or even political union with the United States. At a time when it is openly discussed in the United States Senate, and by members of the Imperial Federation League, it is too late to say that there is no Canadian question except that raised by a few officious busybodies. It has, in fact, passed out of its first stage, and the way in which politicians are beginning to speak of it is a sufficient proof of this.

To those Canadians who were born in Britain, or who have relatives there, or something to keep up a close connection with the "old country," the position of the "colony" may seem quite natural. They already know enough of each new Governor-General that is sent "out" to take a lively interest in all that refers to him. He, in a measure, supplies an object for the mysterious feelings they have always entertained for "the Crown," and through him they feel themselves brought into touch, however slight, with the rest of the world. This larger interest, that is utterly absent in Dominion elections—for Canadians have no voice in foreign politics, even the Governor they get being determined by the party in power in England—the colonist also finds in the aged newspaper sent him from home, or in the telegraphic summary of his Canadian daily. Indeed this reminiscence of his early life unfits him in a measure for his new duties, his vote in the land of his adoption being often determined by former prejudices and associations, and immediate native issues are thus confounded with considerations of British politics that have nothing whatever to do with them. It is just this imported side of Canadian life that English visitors of all classes come most in contact with. They learn little from public men; for politicians in new and democratic countries have little desire to meddle with questions that are not yet "ripe;" and few Canadians who go to England wear their heart upon their sleeve, or proclaim aloud views that are slowly and for the most part unconsciously forming themselves. Hence the ignorance in England of the sentiments and leanings of those who are soon to hold the destinies of the Dominion in their hands; for the native Canadian naturally looks at the world from a somewhat different point of view, and the difference becomes more pronounced each generation, as sentiments and habits of thought fed by dying traditions change with the changing years. He learns as he grows up that the main

features of immigration—after the economic ones—have been Puritanism, dissent, and other forms of opposition to the established order in Church and State, and that perennial quarrel over Ireland. As these political and religious struggles form no inconsiderable portion of English history, even while learning his mother tongue, and reading the story of his race, he is repelled as well as attracted. Thus community of language and history fail to bind colonies to the Metropolis as closely as one would at first imagine. The household gods naturally follow their worshippers; Milton and Bunyan with a long series of illustrious "Englishmen" belong rather to that side of the Atlantic where their admirers, co-religionists, and fellow-sufferers went.

But even when the Canadian finds himself in entire accord with the dominant currents of English life, distance, time, and new associations tend to weaken his sympathies. Distance and even time itself are not as conducive to this as the presence at his door of, and his constant intercourse with, a kindred people some twenty times as numerous as his own,* possessing a national life that, so to speak has become acclimatized in the western hemisphere, and qualities that commend themselves in many ways to a people living in similar circumstances. In school, his text-books are as often re-edited on United States as on English models; and in college most of the books used are necessarily imported. His teachers get much of their inspiration, most of their pedagogic literature, and sometimes part of their training across the line. His recreation and amusements come almost entirely from the same quarter; and on Sunday his pulpit, though still largely occupied by men who have crossed the deep, may be filled by a graduate of Andover, Harvard, or Princeton. His newspapers show the same influence, for, though printed in Canada, their exchanges are mainly American; the telegraphic dispatches are the same for the whole continent; and, under the guidance of clippings, editorials, and reviews, he comes to look on even English questions largely through United States spectacles.† In this way sentiments of "loyalty to the Crown," or, "to the person of Her Gracious Majesty"—phrases often used by parents or grandparents—are gradually obliterated *faute d'emploi*, or become supplanted by others of more republican flavour—that talk of loyalty

* Omitting French Canadians.

† Canadian news, in return, reaches England mainly through United States channels, even the *Times* supplying its readers with Dominion news *via* Philadelphia under the heading "Foreign and Colonial."

to principle, or duties to the State, rather than to any person however exalted or however representative. The recent attempt to counteract these tendencies by establishing something of a court at Ottawa, in the fierce blaze of a democratic continent, and cut off from feudal traditions and the fostering care of aristocratic society, could not but end in disappointment. When the haruspices laugh in each other's face, spectators cannot be expected to retain their gravity. Strong monarchical and aristocratic sentiments and prejudices may be still be nourished in England, but under the artificial conditions necessary in a new country the process is difficult and the product apt to be delicate.

While the Canadian by adoption thus naturally looks to the land from which he came for the larger life and fuller contact with the great busy world outside, the native Canadian has either to do without this shadowy yet precious possession, inherit it from his parents, or seek it for himself as he rounds out his social life. To do without it means to stint his moral nourishment, and wrong himself most cruelly; knowledge, sympathy, friendship and the like, are personal acquirements not transmitted with the blood; and so he is thrown back upon himself and forced to make his own alliances. If one could tell the choice likely to be made by the coming generations and understand the reasons for it, he could, in the absence of disturbing causes, predict the future of Canada. But as the unexpected often happens, to speak unconditionally would be to prophecy. Avoiding such slippery paths, we must be content merely to supply some materials from which each one may draw his own conclusions. And here, it may be asked, does not the Dominion present all the elements of an independent, self-contained national life? Not yet. Occupying the position of Russia in the new world, its Siberia, though not as large as used to be thought, is yet proportionately enormous. It has a scattered agricultural population of little over four millions, about one-third of which are French Canadians and half-breeds. Dependent in almost everything, it looks to England or the United States for literature, science, art, and social life. As was the case in the United States till recently, its authors and *savants* know that to obtain consideration at home they must first conquer recognition abroad. French Canadians of ambition turn their eyes to Paris, where M. Fréchette, the Gallic bard of America, was lately honoured by the French academy; literary and scientific men who have come from Britain, and have already made their *début* there, keep up the connection; while the native Canadian, who takes to

letters generally seeks his public among the book-buyers in the States. Though relatively large, all things considered, the number of readers in Canada is absolutely small, and is still more restricted by a barbarous policy that makes good books dearer than in any other country in the civilized world; for, as a rule, only trashy novels can be reprinted and a heavy fine, in the supposed interest of publishing, is levied on all who read books not printed in the colony. Both those who write and those who read are obliged to look beyond the frontier. A "national" review was started several times, but only to die a lingering death. The native literature is still of course very limited, and outside of Quebec obviously cannot be expected to show any genuine national colouring. Many of the specialized professions and positions of weight and influence are filled by non-Canadians; though this, it need scarcely be said, is the fault of neither men nor institutions of learning, but is mainly owing to the smallness and uncertainty of the demand that makes a supply of a given degree and quality at a given time next to impossible, and perhaps, in some cases, to a certain colonial diffidence and mistrust. There is, on the other hand, a constant exodus to the wider field of activity and larger market to the south of men in certain callings, from skilled mechanics up to inventors like Edison and Graham Bell. Indeed, apart from the powerful attraction of material advantages, there is a not ignoble desire to participate in a larger, fuller life, to share in national inspirations and currents of thought, and to take a part, however humble, in moulding the destinies of that "main branch of the English people,"* and so indirectly of Canada itself. With its institutions mainly borrowed, its population scattered and heterogeneous, for the most part in humble circumstances, and still largely foreign, till lately under the motherly care and guidance of Great Britain, without having passed through the throes of a great struggle or revolution to usher in a new life, without any external danger to weld its discordant elements together, the Dominion has still to acquire a common national life and feeling. Add to this that the young Canadian soon finds that paternal traditions and sympathies are fading away; that he is losing or has lost his hold on the land of his forefathers, and, no longer a genuine Briton, he is but nominally a partner in the later life and glory of that name; that, on the other hand, though living in America, he is not a real American in full sympathy with the stirring history of his continent, thrilled by its victories,

* Green.

sobered by its defeats, and cheered and inspired by the great voices of its past. When, in person or in imagination, he steps across into the Republic, however much he may be at home in other respects, he is politically a foreigner. If he goes to the mother country, though a British subject of perhaps wealth and education, he knows that he and his countrymen have no influence on her councils, are not really sharers in British trials and British glories, and he actually feels on the whole less at home than in Ohio or New York. To the mass of Englishmen he is but a "colonist," and when he goes abroad he finds his country represented as an insignificant and unconsulted appendage belonging to Great Britain." If Britain is successful in diplomacy or arms, he is nominally a sharer in a glory which in his heart he dare not honestly lay claim to; should aggression or wrong-doing tarnish the British name, as a subject of this free state he is supposed to blush for what he was not responsible. Few intelligent Canadians, accordingly, can conceal from themselves the fact that at present they stand in a large measure isolated, and cut off from the generous streams of national life flowing around them. When local and old-world flavour do not spoil the political and social currents from England, distance sadly chills them. The telegraphic summary, with particulars after a few weeks, rouses little enthusiasm; and while thus a stranger to the daily throbbings of the national heart in London, he is equally so to that in New York or Washington, where he is still spoken of as a "Britisher." Though he may not always confess it to himself, he cannot help feeling at times like the man who had lost his shadow, the man without a country.

The student of history will recognize, even from this imperfect description, that here is a social state corresponding exactly to what is known in physics as a state of unstable equilibrium, and that consequently there is a Canadian question, and one of no mere local interest but that is destined to exert an important influence on the history of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is becoming plainer every day that, no matter what the other colonies may do, Canada cannot long remain in her present anomalous condition. The matter is at last definitely up for discussion, and the following striking words, uttered almost simultaneously on three continents, simply repeat abroad what has been said at home. In Sydney, Sir Henry Parkes, while advocating closer union, is reported as saying: "The Imperial constitution must be recast to be permanent." At Leeds, Lord Roseberry used these words: "The people

of this country will, in a not too distant time, have to make up their minds what footing they wish the colonies to occupy with respect to them, or whether they desire the colonies to leave them altogether. It is, as I believe, absolutely impossible for you to maintain in the long run your present loose and indefinable relations to your colonies, and preserve these colonies as parts of the Empire." At the same time Senator Sherman was telling an American audience, "that in ten years Canada would be represented in the British Parliament or in Washington, but most likely in Washington."

It must not be imagined, however, that Canadians are loudly knocking for admission to the American Union. As a matter of fact, many have not yet given the matter much thought, and among those who show any interest in it at all there are three distinct currents of opinion, favouring respectively—national independence, closer union with Great Britain, or annexation to the United States. It remains, then, briefly to refer to these in order; and fewer words will be needed, as these tendencies and their causes have been necessarily somewhat anticipated above.

"Colonies," says Turgot, "are like fruits which cling to the tree only till they ripen;" and Canada and Australia are possibly destined to be additional examples of this principle.* In the case of the former, to be sure, it may be urged that the population is small and scattered, and, what is worse, heterogeneous, Quebec differing in faith, language, and traditions from the sister provinces. But on the map of America as well as of Europe there are instances of small and even scattered nations, and Switzerland is not the only country that proves that hostile faiths and diverse tongues are not inconsistent with strong national feeling. The United States declared their independence when they numbered but three millions, widely separated from one another, when communication was difficult, and in stormier times than ours; and little Bulgaria, without the advantages of a similar training, is doing the same thing now.

* As long as colonies are poor and weak, as long as they are unable to meet their expenses, they are tolerably well satisfied with the connection existing between them and the parent State, and any proposal for its dissolution would be considered as not only ill-timed but absurd; but when they feel sufficiently strong to govern and to protect themselves, they at once strive to become independent, and, as a rule, do not display too much generosity in their future dealings with their Mother Country. They refuse to receive its productions, as Australia and Canada, which are partly emancipated, are now doing, and do not scruple to declare war, as the United States has on more than one occasion been on the point of doing with England.—G. de Molinari, in *Journal des Economistes*, December 1886, reprinted in *Journal of Royal Statistical Society*, March 1887.

Besides, Quebec, surrounded on all sides by aggressive Anglo-Saxons, must eventually yield to the influences dominant throughout the continent. In the meanwhile, no people is increasing more rapidly in wealth and population, or has a richer heritage awaiting it. And then, most fortunately, this is no question pressing for an immediate answer. Time is so far on the side of the Canadians, who, with the conservative instincts of their race, leaving well enough alone, may prefer to wait till circumstances invite or force them to make up their minds. It would be premature to demand this yet, and whatever the decision arrived at, much bitter feeling would be engendered among the people. With time public opinion will become more pronounced, and in matters of this kind agitation and discussion should be left undisturbed to do their work. Besides, English statesmen may yet devise some acceptable *modus vivendi*, and England may, after reflection, be willing to "recast the constitution," if necessary, so as to preserve the colonies. Canada, meanwhile, cannot be blamed for waiting to see what arrangements may be made, for awaiting further developments and considering the possibilities before her. As to the United States, Mr. Blaine, the real leader of the Republican party, has said to the Canadians, at St. Thomas (Ontario): "Whether we shall ever be united, depends on you. When you come, we shall give you a cordial welcome."

In the meantime, considerations like these make men pause. Admitting that the political system of the United States is so far completely successful, is it well that the continent should be subjected to exactly the same experiment in government, and that, when peaceful means for reconciling differences fail, we should be exposed to the danger of a continent in arms? A homely adage warns us not to put all our eggs in one basket, and the advice is applicable to more departments of life than domestic economy. The continent is surely large enough for at least two respectable States north of Mexico. Again, however fascinating the idea of a large continent, rich in every gift of a bountiful nature, and with an intelligent, enterprising, and practically homogeneous population, united under one Government, the political advantages are uncertain, and the risks are considerable. The dangers of this excessive centralization are like those that threaten society from socialism and communism, which, by destroying every form of competition at the cost of personal freedom, would weaken the spirit of self-reliance and love of liberty. Whatever it may have cost, Germany, Italy, and England are reaping the incalculable benefits

of possessing many centres of influence and national life; and most students of history will admit that, rating the advantages at their highest, France has paid, and is still paying, a fearful price for the longed-for uniformity, brought about by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the massing of French life in all-powerful Paris—Hugo's *œil du monde*. Even John S. Mill deplored the tendency in modern society to a dead level of mediocre uniformity. Anything that helps to save us from such a calamity is devoutly to be wished and religiously to be cherished; in Europe there is international rivalry and race prejudices; in North America there is absolutely nothing but a self-asserting, independent character, born of English blood and strengthened by pioneer struggles. Moreover, the present generation has not yet forgotten the time when a man might be legally held a slave under the Stars and Stripes, but the moment he touched Canadian soil became free. Whatever we may think of MacKenzie and Papineau, and later of Louis Riel and his associates, every generous heart would regret the entire disappearance of cities of refuge for men who, innocent of common crimes, venture life and property for (even mistaken) political ends. Nor can it be said, in reply, that these are things of the past, unlikely to occur in the future; for it is a recognized danger of democracies that they show little respect for the opinions of minorities, and demagogues with overwhelming majorities at their backs are notoriously despotic—under the forms of the law.

Modern industry is gradually determining how far it is safe to concentrate business under one management, and the frequent failures of large firms, that have threatened to destroy the retail traders of whole communities, proves that a limit is soon reached beyond which concentration does not pay; and, though it may do so under exceptional business genius, there comes a terrible crash with a less-gifted successor. If this principle be applied to government, even of a federal character, and the momentous consequences of failure be taken into account, men may be pardoned for thinking twice before incurring the risks. Sixty millions may well be governed from one centre in a country where tracts of land as large as England are still open for the hunter, miner, or "squatter," where land—that bone of contention in old communities—is to be had for the asking, where Nature is lavish of her gifts, and poverty almost a disgrace; but how will it be when two or three hundred millions are crowded in, and all these generous conditions reversed—and this with a people whose temperament and training are far from leading to oriental docility?

And, finally, were annexation once accomplished, it is a step that could never be retraced. It is no experiment to be tried to-day, and, if it does not suit or succeed, be abandoned to-morrow: the South stands as a terrible warning that, even in the freest Republic, any attempt at secession would be the signal for a deluge of blood.

Yet, however desirable Canadian Independence may seem, it is perhaps, in the long run, the least likely of any possible future. Though the Dominion is undoubtedly drifting away from the mother country, there is, and perhaps can be, no distinct national literature, life or feeling, whatever enthusiastic separatists may do to foster such. A look at the map, without going further, explains at once the why and wherefore of this. The physical conformation of the continent naturally throws New Brunswick and Nova Scotia into the sphere of the New England States, Manitoba and the North-west—separated as they are from the older provinces by oceans of barren rock—into that of the Middle States, and makes one of the western sea-board from California to Alaska. The exchange between the products of the North and of the South, which common-sense everywhere cries aloud for, is here doubly enforced by Nature's barriers between products of the same zone—the Rocky Mountain chain and the dreary desert north of Lake Superior. It would indeed need warring creeds, diversity of speech and race, and the memory of centuries of bitter feud, to keep men wide apart whose interests are so closely bound together.* But instead of this we find that the social aims and interests that unite these men are fully as strong as the economical, and that there is actually less difference between, say, Ontario and New York, or Michigan than between many States of the Union, or between different parts of the United Kingdom. Whole districts in the North-western States are settled by Canadians, and in return Americans have pushed north into the new Canadian territory. Thanks to the proverbial restlessness of Americans in general, there is a free current backwards and forwards; and there are few of the older families of Canada without representatives in the States. The Dominion may stand politically alone during a shorter or longer period of transition, but as a permanent thing it is improbable. All the tendencies of the century make for political unity, and no reason can be shown why Canada should form an excep-

* Many thoughtful Americans are of opinion that the next war will not be between North and South, but between East and West.

tion; closer union with England or with the United States are the alternatives.

But closer union with Britain means a reversal of the policy and tendency of the last half century. While Britain has been relaxing her hold, Canada has been encroaching, until it has now reached a state of semi-independence. During this time it has been "differentiating" from England imperceptibly, and perhaps unwittingly, but by no means arbitrarily, as the history of colonies abundantly shows.* At the same time it has, just as surely, been gradually "assimilated" more and more to the United States; either because similar conditions produce similar results, or more likely, through contact and the force of imitation. Nevertheless, some propose to stem the current; and, by an Imperial Customs Union of some kind, prepare the way for a closer political one.† Passing over the waste of wealth and sacrifice of principle that such a union would involve, those who think it would issue in closer political union forget the influence of the Navigation Laws before the American War, and overlook the effects in Canada at the present time of the attempt to erect barriers on Nature's trade routes, and force commerce along political channels. The North German Customs' Union is not a case in point, for, though it preceded the political union, it cannot be said to have caused it; every element of national life was making for it already, and external danger finally completed the process. And no matter how successful such an Imperial Customs' Union might be, we should still have to face the whole problem of the political one, and—not to mention other difficulties—no scheme for this can ever be permanently successful that is not based on proportional representation. "The Imperial Parliament which now exists," to quote Lord Hartington, "will cease to be the Imperial Parliament, and will become a federal assembly with new functions, and in all probability requiring a new constitution." As England lacks the French facility in making constitutions, and has an instinctive dread of throwing its own once more into the melting-pot, here is an initial difficulty which can perhaps be best appreciated by

* See in particular Professor Roscher's *Kolonien, Kolonialpolitik, und Auswanderung*, 3rd ed., Leipzig, 1885.

† Mr. Froude says: "If there is any real hope for an internal commercial union, I shall regard the work as done, and it may not be too late to save Canada. . . . It is as sure as the multiplication table, that if we do not offer Canada such a union the Americans will, and the Canadian Dominion will be practically lost by us." If Canada is lost, it will be because there is more than this at the bottom of it; only a few years ago, it deliberately renounced all the advantages of free trade with Britain.

those who know most of the constitution and its history. But again, supposing all this satisfactorily settled, and Canada allowed to enter the Confederation on a footing of equality with England, the central and initiative force would now be paralyzed in a way that would put the empire at a fearful disadvantage among neighbours armed and ready to strike, without preliminary palaver, the moment the time for it had come. And, after all, it would still be questionable whether mother and daughter, growing apart in life and interests, could grow together in sympathy and aims. The time for Canadian expansion has come, and, though it is nonsense to talk of England's decay having set in, her further material growth must in the nature of things be limited. The one is an old land covered deep with the scoræ of the past, to use the expression attributed to the late Emperor Frederick; the other, while cherishing much of what is valuable in England's history and experience, has given up institutions and abandoned ceremonies that may have a meaning there but none here; and, in adapting everything to new conditions, has formed a habit of looking at customs, laws, and institutions in the light of reason rather than in that of tradition. In England men have had to be careful lest, in pulling up the weeds, they should disturb the corn also; in America, with the incalculable advantages of British training, and rich with the teachings of the ages, they have had the noble privilege of beginning society anew, as far as it is given to mortals to do so.

Besides this, there are still other differences that must be felt to be understood. Appreciating at the full all England and America have in common, one who has lived among the people, and breathed the social atmosphere of both, must have noticed subtle, yet deep differences. It is a common remark that the English emigrant does not feel at home in America for years, and, if he had the means, would, in many cases, return at once; on the other hand, the native American or Canadian—for it matters little which—who visits England needs to stay long to feel himself at home. An attempt to give instances of things that grate somewhat on the feelings, or at least seem "strange" to those who come from the new world for the first time, besides being disagreeable, would unnecessarily lengthen an article already too long. The whole class of words and customs relating to a State Church and "Nonconformists" might, however, be mentioned as examples; as well as the habit, among certain classes, of putting *rex* where *lex* would seem more natural, and this not always sym-

bolically ; and the deference so largely paid to mere rank or title, even when divorced from everything that men the world over naturally respect. The unsophisticated Canadian is apt to regard the dress of a simple gentleman as intrinsically more becoming, and better suited to modern ideas, than the gaudy military or diplomatic uniform, the breast covered with tinsel and spangles, that feudalism has left to European and barbarism to Oriental courts.

No Act of Parliament can abolish the Atlantic Ocean, and if it could, as has been said, Canada could take her place at England's side only after rending the constitution and remodelling it on a federal basis. The British constitution was not framed to meet remote contingencies, but grew and adapted itself to actual British needs ; the thirteen colonies on the contrary made their constitution so as to admit, in successive States, the rest of the continent, while they themselves have almost disappeared in the colossal Republic that has grown up about them. A simple Act of Congress and a new State is enrolled on a footing of perfect equality with the others. Canadians have now become tolerably familiar with the lessons of federal government from twenty years of actual experience, and should they wish to enter the American Union both political parties seem ready to vie with each other as to which can offer the best terms. Though it would naturally take time for Canadian feelings and sentiments to get reconciled to the Stars and Stripes, the change would in reality be insignificant if looked at solely in the light of reason—not more than that of the national holiday from the 1st of July (Dominion Day) to the 4th. Canada has no established church, with all that it implies ; for here, as in the States, all denominations, like all individuals, are equal before the law. She has no aristocracy or privileged class—unless it be the manufacturers—to cleave society into layers, and foster arrogance above and servility below. She has the same system of popular education, and in legal matters the two countries are at least as close as Edinburgh is to London. Indeed, outside of Quebec, it would be hard to point to any material difference between them that does not bear the mark of recent importation. Letters at present circulate indifferently over the continent north of Mexico, a letter posted in Florida being taken to British Columbia for a penny, while a Canadian writing to his friends “at home,” under the same flag, has to pay foreign postage. English sovereigns are, strange to say, seldom or never seen in circulation in British North America. When gold is used at all it bears the

impress of a foreign mint, and the convenient American dollars and cents have driven pounds, shillings, and pence completely from the field. The writer has passed Canadian bank notes in the Northern States, and "greenbacks" in Canada without difficulty; while in Ireland, Bank of England notes were refused unless endorsed, and he found to his astonishment that Scotch notes lose their virtue on crossing the border. One of the leading denominations in the Canadian North-West is now united ecclesiastically with brethren in the States, in preference to those in Ontario; while the working men in both countries make common cause against what both regard as the common foe. American papers, magazines, books, periodicals, secular and religious, for children and for adults, fill Canadian homes; and clergymen, journalists, teachers, and doctors, pass back and forth with facility. It is no unusual thing for Canadian students to complete their studies at American universities; while the few that go to the mother country, where education is much more expensive, are liable to have their books confiscated as unauthorized reprints. Through passenger and "freight" trains run to and fro across the border, with nothing but the presence of custom-houses to show that they are passing into another country, and this daily intercourse popularizes the same peculiarities, slang expressions, and technical words throughout the continent. Whatever the position of the Dominion may be in detail, it is more and more recognized of late that its general history is necessarily bound up with that of the Great Republic alongside of which it stretches like fringe on a garment. Though its conservative traditions, strengthened by recent immigration, may cause it to lag behind its Republican sister and to hasten more slowly, it is likely, in the long run, to be drawn in with the larger current of the continent. The tendency to imitate American ways and institutions is already so strong that a shrewd observer lately remarked: "Let him who would accomplish a reform in Canada begin in the United States."

Indeed, the very policy that many looked upon as likely to consolidate the scattered provinces, and put a barrier between them and their American cousins, has turned out to be no insignificant factor to be added to the tendencies that make for annexation. Though wasteful and detrimental to commercial prosperity, Protectionism is intended to stimulate an artificial trade at home by cutting off the people that adopts it from intercourse with their neighbours, and is consequently often contemporaneous with an outburst of new-born patriotism or some movement towards closer

political union. So Canada, after confederation, adopted the so-called National Policy, which was really the war tariff of the United States slightly modified, and consistently enforced it against the mother country itself, though hopes were entertained by some that it would be disallowed as seriously interfering with the Imperial idea. The promoters of this protective measure eloquently pointed out to the dwellers by the sea the advantages of having Nova Scotia coal burned in Ontario, while Ontario speeches expatiated on the impetus that would be given to trade if the fishermen of the coast were compelled to use Ontario salt. After the Act was passed there was at first considerable activity, while business was adapting itself to the new conditions; but as time passed on many were disappointed with the progress realised, and commenced to lose faith in government-made prosperity; and with the increased expense of living there was increasing discontent, as the golden promises of the pre-election period failed to "materialize." The United States with over fifty millions of all sorts and conditions of men, possessing almost every kind of climate and product, and having absolute free-trade over the largest extent of varied and fertile territory in the world, connected by magnificent waterways and railroads, may play with Protection, or even put up a prohibitory tariff and prosper in spite of it; but for a small agricultural people, scattered along a narrow belt 3,000 miles in length on the same parallels of latitude, to do the same was madness. The maritime provinces, cut off from their natural markets in New England, grumble and threaten secession; the Ontario farmers complain bitterly of hard times, and clamour for "unrestricted reciprocity"; the North-West settlers, maddened by the tariff and the railway monopoly that make all they buy dear and all they sell cheap, hold mutinous gatherings where annexation is freely talked of, and have at last resolved to connect with the railroad system of the United States even in defiance of Ottawa; British Columbia is dissatisfied with the bargain, although the Dominion has saddled itself with an enormous debt to build the Canadian Pacific road to unite it with the other provinces; and everywhere along the line, except in French Quebec*, are signs of growing discontent. In

* It is curious that this province is more averse from union with the United States than any other, but the reasons are not far to seek: (1) The only survival of any established church in North America is to be found here, and the Roman Catholic clergy and those interested know that this depends on the Treaty of 1763, which is in force only as long as the connection with England lasts; (2) Quebec can at present, with a solid vote, hold the balance of power, and make better terms than it could

the blind groping for a remedy, union with the States in some form or other presents itself; and men who have no taste for speculative politics or abstract economic reasoning see matters in a different light when put in a concrete form; and others, who have studied the subject on all sides, have no objection to get out of an apparently hopeless economic difficulty by political means. Protectionists, as usual, suggest increased protection as a panacea, and thus keep adding fuel to the flames. The most that free-traders can hope for, if they should succeed by close reasoning and in the face of lobby influence and vested interest in defeating the present combination, is to pull down their side of the double Chinese walls between them and their neighbours; while by enlisting the sympathies of the large class who recognize at once the advantages of "commercial union" but, like the Fair Traders in England, know little of the philosophy of commerce, and cannot abide a "jug-handled free-trade," they can—in words attributed to Mr. Bright—"double the value of property in Canada," and sweep away for ever, as the late Secretary of the United States Treasury expresses it, "the obstacles to that enlarging freer intercourse among the heirs by a kindred blood of one great heritage of social order, language, laws, and civil liberty, which is leading here and promoting everywhere the progress of the human race."

At present the northern portion of the American continent alone is liable to be drawn into the vortex of European diplomacy and war. In no conceivable case a gainer, and almost certain to be a loser, in any great war; with little real interest in Britain's quarrels, and less influence in her councils; without any army and without a navy, Canada, unnoticed and useless to England in time of peace, could be but a weakness in time of war and a possible source of trouble afterwards. But the union of Canada and the United States, and the pacification of Ireland, would blot out all the jealousy and dislike of England still prevalent, and would knit together as never before the old world and the new; and, though we are looking at it mainly from a Canadian point of view, it is hard to believe that such a union of her children across the Atlantic could really injure their common mother at home; it would certainly be in conformity with a strongly marked tendency of the century in politics, religion, science, and philanthropy, and would be the first step in the

as a part of the Republic; and (3) with the present system of indirect taxation and subsidies, this province receives generously from the federal treasury to which the *habitant*, by importing very little, contributes next to nothing.

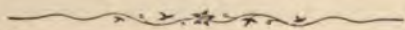
direction of a closer union between the English-speaking peoples throughout the world. Examples are not wanting to prove that, with proper guarantees for independence in local matters, races differing widely in language, faith, and character may unite and work harmoniously under the same general government; and the present European alliances are scarcely needed to remind us that, after this has been brought about, still larger unions may be formed for certain political ends. It is unlikely that we shall ever see any serious attempt made to consolidate the scattered branches of the English people under one Government; nor would this indeed be desirable. It has been well said of the Germans of Austria, and of the German Empire, that "they differ so widely in their character and conceptions of life that, though they will act as brothers while independent, their fraternal affection would be severely tried by any attempt to run in double harness." The same is true of the race to which we belong; and it is even probable that the unemancipated portions of it may, in accordance with Turgot's law, assert their complete independence before agreeing to act as brothers with the rest. "It is likely enough," wrote the late Professor Green, "that the older of them may again break in twain, and that the English people in the Pacific may assert as distinct a national life as the two English peoples on either side the Atlantic. But the spirit, the influence, of all these branches will remain one. And in thus remaining one, before half a century is over it will change the face of the world. As two hundred millions of Englishmen fill the valley of the Mississippi, as fifty millions of Englishmen assert their lordship over Australasia, this vast power will tell through Britain on the old world of Europe, whose nations will have shrunk into insignificance before it." * It is surely not too much to hope that this "vast power" may some day find a voice. Local autonomy secured, and local independence once frankly acknowledged, the time for the second process of re-union on a different basis will have arrived. When a Latin union is talked of, and Slavs are drawn together by a common feeling, and a colossal power has been formed in the heart of Europe by a united Germany and her allies, it is surely not too soon to ask why the race that has led the van of modern political progress should not come to a general agreement on matters affecting their common welfare, establish a common court of arbitration, and even a Pan-Anglican council to regulate or, at

* *History of the English People*, bk. ix., ch. ii.

least, discuss the numerous questions in which some uniformity or understanding is desirable.

While the licence and instability of the French—in Burke's passionate phrase "the ablest architects of ruin who have hitherto existed in the world"—the petty tyranny of cultured Germany, and the general militarism and arbitrariness manifest on the continent, must keep Britain aloof from her neighbours, and render hearty co-operation extremely difficult, here is promise of a grand alliance that might easily—not to mention minor matters—banish war from half the globe, and make it next to impossible on any large scale in the rest. However chimerical such a proposal might have been half a century ago, it ought not to be so now. The scattered portions of our race inherit so much from a common past that the points of difference between them are in comparison very insignificant. They are all animated by a common love of liberty, and have substantially the same aims and views of individual and political life. If English statesmen can only settle the dreadful Irish question, the common political plague of both hemispheres, and the American people will treat with proper contempt the few fire-brand politicians who are so ready to stir up strife, there is every prospect that a practical question of the near future will be this great Pan-Anglican alliance. And even now the time has come for its discussion and popularization. In spite of the Fisheries dispute and the Irish Question—and they are, in a measure, linked together, the Irish vote in the United States making a chronic dispute with England a god-send to demagogues—"the distance that parted England from America lessens every day. The ties that unite them grow every day stronger. The social and political differences that threatened a hundred years ago to form an impassible barrier between them grow every day less."

But before this grand alliance can be brought about the various branches of the English-speaking people living near each other must be united and learn to pull together harmoniously, to respect local preferences, peculiarities, and even prejudices, while working together for common ends. In this way, if at all, will be accomplished that federation of mankind of which poets sing and philanthropists dream.



A Rolling Commission.

By GEORGE A. PATTERSON, R.N.

IV.



HERE are here no such variations of the seasons as we find in temperate climates. Some parts of the year are somewhat hotter than others, and these moderate changes are pretty regular in their recurrence. This is true of the "rainy season," when life on board, and presumably on shore, is well nigh unendurable. Those who are strangers to the tropics have but a faint idea of the deluge that is poured out at such times in these regions. Before the days of steam, the downpour was utilized as drinking water for the crew. At these times the atmosphere is charged with moisture, and though the temperature may not be very high as indicated by the thermometer, it is extremely depressing and enervating to the constitution; one could more easily bear an excess of several degrees of dry heat. The downpour is so constant and heavy that the deck hatchways have to be closed, and those below are in a complete sweat-box or vapour bath, being rather more than parboiled. To add to the intensity of the heat, as likely as not, the steam apparatus is at work to produce distilled water; it is the privilege of some to occupy cabins immediately over this apparatus, and if they can enjoy the situation truly they must be salamanders. We have been assured, with much detail of circumstance, that, in the cabin of one of the small ships upon a certain occasion, a chicken walked forth from an egg that had been placed upon a shelf; and though unable to endorse the statement or confirm the account, we are prepared to believe it.

The whole aspect of Nature during the rainy season is cheerless and discouraging; the sun does not shine in his full splendour, or anything like it; the firmament is overcast with lowering, portentous clouds, and over the landscape hangs a heavy pall of miasma. The routine work of the ship is so often interrupted by the ever-recurring deluge that at last, in despair, No. 1, as the first lieutenant is called, ceases to fight against it, and throws up the

sponge ; making a virtue of necessity, he employs the elements to serve his purpose still. He gives the order to wash clothes ; then, of course, Jupiter Pluvius may reign (rain) supreme ; the heavier the shower now the better ; the deck becomes a duck pond : here you may see vile man disporting himself after the manner of Adam while yet in his innocence, and perhaps yonder is a dusky Krooman, all lathered in soap, who may thus be said to have succeeded in washing himself white.

We are reminded by these things of the incidents connected with "crossing the line." Years ago this was an event formally observed by every ship upon the day when she reduced her latitude to nothing, and minute and elaborate was the ceremony paid to Neptune, who is supposed to reside in this portion of his watery domain. The victims who were then offered for sacrifice were those who had never before been that way ; and did there happen to be among these any who were unpopular with their fellows, through the exhibition of some noble or humane trait of character even, this rude custom afforded an opportunity for revengeful retaliation, which was often dealt out with barbarous ferocity to individuals ; whilst the smouldering embers of prejudice and ill-will existing among sections of the crew would be fanned into a blaze, resulting in the most serious consequences to good order and discipline, and requiring severe measures to repress. If a true and complete record of this day's proceedings had been kept, the perusal of many ships' logs of fifty years ago would prove highly sensational reading. But in these latter times all that is now changed, owing, we presume, to the diffusion of knowledge, by which our ships' crews among others have become more intelligent ; so that while in some vessels, when passing this imaginary line, no unusual event disturbs the even tenour of the day, and the horseplay which once made it notorious is gladly regarded a thing of the past, in other ships where they do worship at the shrine of the sea-god, his devotees are but half-hearted and offer him only the mildest incense. On board H.M.S. — it was arranged to compromise matters ; we adopted a trimming policy. There was to be no Neptune the previous evening who should hail the vessel sailing in the regions wherein he swayed the sceptre, intimating his intention to come on board on the morrow ; the usual shaving implements—the piece of hoop iron, jagged like a saw, wherewith to shave the unfortunate victim, and the shaving-brush, bristling with its dirty, lathery compound—were not to appear.

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CAPE TOWN AND TABLE MOUNTAIN.

Our captain determined, by an ingenious exercise of the discretion allowed all such officers, to enjoy a little relaxation, that would doubtless have a beneficial effect upon his men's bodies, and serve still more to enliven their spirits; while at the same time it would enable him to fulfil one of the Admiralty regulations respecting fire, an enemy so much to be dreaded on shipboard. It was quite consistent with the nature of things that there might be a conflagration at the Equator, for every schoolboy knows that, theoretically, this is the hottest place in the world; hence, even they who are not in the secret are not very much surprised when the ship is declared to be on fire in the foretop. All energies are therefore for a time devoted to subdue the fire. The ship being under steam, quite by chance, of course, the steam-pumps are ordered to be kept going at full speed until further orders; seamen tumble up the rigging, lay out upon the lower yards, and let down buckets into the sea, and beyond a doubt, had the fire up there been occasioned by a foretop-man endeavouring to steal a quiet smoke, as sometimes happens, you know, he would have had his pipe summarily put out by such a Niagara as very soon converged there.

But what has become of the officers? They have all deserted their posts; and, yes, there is one of them actually pumping over his superior, as if the poor fellow were in a fit. The associations of time and place are suddenly remembered, and the secret is out: a whisper goes round; the hoses are no longer directed against an imaginary fire, and a scene of revelry ensues which would send a teetotaler into ecstasies. Brawny arms, from whose embrace there is no escape, seize some unhappy wight, who is brought under the concentrated discharge of several powerful hoses that, during the intervals of his gasping, prove his utmost capacity for water, and leave him dripping at every pore, the very reverse of the curled darling who trod the deck so mincingly an hour since. Another, obliged to abandon a hitherto safe corner by the advance of an officious friend with a bucket, is tripped up between two crystal streams and not allowed to escape until he is thoroughly saturated. The engineer from below, armed with a powerful syringe charged with warm, soapy fluid from the boiler, and so beautiful in its accuracy that if he wishes to squirt into one's ear he can do it, or if into the eye that is just as easy, pops up from his retreat and discharges his nasty little weapon at two officers who are plying the hoses, before they can get their more unwieldy apparatus to bear upon him, else they would certainly drown him;

for when they open their mouths to expostulate or cry "Hold, enough!" he directs the greasy stuff with fatal precision down their throats. The demonstration is kept up with infinite variety of circumstance until there is no more fun in it, when with water, water everywhere, a fitting sequel to this eventful day's doings is the performance of washing clothes. This "crossing the line" brought to light a curious illustration of how some go through the Royal Navy with little change of station in their various commissions; the oldest officer and man in the ship, a venerable grey-beard, who might well have personated Neptune himself, had never been so far before. *Apropos* of this, also, upon one occasion, while promenading the quarter-deck in the vicinity of the Equator, we could not fail to notice the eager expectation and restlessness of the quartermaster at the steering-wheel, and the comprehensive survey he took at the horizon whenever the vessel's bow dipped. As he was a veteran well into the sere and yellow leaf, you may judge our astonishment when it was elicited in the most artless way from the ancient mariner that "they expected to cross the line during the watch, and he wanted to report to the navigator when they saw it!"

After a spell of unusually hot weather a tornado is welcomed, as much for the interval of cool air that follows as for the languor that is dispelled while regarding the fury of the elements. Though it advances with great rapidity the storm is heralded by several distinctive features, well known to the frequenters of these coasts and the practised eye of the seaman, who, thus forewarned, prudently prepares to meet it. Chief among these portents are certain significant black clouds that, congregating in the quarter whence the wind is coming, so dispose themselves as to reveal a bow or arch of leaden-coloured sky beneath them extending to the horizon. In times when the slave trade flourished and we kept a good number of brigs upon this station to repress the same, many a one has been capsized by these tornadoes. This fatality overtook H.M.S. *Heron* one morning early, while cruising, during the time that her men were engaged in scrubbing decks, her working ropes being thus all coiled up in the rigging out of the way at the very moment they were wanted. Some of her boats, we know not how, managed to escape; but in other cases with these brigs no memento of them or the mariners they bore has ever been given up by the deep. They sailed away and never returned; that is all we may inscribe upon their cenotaphs.

If the ship is at anchor and the signs of a hurricane become

apparent, ropes are at once unlaced and the awnings furled; the lower deck portholes are fastened, boats are hoisted up, and everything as quickly as possible made fast and snug. The atmosphere becomes heavy and lurid. All Nature seems ominously still and silent. At length a gentle breeze is felt, the precursor of the disturbance soon to reach us; upon the horizon the glassy sea becomes ruffled, slight waves are formed, which gradually extend towards us, increase in volume, and by degrees become tipped with a white crest of foam; soon the air becomes perceptibly cooler, a hissing sound is heard, and, finally, with one fell swoop, the wind catches us. It whistles and screeches through the shrouds, apparently seeking something upon which to wreak vengeance; the vessel heels over somewhat, and perhaps a few articles may snap and give way to the sudden attack. All around us the sea, so like a mirror an hour since, is now an expanse of foam, the very intensity of the wind effectually beating down the waves and scattering their crests in sheets of heavy spray. A deluge of rain falls, and there are flashes of lightning. Of course, nothing in the shape of canoe can stand up against this, and nothing more will be heard of those who have been unable to reach some haven; but the chances are that all our native friends, observing the signs of the times, have long since scurried away to the shore in safety.

What with the hoarse screeching of the hurricane, the surging of all the ropes set in motion by the sudden onslaught of the gust, and the carrying away of some of the slighter masts and woodwork, there is a considerable amount of confusion; still, as ample warning was afforded and every precaution taken, no serious damage ensues, and in an hour or more the tornado has passed, leaving us in an air of balmy coolness and serenity.

The events of which we have given a description have occurred during a longer detention than usual upon the sultry coast; right glad, then, are we to hail the vessel deputed to take our place while we lie away to St. Helena for another holiday. We visit each other's ships, and try to make things as pleasant as we can for the newcomers, by softening down the hardships of our own sojourn, and wishing them better luck; perhaps our efforts, however, may be frustrated by those who declare the mosquitoes' sting to be sharper than ever, and who predict very gloomy things concerning the coming rainy season; like Job's friends they prove miserable comforters indeed.

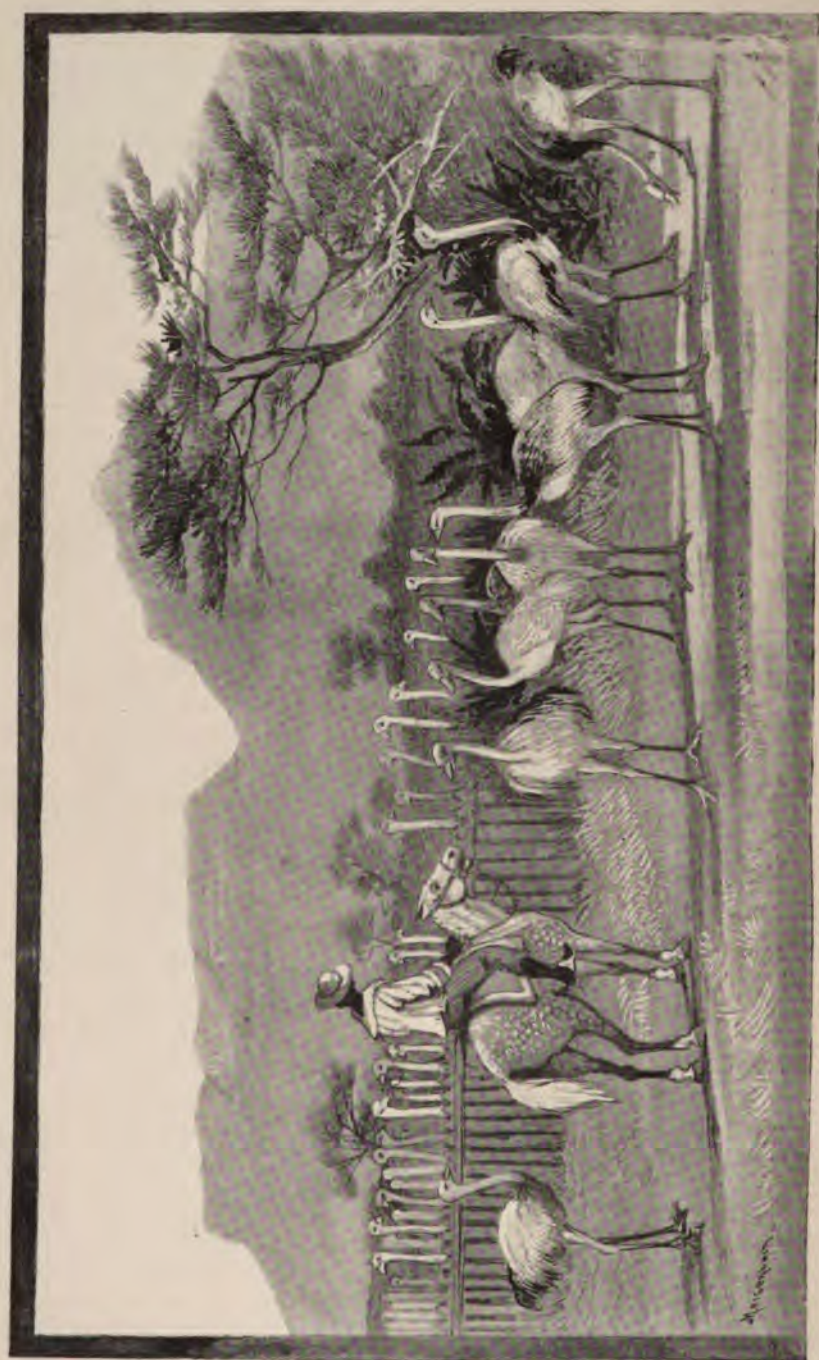
How delightful do we find the change to the cool, blue ocean, with the waves lazily lapping the hull as we glide through the

tropical waters, ever and anon startling a shoal of flying-fish; very pretty do they appear as, darting from their native element, they take to the wing, or rather fin, to escape the attacks of larger fish. Alas! they are not always successful. If one is sufficiently interested to observe these things, you will frequently see the more voracious fish, having failed to secure the flying-fish through the latter taking to the air, rushing along just under water with upturned eye fixed upon the fish above, which, unable to keep in the air after its fins have become dry, drops into the greedy jaws of its pursuer.

The days go by, and in due time the signalman at the masthead discovers land, but, as it may be some sixty miles off, we do not cast anchor for many hours. St. Helena is known to many persons only as the prison-house of the great Napoleon; we will present, therefore, a few particulars that fixed our attention, in the hope of not only extending information, but that we may contribute some amount of pleasure. While approaching the place we have not failed to be struck with the notion that from here, at any rate, the great soldier was not likely to escape, as from Elba. It rises precipitously on all sides from the deep waters of the Atlantic. James Town, the capital, if you dignify it by that title, lies in a chasm; directly overhead, and frowning down upon its houses, are situated the barracks. Upon this table-land, comprising nearly the whole island, rocky though it be, the most delightful verdure and charming views of swelling uplands are to be observed, interspersed with glimpses of Nature in her sterner moods. Now we are reminded of the quiet undulations and gentle transitions of our own Southern Downs, and presently of the abrupt declivities of the Shanklin cliffs.

But we have made no mention of the ascent to the plateau; this may be accomplished by two ways, either of which is a weariness of the flesh. The young and vigorous prefer the direct cut, by means of the longest ladder in the world of nearly seven hundred stout wooden steps, built on to the steep face of the rock; of course, none but sailors and those whose nerves are steady would ever think of going this way, and so the longer but more usual course is to proceed by a zigzag path that runs along the hillside. As you ascend, a glance far below you discovers the banana and other tropical fruits in the sheltered ravine, though you yourself begin to feel it cooler at every step; the mould is only a few inches deep, yet geraniums spring wild from the rock. Of course our destination is Longwood, some four miles from the only land-

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AN OSTRICH FARM

ing place, the home or prison of Bonaparte, who by his mighty military genius overthrew thrones and reared fresh dynasties in Europe. How are the mighty fallen ! Here like a caged lion did he eat out his heart with mortification, and we do not find it at all difficult to comprehend that he, who had trod the master of a hundred art galleries, should be filled with chagrin when established at Longwood House, a wooden structure of no very great dimensions. The place is still in charge of those who keep it for the inspection of travellers ; but the depth of feeling, either of veneration or detestation, with which this once mighty name is now regarded, is gradually dying out with the lapse of time.

Upon our return we turned down a path leading to a secluded spot in a dell, overshadowed with willows, which Napoleon himself selected as his last resting place. Here for about twenty years his remains lay, and then were exhumed. With minute formalities the tomb was laid bare ; the four coffins, the lead, mahogany, and others, in which the dead Emperor's body had been embalmed, were opened in the presence of representatives of both English and French nations. The proceedings were watched with anxious interest by the surgeons and a few other privileged spectators, and at length the features of the departed were exposed to view, in such good preservation that one might have fancied the lips had but just ceased to breathe those last words of his, *Tête de l'armée*, as his departing spirit moved in imagination amid the triumphs of bygone days—on the battle-fields of Jena or Austerlitz. All was then replaced as before ; the body of the illustrious dead was formally handed over to the French authorities, and conveyed to Paris, where it was again consigned to mother earth for final sepulture amid the greatest pomp and splendour.

The roadstead or anchorage is always a scene of bustle and activity, for, as the island lies in the course of the trade-winds, nearly all vessels going to Europe either call here for fresh water and provisions, or come close enough to show their flags ; so that there is a constant clanking of cables from ships letting go their anchors or heaving them up to be off again. In the latter case these harsher sounds are accompanied by the sailors' voices, now subdued, and anon borne upon the breeze in louder and more musical cadence. Those ships which do not make a stay, but come in close enough to be distinguished, go careering along the horizon under every inch of sail, placed in situations that a simple landsman would never dream of. Very inspiring is the sight to a thorough seaman, as a bundle or two of flags are run up to the

masthead and then, by a sailor's knack, are broken and stream out to the wind in a string of flaunting colours and devices, only to be understood by the initiated.

What does that mean? Well, for answer, you must turn your eyes to the land, to the pinnacle of yon high rock, upon which you can just discern a flagstaff, and what looks like a pigeon-box, but which is really the property of Lloyd's Agency and the official residence of the look-out man, whose duty it is to record particulars of passing vessels for transmission to England, by steamer, in the interests of the underwriters and shipowners.

Tennyson, from his home in the Isle of Wight, gazing upon the expanse of the Channel before him studded with the white sails of our ships putting forth to our distant colonies, breaks out in a memorable poem—

And the stately ships go by to their haven
Under the sea.

But his enthusiasm, we fancy, would be much greater could he view one of these homeward-bounders, booming along under every stitch of sail and the full sweep of the trade breezes; for in our crowded Channel and variable climate, where you cannot depend upon the fickle wind for half a day, captains dare not put on much canvas. And these ships that now so grandly sweep along, it will not be always thus with them; not so very many days hence and they may be kept for a month drifting about in the calms of the Equator—

Painted ships upon a painted ocean,

their crews gasping and panting with an experimental knowledge of David's longing for a drink of cool water from Bethlehem's well. Then it is that fond hearts, that would be otherwise sickened with hope deferred, will be cheered by the word in season the next mail steamer brings, of the ship having been sighted from the tiny pigeon-box on St. Helena heights; and so with renewed hope patience will have her perfect work.

St. Helena is not only a sort of half-way house at which homeward-bound vessels may call; in that capacity it is also visited by the ships of the West African squadron when bound for the extreme southern limit of their station, the Cape of Good Hope. Having already come so far upon the way, we invite our readers to continue the voyage and accompany us thither, though the trip will be monotonous, working dead against wind. The whole Colony formerly belonged to the Dutch, but by conquest and treaty it has been a possession of ours since the beginning of the century. We

are disposed to consider it a place of some importance in a national point of view, serving as it does for a depôt and repairing establishment for our fleets, though, since the opening of the Suez Canal, by far the greater number of our steamers go that way; hence Cape Colony is no longer on the great highway to our Eastern Dependencies. The coast-line about here is altogether different to that we have before described; it is *a* coast, but not *the* coast; frowning precipices, grim and sharply-defined headlands and capes are now the characteristic features of the land view. Not far off occurred the Birkenhead catastrophe, which illustrated the moral heroism of her soldier freight; and many a gallant barque has here succumbed to the fury of the main, becoming a shattered wreck as her ribs have been hurled again and again upon these rocky steepes.

At the base of a rugged mountain, adown whose side huge boulders are occasionally dislodged by the action of time and weather, lies the little cemetery of Simon's Bay. We enter it and shortly become absorbed in meditations among the tombs. In God's Acre many a salutary reflection is likely to be borne in upon the mind, and here, with the everlasting hills and restless ocean, with only the great forces of Nature on all sides, as we read the inscriptions around which tell of man's vain efforts in storm and flood, and record the violent death upon the billow, as well as the ravages of disease and pestilence, we are insensibly led to a due estimate of the insufficiency of man, and to humbleness of heart, by these sermons in stones. The locality affords no variety of road for the pedestrian, so we are subsequently constrained to renew our acquaintance with this cemetery, only to discover how bare and desolate all seems here, when contrasted with the prospect of a certain village church-yard at home encompassing a crumbling edifice, in a delightful rural district, with whose charming surroundings we had been familiar in our youthful days. Even at that time a walk within its quiet precincts would arouse feelings of pleasurable sadness, such as Gray has caught up and treasured in his exquisite verses.

The visits we have spoken of were not the only ones we made to the cemetery; those were voluntary. But in former days we had formed one of a procession that followed to this last resting place the remains of an unfortunate fellow who had been cook to our mess. While on leave he had strayed from the high road and frequented paths, and must have fallen over a precipice during the darkness of the night.

And during our present visit these grounds were to be again opened for the interment of another comrade, a fellow-officer, esteemed by all for his courtesy and geniality. While lying wakeful in our hammock one night, a hurried scuffling of the quarter-master's feet along the deck overhead, followed by an excited, peremptory calling away of a boat's crew at so unusual a time, informed us something was wrong. From subsequent explanations it appeared that the deceased, in company with a brother officer, had come down late one night to a pier near which their gunboat was lying, and hailed her for a boat. In the meantime a friendly challenge to swim off to their vessel was agreed upon between the friends.

The distance was not great, but, considering the darkness, the undertaking was risky and highly imprudent. One of them managed to reach his vessel, but in no condition to assist his comrade, who appeared to be following all right, when he suddenly uttered an exclamation for assistance, and sunk to rise no more. An unsuccessful search was made for the body, and all hope of its recovery was abandoned; but a week later the sea gave up its dead. On a quiet Sunday afternoon a solitary stroller along the sandy beach of the bay came across the washed-up body. A small crowd soon collected, and from their movements we on board suspected the import of their gestures; bringing the glass to bear upon the spot, we could discern the inanimate form being borne upon a stretcher to the town.

Again did the mourners go about its streets on their way to the cemetery and its open grave, in which the body was consigned, and the little mound bears a tablet whose inscription adds to an already long register of violent deaths.

The capital of the Colony is Cape Town, situated upon a gentle slope, seemingly formed of the *débris* from the adjoining mountains. It is regularly laid out, having straight streets intersecting at right angles. The place now and then, in some odd corner, brings to mind that the Dutch were once masters here, though these signs are becoming less every day. Formerly there were canals in the principal streets; these were walled in, and, being flanked by rows of oaks on either side, were undoubtedly picturesque, while they afforded a means of progression that harmonized well with the placid ease-loving Dutchman, and reminded him of his beloved Holland. But they did not suit the active, energetic enterprise of the English, so their place knows them no more, while the town itself has undergone changes which cause it to resemble an

ordinary English place. It now possesses docks of considerable extent and value, and there is a large public garden with scarce and curious plants, both native and imported, with museum and reading-room attached, while in the neighbourhood are Government House, and a number of handsome villas, each in its own grounds.

Behind the ascent upon which these are placed is Table Mountain, rising, in general appearance, like a gigantic fortress, so regular is its granite face in the upper half of its elevation, below which is a series of projecting boulders as buttresses. This regular face is about two miles in width, and 3,500 feet high; the whole mass being of a configuration which has conferred its name. The remarkable natural phenomenon known as the "table-cloth" occurs in summer. It consists of a dense mantle of vapour, which gradually collects about 10 o'clock and overflows the summit of the mountain, until it hangs down its steep face in fantastic sheets of mist. The "table-cloth" is fully spread at 2 o'clock, and so remains for a few hours, when a slight clearing betokens the cloth is about to be folded up. At nine in the evening every vestige of mist has vanished, and the table is then surmounted by an ethereal sky and twinkling stars; but during the prevalence of the south-east wind, a repetition of the folding occurs during the night, and early risers may see the last fleecy cloud dispersing by the time the sun is fairly up. The obstruction to the wind caused by Table Mountain produces violent storms in the bay.

Whilst taking a short excursion in the neighbourhood, we came upon an ostrich farm—a large tract of land enclosed for the purpose of breeding and rearing ostriches to supply feathers for the fashionable markets of the world. This bird is a native of the wilderness and desert, exceedingly fleet of foot, being swifter than a racehorse. After a laborious chase, and much artifice on the hunter's part, they are tamed and reared in this manner. As we rambled round the enclosure, one of the birds (there were about two hundred) espying us, immediately strode out in our direction, advancing with lengthy strides, and heavy stamping of the feet. As he evinced no disposition to turn aside, but bore down straight upon us, we became alarmed, notwithstanding that a heavy railing interposed between us. Upon reaching this the bird was stopped; he dropped upon the heather like a stone, working himself about as if to collect energy for a spring. Not knowing how things might turn out, we judged it best to leave him there writhing upon the ground. Both birds assist in hatching the

young; indeed, the male bird is generally the more assiduous and attentive in this matter. Still, if his mate should not be alive to a proper sense of her maternal duties, and refuse to take her turn at sitting upon the nest, he will frequently go out in quest of her and kick her back in most ungallant fashion. Their voracity is proverbial; they will readily eat such things as leather, iron, &c.

At the time of our visit ostrich-farming was a lucrative employment, being in few hands and confined within ordinary limits; since then, in the hurry to acquire wealth, it has become the practice for all sorts and conditions of men to invest in birds, which are then turned over to the care of a farm-owner, arrangements being made with him as to the division of profits in young birds and feathers. The feather-market was thus forced, with the inevitable result that birds have greatly depreciated in value. Once their eggs were literally golden eggs, as much as a five-pound note having been paid for each; but for some time past there has been a desire to be rid of a losing business, and the birds have been shipped off in numbers to South Australia, India, and America, where soils correspond somewhat to the African. A yield of good feathers from one bird averages about £10, to pluck which is often an awkward business, but the bird's long neck is seized very much to his disadvantage, a nightcap like a long stocking is drawn over his head, and he is driven into a narrow sort of horse-box; by pinning him well up against the end and side, it is impossible for him to kick forward, which would be dangerous to the pluckers, while physiologically he is unable to kick backwards. He is thus at the mercy of his captors, who quickly divest him of his feathers, which are packed off either to Cape Town or Port Elizabeth for the inspection of buyers for the European capitals.

At Simon's Bay there is a dock-yard, &c. We fancy those resident here must have their meditative and reflective faculties well developed, for there is not much society, the surrounding scenery is bare and stern, and the journey to Cape Town, the capital, some twenty miles distant, not very convenient. A railway has been constructed of late years from Cape Town to Wynberg, a village midway between the former and Simon's Town, situated in a wine-producing district. We have a very pleasant remembrance of Wynberg and of its pine groves, amid whose avenues we strolled enjoying the springy turf and fragrant swayings of the pine boughs. The climate of the Colony is temperate and healthy; an influx of immigrants has lately occurred, owing to the discovery of diamonds.

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ANGLING IN TABLE BAY.

But that which struck us more than anything else, perhaps because it was always under our eyes and more nearly interested us, was the vast quantities of fish that abound; now and then (between ourselves, not half so frequently as they might have done) our authorities gave permission to fish, when the whole ship's side was lined by the crew, and every little projection occupied as a point of vantage; fishing lines were served out from the ship's stores, others were hastily improvised, and the scene soon became extremely animated, as fish of all sorts and sizes were hauled up and fell with a heavy thud floundering upon the deck. At certain periods the place is the resort of a fish locally called "snook"; and on a solitary part of the beach some fishermen have established a station. They were wont to go out a little into the bay, four in a boat; there was always sufficient wind blowing to render rowing quite unnecessary, for, not being bound to any particular locality or direction, they made what is known in nautical parlance as a soldier's wind of it, sailing to and fro. All four hands could be thus employed about the fish; they used lines, and a small piece of white rag served for bait. Each man was provided with a short, stout stick, with which, as soon as the fish was hauled in, he struck it over the head, threw the fish into the bottom of the boat, and the hook overboard again, when it was at once eagerly seized by another fish, which was served in the same way; there was not an instant's waiting, and thus an incredible quantity of fish was secured, to be cleaned, hung upon lines, like clothes, to be dried in the sun, and packed off as food to the inland tribes. Day after day, and all day long, whenever we went on deck for our short six-foot promenade, this process could be seen; there was the hauling in of the line, the fish wriggling in the air like an eel for a moment, until an administration of the short stick gave it its quietus.

Vast as is the quantity of fish it would be still more so, were it not that the smaller ones become the prey of such birds as the penguin and shag. These birds live upon sea shores, and, surely, in them we have evidence of design in the Creator's handiwork. Look at the shag when on the wing; it is quite a comical sight, reminding one of a soda-water bottle, or a goose rushing after an intruder, its long neck craned out straight ahead, with the short, heavy body a long way behind, seeming to drag it down, its whole appearance denoting the greatest labour and difficulty in flying. But in the water it is very different; you know, there are some birds, like the osprey and others, that, poised high in air, and enabled by their strength of vision to discover their prey swimming

far down in the depths below, drop like a stone and seize the fish; but the shag floats gracefully upon the surface, perking its eyes all round, and as soon as it detects a fish, up go its heels and away it dives under water, propelling itself with the velocity of a cannon-ball. Very rarely does the fish escape; it is seized while the bird is going at speed underneath, for if you watch carefully some distance around, you will see it reappear, balancing in its bill a fish of such size that you are inclined to lay great odds it will never be able to swallow it; but which, however, it proceeds to gulp down by instalments, jerking itself as it were over the fish, and giving its elastic neck a final stretch of satisfaction when its finny prey is fully disposed of.

Our readers having voyaged with us thus far, we must now prepare to bid them farewell. If it will interest them to know how it fared with us in after days, we may tell them that the old craft, having exhibited signs of extreme feebleness, was placed in the hands of the dockyard officials, and patched up; although it was patent to the experts she was on her last commission. So extensive are her requirements that the allotted time of our stay is wholly taken up thereby; and we return to the coast to undergo, with but little variation, the conditions of life already described. Several months of misery are then endured, during which we constantly scan the fresh papers for some allusion to the preparation of a relief in one of the home dockyards; when, to our extreme mortification, we ourselves are compelled, by the exigencies of the service, caused by death from fever in another cruiser, to leave our own ship and take up a temporary appointment to a new vessel. The former, after a protracted detention, at length received sailing orders for home. Adding the last length to her homeward-bound pennant, she quickly hoisted her anchor, and made a spasmodic spurt to get out of sight, lest something unforeseen might yet recall her. We afterwards heard that she managed to reach the English Channel in woful plight, and struggled on to the back of the Isle of Wight, with her propelling power wheezing and gasping like an asthmatic octogenarian; and that she was only saved from a probably untimely fate by the opportune assistance of a Government tug, which conveyed her to a safe anchorage. Our own endeavours to be released were soon successful, and, being favoured in weather, we reached England by another route, a fortnight after the above.

The Nile Expedition in 1884-5.

By MAJOR LAWSON, R.E.

IV.



WHEN General Buller reached Abu Klea, the only fortification there consisted of a small fort some fifteen yards square, and capable of holding at most 150 men. This fort, on the right of the valley (still facing Metemneh), was within 100 yards of the line of wells, which it commanded; a second fort was at once commenced further down the valley, and at the extremity of the line of wells; a lunette also was constructed on the rising ground to the right of the original fort, to shelter the Royal Irish, whilst cover was made for the rest of the force alongside of and in the rear of the original fort. The "plan of campaign" in case of serious attack was to leave garrisons in the two forts commanding the wells, and with the rest of the force to move out and fight an offensive action.

The Arabs did not delay long at Metemneh, and early on the afternoon of the 16th their mounted scouts were seen approaching Abu Klea: these proved to be the advanced-guard of a force estimated at about 2,000 men; an hour before sunset, its riflemen arrived, and, occupying the hills on our left, opened musketry fire on the camp. Their shooting, considering the greatness of the range (1,100 yards at least) was wonderfully accurate, and before darkness closed in there were some fifteen or sixteen casualties in our force. During the night the Arabs kept firing away, and their bugles sounding, and their dervishes exorcising the evil spirits of night could be plainly heard. The next morning the fire continued, but as the enemy did not show in force, very little notice was taken of them beyond firing a few rounds from the mountain and Gardner guns,

and posting skirmishers to protect the parties drawing water from the wells. At about midday the Arabs brought a large gun into action against the forts, at a range of about 2,500 yards, and it was thought by some that this was the prelude to a serious attack; however, whether owing to the effective firing in reply by our artillery, or for some other cause unexplained, the enemy only discharged three rounds and then took their gun out of action. Meantime Major Wardrop, with another officer and three or four troopers made a sweeping reconnaissance behind the hills to the left; it proved most effective, for by rapidly firing, and rapidly changing position, the effect of a considerable force threatening the Arabs' rear was given; a panic was caused, and the riflemen could be seen hurrying away with all speed from behind their stone entrenchments. The enemy now gave up firing at every point, and retiring, encamped in a nullah some 4,000 yards from the wells, and to the north-east of the caravan road. In this nullah they either found or dug some wells, and in that way supplied themselves with water.

As the Arabs showed no sign of further troubling us, and as every additional man wounded was now a great incumbrance, General Buller did not attack, but contented himself with occupying the hills from which the enemy had fired on us on the 16th and 17th; two forts were constructed on these hills, the most southerly of them completely overlooking the Arab encampment. Our loss in this, the second engagement at Abu Klea, was one officer and thirty-three men killed and wounded.

Some days before these events, Lord Wolseley had received the Government's decision to crush the Mahdi's power at Khartoum. His plan of operations was quickly made; he intended, we believe, to take Berber with the River Column, and if General Buller had taken Metemneh, to keep hold of that town also. Inasmuch as the Nile from Metemneh to Abu Hamed would be exposed to an advance of Osman Digma from Suakin, he asked for a force to be sent to Suakin primarily to crush Osman Digma, and then, opening up the caravan road from Suakin, to join hands with the River Column at Berber; from there the combined forces would advance to attack and recapture Khartoum. The alteration which General Buller's falling back from Gubat would make in this scheme, was that from Abu Klea he would strike across to Berber, and then Metemneh would have to be captured when the combined advance on Khartoum was made. This plan, however, was spoilt by the absence of one *sine quâ non*—transport. The Kabbabish tribe,

which had been hiring to us their camels so largely, took fright after the fall of Khartoum, and not only refused to hire out or to sell to us additional camels, but very soon withdrew those that were already working for us. The original camels of the Desert Column were all but worn out, and unless new ones could be bought in large quantities, it would be impossible to feed the force at Abu Klea, much more so to move it thence to Berber. This Sir Evelyn Wood, at Gakdul, very soon saw, and having failed in his endeavour to purchase camels from the Kabbabish, he sent up what transport he had to bring Sir Redvers Buller back. There was no other course open. It was quite impossible to retain a force at Abu Klea; the camels were dying daily, and every delay added to the difficulty of carrying out the retirement. Accordingly, when the transport arrived at Abu Klea on the 22nd February, there was nothing to be done but to get away as quickly and cleverly as possible.

Meantime the River Column had been making its way through the cataracts; the work was excessively toilsome, the character of the river was more difficult even than of that portion of it which the whalers had encountered after their first start from Sarras, and with the necessity of taking due military precautions, and keeping the boats within a reasonable distance of one another, the progress made was necessarily slow. The expedition left Handab on the 24th January, and on the 10th February at Kirbeka, a point forty miles up stream of Handab, had an engagement with the enemy; here portions of the Royal Highlanders and of the South Staffordshire Regiment turned a force of some 800 Arabs out of a well-nigh impregnable position, and killed and wounded a very large number of them. The victory, however, was not cheaply won, General Earle, two colonels, and nine men killed, and four officers and forty-four men wounded, was a serious loss out of the 1,200 men engaged; still, however, the success was such a decisive one that in none of the succeeding cataracts was any opposition met with. Hebbeh, the place where Colonel Stewart had been wrecked and murdered, was occupied on the 20th February, and here the mounted or land troops crossed from the left to the right bank of the river. On the 24th February the force had reached Huella, 100 miles from Handab, and but twenty-five from Abu Hamed—a distance of 100 miles traversed in thirty-one days. The main difficulties were now over, and, compared with what they had just traversed, smooth water lay between the boats and Khartoum; moreover, once past Abu

Hamed, the bending southward of the river would enable the whalers once more to use their sails, and at least to double their rate of progress. In two days they would be at Abu Hamed, and a victory over the Arab force assembled there would open up the Korosko road, and enable the Bishareen convoys ready waiting at Korosko to ply with stores and food across the desert. At this moment, when success seemed within his grasp, General Brackenbury, who had succeeded General Earle in command, received the order of recall.

The breakdown in the camel transport had necessitated a change in Lord Wolseley's plans. With no possibility of assistance from the Desert Column in case of reverse or difficulty, the River Force was hardly strong enough either to be sent single-handed to the attack of Berber, or even, having taken it, to hold it against the overwhelming numbers the Mahdi might send down from Khartoum. Further, Lord Wolseley no longer having it in his power to hold the Desert Wells, those could now be occupied by the enemy, who would thus be enabled to commence a series of operations against the communications of the River Force. This would mean for it practical isolation, and indeed there can be little doubt that retirement from the desert necessarily involved retirement for the River Force also. Again, once the desert was evacuated, the available troops on the Nile would not be more than was necessary to guard the *debouchés* of the Mahdi's two lines of possible advance north, viz., the roads from Metemneh to Korti and from Khartoum to Debbeh, and by either or both of these roads he was now free to strike northwards. Accordingly, retirement being necessary, on the 20th February the orders which reached General Brackenbury on the 24th were despatched. In these the River Force was directed to retire to Merawi with all possible speed at once, unless it was at the moment actually in the presence of the enemy; such, however, not being the case, on the afternoon of the day on which he received his orders, General Brackenbury commenced his retreat. The descent of the rapids was much more hazardous than the ascent had been, and had it not been for the presence of the Canadian boatmen, many boats and lives would assuredly have been lost. As it was, considering the difficulty of the river, the loss under either head was very small. The stretch of river, which it had taken thirty-one days to ascend, was traversed on the return journey in nine, and on March 5th the River Column reach Merawi.

Meantime, the slower task of retiring from the desert was

in progress. The withdrawal from Abu Klea was not an easy one to effect; the paucity of camels, and the large amount of water to be carried to supply the force in a march of fifty miles, made it necessary for all to move on foot. Happily the moon was at its full, and its presence much facilitated an unobserved withdrawal. It was arranged that at 2 P.M. on the 23rd February, all the *impedimenta*, including sick, wounded, stores, and baggage, were to be sent off; they would in this way be able to traverse the seven miles of hilly country in daylight. The main force of the body was to stay at the Wells until the moon rose, and then effect its retreat. Whilst the convoy was engaged in loading up, however, large masses were seen moving up from the direction of Metemneh, and this reinforcement (as it proved) arrived at the enemy's camp at about one o'clock. It was an anxious moment, for if the enemy were now to move out to the attack the consequences would be serious. If, when he did so, the convoy had already been started, he would assuredly discover the fact, and would then have the choice of either falling on the convoy or else placing himself between it and the Wells; he would thus force our main body, against great odds, and with no food, and little or no transport for wounded, to fight its way out of Abu Klea. If the convoy had not been sent off and the enemy attacked the position at the Wells, it would be impossible afterwards, even when the original attack had been repulsed, to retire without great loss through the hilly ground, heavily encumbered as our force would be with stores, camels, and wounded. There was risk, indeed, to be run, whatever course was followed. The convoy started at the appointed hour; the Arabs, weary, we may presume, after their march, postponed any action until to-morrow, and in consequence, unobserved and unmolested, the camels cleared the hills in safety. General Buller and the rest stayed on, showing no signs of departure. At sundown the artillery and machine guns were dismounted and loaded on the camels, whilst the largest wells were filled up to delay, as far as possible, the enemy's pursuit. Every precaution was taken to prevent the Arabs guessing what was about to take place; the usual bugles were sounded, and the usual camp fires lit. At about eight o'clock the column formed up in silence behind the main fort, and then, when the last bugle calls of the night had been played, and the moon had well risen, the force slipt quietly away. Strong rear-guards were thrown out so as to give early notice if the departure should be discovered by the enemy, and to check, as much as

possible, any advance that might then be made. However, so cleverly was the retreat managed that the force got clear out of the difficult ground unobserved and unsuspected. The moon favoured the march; it lit up the road, and gave the soldiers a last view of the skeletons in the battle-field, and of the saddles and *débris* which still marked the site of the first zeriba. At last, without a shot being fired, the edge of the hills was reached, and a single light seen twinkling in the plain below indicated the position where camels and stores were in waiting. This point was reached at midnight.

Next morning, after a rest of four hours, the march was again resumed, and continued till 10 A.M.; then a halt was made till six o'clock in the evening, when the column retook the road, and marched till midnight. By that time it had, in twenty-eight hours, placed thirty miles between it and Abu Klea. The enemy's scouts had shown in the distance during the mid-day halt; but they were too late, and pursuit for them was then hopeless. Two marches more, and on the 27th February the whole force was at Gakdul. Here was heard the melancholy news of the death of Sir Herbert Stewart. It was not indeed wholly unexpected, for when he left Gubat the General was suffering from enteric fever in addition to his wound. Whether the wound or the fever was the actual cause of death is not clearly evident, but a post-mortem examination showed that the bullet had penetrated a vital part, and that in no case would recovery have been possible. His death occurred on the 16th February, when the sick convoy was within a few miles of Gakdul. His body is buried not far from the wells, and alongside those of other soldiers who, like himself, gave their lives in their country's service. The little graveyard, enclosed by a rough stone wall, is situated some 500 yards to the N.W. of the wells in a narrow and lonely valley. In it a rudely-carved and inscribed tombstone marks the spot where, in the very heart of the desert, lies the leader of desert column; surely for him the fittest of resting places.

The retirement effected from Abu Klea, nothing now remained but to get the force to Korti as quickly as possible. It was a lengthy task, however, as there was an enormous bulk of stores collected at Gakdul, which it was not wished to destroy, and but very few camels to transport them. However, Gakdul was evacuated on the 2nd March, when Magaga, twenty-two miles nearer Korti, became our most advanced point. Water depôts were formed at several points between Magaga and Korti to facilitate the supplying of the

troops on the march, and at last, some fresh camels being secured, on March 11th Magaga was evacuated ; it was not at all too soon, as the water there was very nearly exhausted. At Gakdul too, we had left but very little to drink behind us, whilst the wells of El Howeyiat were also very nearly drained dry ; in fact, by the time our troops reached Korti, the water supply in the desert was practically at an end. Magaga, as we have said, was evacuated on the 11th March, El Howeyiat followed two days later, and on the 16th March, the last detachments entering Korti brought the desert campaign to its actual close.

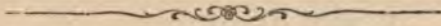
Time and space do not allow us to pursue the narrative beyond this point, either for the purpose of giving an account of how the troops spent their months of waiting in their camps along the Nile, or of telling how, when the decision to withdraw from the Soudan was arrived at, the retirement at lowest Nile and over some of the most difficult of the cataracts was effected. It remains only to draw the lesson which the events we have just sketched can teach us.

One obvious question suggests itself. Did Gordon, and Earle, and Stewart, and hundreds of other officers and men, die entirely in vain ? Is there no gain to be set down against all this loss ? Is there nothing to be placed on the credit side of our account ? The answer seems plain, and may be stated thus :—Even if the Nile Expedition has done nothing else for us, it has, at least, done this : it has shown beyond all possibility of doubt that the English private soldier of to-day, short though his term of service is, and drawn though he may be in many cases from the lower strata of society, is as capable of great action as were any of his predecessors. An expedition which proves so much cannot be said to have been without its use—for we must remember that although there has never been much doubt in England as to the capacity of our generals to direct and of our officers to lead our armies, there has been a feeling, more or less widely spread, that under the new conditions of service the men who at present fill our ranks are not so implicitly to be trusted as were those that fought in the Peninsula, the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny. That feeling the Nile Expedition has, or ought to have, for ever dispelled. We doubt if soldiers had ever a task set them, in the hardness and continuity of its labour so severe, and the newness and strangeness of its circumstances so difficult, as had the men who struggled in whalers up 400 miles of the Nile. The successful accomplishment of that task required an adaptability to new circumstances, and a perseverance

in effort, which no race but our own can show ; further, we doubt whether the soldiers of any other soil but England would have, after nights of sleepless labour and days of toil and fight, shown the bold, unshaken front they did show as they marched from their zeriba to the Nile, and toward what, as seemed to many, was for all the Gate of Death. From the eyes of those who have looked on these things the scales have fallen, and the present "Thomas Atkins" has been seen as he truly is, a being not a whit inferior to his predecessors. Among some, at least, a confidence in the qualities of our private soldier has been engendered, amounting in its fervour almost to a religious belief, and to these it seems impossible to imagine any circumstances under which, handled as they deserve to be, our rank-and-file would be found deficient. When next a military expedition leaves our shores, and critics throw doubts on the capabilities of our soldiers to carry it through, let us ask them, Are the difficulties greater than those of the cataracts, or the odds greater than those met with in the Desert ?

We are often told nowadays that just because our soldiers come from a lower class than do those of continental nations, that therefore we cannot and ought not to expect too much from our men. No argument can well be more fallacious or more dangerous. Education, in the accepted sense of the term, cannot give as it cannot away the spirit which enables men to dare danger or to overcome difficulties—it will never make the coward brave or the irresolute firm. And just as no teaching will transform a German into a Frenchman, so will no want of it take from an Englishman his birthright of courage and perseverance. The "race" characteristics which have made England great in the past, and which, we trust, will keep her so in the future, are confined to no particular class and are dissociated from none ; our glory and our pride, they are found alike under the rags of a beggar and the purple of a prince, and are assuredly present in our soldiers from whatever social stratum we may recruit them. The capacity to endure and to persevere is not more frequently found in the upper than in the lower classes of society. That it requires more labour to turn an uneducated man into an efficient soldier than it does in the case of one of some intellectual training, we will grant ; but there our admission ends. If we give the labour ungrudgingly, a satisfactory result will assuredly be obtained ; the substance we have to work on may be in the rough, but the *material* being the right one, time, skill, and care are all that are necessary to fashion it to our wants.

Finally, in judging the private soldier, it should always be remembered that whereas the officer has numberless incentives to do his duty well in war, the private soldier has, in comparison, none. On the officer works the sentiment expressed in the term "*Noblesse oblige*," and for him, if he but chooses to follow it, the road to advancement and distinction lies open. For the private soldier, on the other hand, in the vast majority of cases, these incentives to well-doing hardly exist; to *him* war means but danger, hardship, labour and sickness, and is robbed of all the glitter which makes it so attractive to the commissioned ranks; the satisfaction arising from the consciousness of duty performed must be for him his chief reward. This fact of duty done for duty's sake should elicit our respect, and command for him our sympathies. If the Nile Expedition will awaken this feeling in our countrymen, and will lead our officers to realize more fully than before the native worth and value of the rough material placed in their hands to fashion and improve, the lives lost on the Nile, the Desert and at Khartoum will not have been sacrificed in vain.



The Tales of Ensign Steel.

(From the Swedish of J. L. RUNEBERG.)



VI.

IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

"Worthy people, men and women, is there anybody here,
Who will listen to the story of an ancient Grenadier?"
Thus began the song, young fellow, I remember, word for word,
Which, when last to town I ventured, in the market-place I heard.

Market-day it was: on all sides wares and people met the eye;
But the people did not suit me, and I had no wish to buy.
To and fro I wandered aimless until finally I strayed
Past a corner where a carriage by the crowd had been delayed.

Whether it was stopt on purpose, or necessity compelled,
I know not, although a footman at the people stormed and yelled,
And inside a nobleman the cushions negligently pressed,
And his cloak was lined with sables, orders gleamed upon his breast.

Long I gazed and gazed upon him. Former days came back again;
I had looked upon those features, but I doubted where and when.
Why, at Lappo; yes, at Salmi stood he in the foremost band,
But he was a captain then, and now he is a general grand.

Altered much was his appearance, not alone by weight of years;
More the lofty air it was which great prosperity confers.
Was it pride? Perchance I wrong him. But his whole demeanour
told

Of a nature calm, indifferent, and, though gallant, stern and cold.

Comrades who had fought beside me ever gladly I would meet,
But my heart, on seeing this one, warmed not with the usual heat.
“Swagger,” thought I, “in your gewgaws; once among ourselves
ye stood,
Not so proud, but much more comely, decorated with your blood.”

And just then I heard the song, the words of which I late did
speak,

Through the hum of voices rising, it was tremulous and weak:
“Worthy people, men and women, is there anybody here,
Who will listen to the story of an ancient Grenadier?”

I was one that wished to listen, to the Grenadier akin,
Turned my back upon the noble, mighty tho’ he may have been;
Silently I stept aside and thro’ the people worked my way,
Till I came to where the veteran sat and sang his simple lay.

Tall of stature and bare-headed, on a flight of steps he sat,
On his knee his left hand held the remnants of a battered hat;
This at least remained to hold for alms the careless stranger
tossed,

But the other one was absent, harvested by war and lost.

And he sang to those around, or such as would him listen to;
Shrill his accents, small his gains, and hearers had he very few.
Round about the flight of steps there stood in impudent array
Several children clothed in rags; myself and eke a student gay.

But he sang a lofty theme—a theme of glories long gone by;
Gallant exploits half-forgotten, heroes in the grave that lie.
Finland’s battle ’twas he sang, our country’s last resistance told,
All our triumphs, all our sorrows, and our honour’s age of gold.

"Six-and-thirty times," he faltered, "have I stood where bullets showered,
I have watched through night and day, by cold and hunger overpowered;
And tho' now a wretched outcast, in the ranks of war I fought,
Lost my better arm in action, and my left is good for nought.

"Lives among this generation one of those to arms who sprang,
When, the days of peace departed, loud on high the summons rang?
Fire then burnt in manly bosoms, everything is altered now,
And this heart, which now is frozen, then was constantly aglow.

"Tavast'hus, can I forget thee; how, beneath the orb of night,
For the first time I beheld thee from an overhanging height?
Late the hour, the night was bitter, tired with marching had I come,
Yet I asked not rest from labour, thought not upon hearth and home.

"No; 'twas on thy snowy fields my spirit dwelt without respite;
There was more than hearth and home, and more than rest throughout the night;
Finland's host was there embattled, young and gallant, strong and free,
And our country gazed upon us, and upon our country we.

"Honour be to aged Klercker, endless honour be his due!
Seventy years of age was he, and proved a soldier good and true.
Yes, I mind his hoary head what time along the ranks he rode,
And his countenance upon them with paternal kindness glowed.

"With six thousand children round him, equal to the foe in might,
He would halt and offer battle, join in conflict with delight;
None were doubtful, none were timid, every man for battle yearned,
We in him and he in us a mutual confidence had learned.

"Then Field-Marshal Klingspor came, not majesty itself more proud,
With two chins, a single eye, and only half a heart endowed.
Then came Klingspor, took command, and being in rank the senior one,
Orders gave instead of Klercker, and his orders were to run.

“Starlit night by Tavast’hus, I wakeful spent upon the snows,
Still, though many a year be passed, thy memory in my spirit
glows,
Tho’ our faith was there betrayed, and tho’ our hopes were over-
thrown,
Tho’ in air our triumphs melted thro’ a coward’s fault alone.

“When shall he be called to judgment—who the culprit shall
compel,
When the army could have conquered, answer why he backward
fell?
When shall he be called to judgment for the infamy he threw
On our name that day which tears from us instead of life-blood
drew?

“Did we yield at Sikayoki when at last we turned to bay,
Were our arms or legs employed the most at Revolaks, I pray?
Adlercreutz could give ye answer, Cronstedt, too, and all the rest;
But, brave fellows, they are gone where questions cannot be
addressed.

“I have mentioned mighty names, eternal honour be their meed!
Many another with them journeyed to the land where rest the
dead.
Döbeln sleeps, and Duncker sleeps. Inquire ye now of their
exploits,
’Tis a broken invalid the half-forgotten tale recites.

“Wherefore died I not in battle, did not with the heroes fall,
Where the gallant hosts of Finland held awhile high festival;
When our fortunes looked the fairest, when our glory was ablaze,
During Sikayoki’s, Lappo’s, Alavo’s and Salmi’s days!

“Then the northern snows again I had not been compelled to
range,
Nor had seen the joys of conquest into desperation change;
Nor had mourned a thousand comrades, when their bitter doom
was sealed,
Stretched on Tornea’s ice to stiffen, or at Kalix forced to yield.

“Cruel end to all our sufferings, grievous parting from our land!
Still I came with many another unto Bothnia’s western strand.

There with steadfast heart and true I dyed the sands of Sweden
red,

Now I haunt the market-place, and sing to earn a crust of bread.

"God preserve our Fatherland! A soldier recks of nought beside!
Loss of life, of arms and legs, and happiness he must abide.
God preserve our Fatherland! behold the burden of my tale;
And, although my theme be changeful, thus to end I never fail."

Up then stood the Grenadier and went around for alms to plead,
Got a copper here and there, but nothing was his usual meed,
Till he came unto the carriage, where the haughty general sat,
Lowly bent his silver locks and forward stretched his battered hat.

But the haughty general, decked with stars and lace and ribbons
gay,

Looked as black as thunder as the soldier's hat he tore away,
Gazed on him and on the crowd, then in the twinkling of an eye,
Flung the veteran's store of coppers in the market-place to lie.

Sore amazed the Grenadier was, but the general thus began:

"I have heard your song; I also for my country fought, old man.
That this memory still remains to soothe the autumn of my year,
Look you, I am proud to own it, prouder far than you appear.

"True it is that fortune failed us during many a bloody day,
True it is that in disaster victory faded fast away;
Still we need not cringe and cower, tho' beaten we were game and
true,

See, I wear my hat as usual, old man, thou shalt wear thine, too."

As he ceased, a radiant smile divinely o'er his features spread,
And he pressed with steady hand the hat upon the soldier's head.
Then he spoke—my heart still warms with satisfaction in my
breast,

When I think of his demeanour, and the thoughts his words
expressed.

"Different are in life our portions, thus Omniscience hath decreed,
Here awardeth rank and fortune, there obscurity and need;
Yet one thing we have in common, constancy unto the death,
And our conscience bearing witness that we sealed with blood our
faith.

“Therefore we are comrades ever, therefore come and sit by me.
Well the less may be divided, partners in the greater we;
I have money, an it please thee, food and lodging can afford,
Thou in thine old age shalt gladden with thy noble song my
board.”

Then the ancient Grenadier within the carriage took his seat,
And the crowd made way for it with deep respect and cleared the
street.

Long I heard the carriage rumbling after it was lost to view,
But my eyes were dim with tears and nought distinguished in
their dew.

H. S.



Military Changes in 1888.



IEUT.-COLONEL VOGT, the well-known author of *Die Europäischen Heere der Gegenwart*, has just published a supplement to this work, which summarizes very usefully the changes in armament and organization which these armies have undergone in 1888. That we are not the only nation which lives in an era of kaleidoscopic military change a perusal of the following brief remarks will easily prove.

In Germany service in the Landwehr has been lengthened by six years. Five are passed in the first ban and six in the second, in which the men of the Ersatz Reserve are likewise incorporated after completing their twelve years. While in the second ban they are not subjected to drill or periodical musters, nor do they require permission to emigrate, provided due notice be given to the authorities. Service in the Landsturm is extended from the 42nd to the 45th year of age, the force being divided like the Landwehr into two bans. In the first are included those liable to service up to their 39th year; in the second, all who have passed that age. In peace they are not subject to any kind of control, but are to be properly armed and equipped, and liable to service in the army and navy in case of need. The first ban may be called to arms upon emergency by the general commanding a province, or the governor of a fortress, but the second can be summoned only by imperial decree. The writer considers that these arrangements will place an additional force of from 500,000 to 600,000 men at the disposal of the empire, and enable it to realize the programme of Prince Bismarck, *i.e.* to place a million defenders on either frontier, facing east and west.

The armament of the infantry with the magazine rifle has been completed. Experiments are in progress with a small calibre weapon, but as yet have led to no decisive result. The latter, more handy and deadly in effects, also allows of the soldier carrying fifty more cartridges on his person. Special bullets, consisting of a leaden core with a coating of harder metal, have been manufactured, which, though they will pass through two horses standing

behind each other at 1,000 yards, do not splinter bones, and thus cause mischief which has given rise to accusations of contravening the rules of civilized warfare. But the small-calibre arm requires a suitable powder which, say the Germans, has not yet been devised. It must be of slow combustion in order to lessen pressure, and almost smokeless to allow of the advantage of rapid fire being realized.

In the mounted branch, the cuirassiers no longer wear the cuirass, but have been equipped with lances and carbines. It is proposed to arm the light regiments also with a shorter lance, and the Hussars of the Guard have already received them on trial. Opinions are divided as to the wisdom of this measure, the majority rejoicing in the long delayed triumph of *la reine des armes blanches*, while a few point out that with sabre, lance, and carbine the trooper will be overweighted; also that the time devoted to the difficult lance-exercise ought to be devoted to rifle practice. In future, epaulettes are to be worn only in review order and on festive occasions. Metal chains on helmets are replaced by leathern straps, except in the Guards, who retain them for parade purposes, and black accoutrements have been substituted for white. Improved and lighter knapsacks and havresacks have been introduced, also a "divisible" (*zerlegbar*) tent, a section of which is carried by each individual, who can use it as a watch-cloak (as represented in the sketch) upon emergency. The chief use made of cyclists will be to communicate between the advanced works of a fortress, and experiments with balloons are being diligently pursued, chiefly directed, it would appear, at all events in the case of free balloons, to the possibility of bombarding a fortress from mid-air. Mr. Coxwell, however, solved this problem in a practical way years ago, though, for reasons adduced in his book, he doubts its utility in warfare.

It is here stated that the present Emperor, perhaps in imitation of Peter the Great, who traversed every grade of military rank, has not yet promoted himself higher than brigadier-general, though by virtue of his imperial station he is "war-lord" (*Kriegsherr*) of the entire German army.

In France, too, by the *loi organique* the period of military service has been prolonged, viz. from twenty to twenty-five years. Service with the colours, however, has been curtailed, against the better judgment of many experienced officers, from five years to three; six and a half more are passed in the reserve of the active army, six in the territorial army and nine and a half in its reserve.

It is interesting to learn that the Governor of Paris, General de Saussier, is Commander-in-Chief designate in case of war, and that Generals De Miribel, Wolff, Billot, Février, Lewal, Carray de Bellemare, and the Marquis de Gallifet, would be his chief coadjutors.

Twelve battalions of Chasseurs, armed and equipped for mountain warfare, have been opposed on the south-eastern border to the Italian Alpini.



NEW "DIVISIBLE" SHELTER-TENT USED IN THE GERMAN ARMY.

The French cavalry is to be raised from 83 regiments to 91; viz. 12 of cuirassiers, 30 of dragoons, 21 of chasseurs, 18 of hussars, 6 of chasseurs d'Afrique and four of spahis. Each is to consist of five squadrons, mustering together a strength of 37 officers, 792 men and 722 horses. Two regiments of dragoons and six of hussars have not yet been raised. Special attention is henceforward to be devoted to equitation in the French cavalry. *Il était temps.* It may be mentioned, as a fact worthy of imitation, that the French

railway corps learn their work practically in time of peace, the line Orleans-Chartres having been declared a "military railway," on which the soldiers work in combination with the civilian staff. By this time, it is supposed, not only the regulars but the territorials are provided with the Lebel rifle, but serious doubts are expressed in German military circles with regard to the success in practice of Colonel Bruyère's smokeless gunpowder.

Le brav' général gets no quarter in these pages. It is averred that his bad example has still further injured the discipline of the French army, which since their "glorious" Revolution has generally been as bad as it could be. This is not surprising. We ourselves live in an age of self-advertisement, but what would be the effect on our soldiers if one of our shining military lights were to allow himself to play the pranks of which M. Boulanger has been guilty? The truth is, as Colonel Knollys showed in our last issue, that a good army is impossible where the nation itself is mutinous and corrupt. It faithfully reflects the national temper, and its *morale* must be fatally injured when respect for authority has been undermined. Thus, we are not surprised to cull from the pages of the *Avenir Militaire* that in March last year a mutiny on a grand scale took place among the 6th Chasseurs, then quartered on the eastern frontier. Again, at Moulins, a soldier on leave persistently refused to salute some cavalry officers in a place of public resort, whereupon he was arrested, but rescued by the mob; when, *mirabile dictu*, after due inquiry, the cavalry regiment was removed to other quarters! The same sort of thing happened quite recently on the boulevards of Paris, when the officer implicated with difficulty escaped from the crowd of ragamuffins who took sides with the mutinous private. One more anecdote to the point. Near Vitry, at a review, a priest was severely wounded by a ball, when the brigadier in command called out to him: "M. l'Abbé, the shot which hit you was meant for me!"

In Austria-Hungary several measures have been adopted to strengthen the armed forces arrayed for the defence of the monarchy. Allowance is now to be made for casualties in levying the yearly contingent of recruits—a precaution which has not hitherto been observed. The Landwehrs of the Dual State have been in great part made available for the reinforcement of the Field Army, even when acting on foreign territory; while the duties of home defence, which were hitherto incumbent on them, now devolve on the Landsturm. The first ban of even this force may now be called on to fill casualties in the field, in which case the

second ban take up the garrison duties at home; and, as the strength of the first ban is estimated at no less than 516,000 men, the Austro-Hungarian army now shows, on paper, the respectable total of 1,906,172 men—a figure which the writer looks upon as far too low, judged by the German standard.

On the 1st October last the Bosniak infantry, which has been organized with so much care and discrimination on the part of the authorities, was augmented by four companies. These troops are said to yield, in drill, general smartness of appearance and discipline, to no others in Europe. They are equipped in light blue tunics and pantaloons, and black accoutrements, but retain the Turkish fez. Composed of the most diverse nationalities, Greeks, Roman Catholics, and Mahometans are found in their ranks, all held together by the common bond of Austrian discipline. Here in Bosnia we may see Austria executing on a small scale the task which has fallen to her lot in history, and which gave birth to the expression that were that monarchy not in existence it would be necessary to invent it: we mean the gradual and laborious welding together of the heterogeneous races which populate the south-east of Europe. Much caution was used in forming troops out of this touchy material. No more than 1,200 men were raised in the first instance, half only being retained with the colours. These were distributed into four companies, stationed at Serajevo, Banialuka, Dolnia Tuzla, and Mostar respectively. They were by degrees reinforced till they ranked as battalions, each of which in October last numbered seven companies apiece. Next year it is intended to double the number of battalions, and eventually increase them to twelve, when a Bosnian division will be probably created. It is even proposed to call a landwehr on the Austrian model into existence. A Mannlicher rifle of smaller calibre than that previously in use is being supplied to the Austrians, and at least five Army Corps are already armed with it. The field artillery has been augmented by five divisions, mustering 120 guns, in order to furnish batteries for the landwehr infantry divisions.

In the section devoted to Russia, we are told that the work of pushing troops in large masses westward is still in progress. It is stated that the military district, Kharkoff, and the two Caucasian army corps have been broken up in consequence, the troops which belonged to them having been distributed throughout the districts of Warsaw, Odessa, and Kieff. The contingent of recruits for 1888-89 was fixed at 250,000 men. Their training, however, takes much longer than elsewhere, because during winter

no drill takes place except in-doors. A common idea exists that the Russian soldier endures extreme cold better than others, owing to the severity of his native climate. That this is an error those would suspect who have watched the sufferings of Russian visitors here in "bleak December." The Russian soldier gets too much "coddling." In the height of summer only is he exposed to the caprices of weather; and even then, he has to put on his great-coat when the thermometer dips below 50° Fahrenheit! The Germans in France stood the cold better than the Muscovites in Roumelia; but they were better fed, and it stands to reason that a good commissariat never tells with greater effect than in times when the human frame, exposed to severe cold, has to maintain its temperature without much external assistance. Frost bites were rare in 1870-71 among the invaders of France; while in 1877 a regiment from the north of Russia lost 800 men in fourteen days from that cause alone. This subject is important enough to justify a quotation:—

It is the custom to say that the cold of 1812 was Russia's best ally against the French; but this is not quite correct, for Napoleon unaccountably chose to retreat by the same way that he advanced, through a devastated and exhausted country.

Here we pause to reflect that Napoleon in reality tried hard to effect his retreat by a new line, but that his intentions were frustrated by the battle of Malo-Yaroslavetz.

The fugitives were prostrated by hunger, and, of course, froze to death; but the true cause was lack of nourishment. The Russians, during a rapid pursuit through districts drained of their resources, likewise suffered frightfully from famine, lost enormous numbers, and, prostrated by hunger, froze to death as fast as the French. Nowhere else are such precautions taken against the effects of cold, both in the matter of dress and of household arrangements, as in Russia. Deprived of these accessories, transferred from the warm apartment he is used to and forced to bivouac in the snow (especially if his long thick sheepskin be not at hand), the Russian suffers much more from the cold than other soldiers who have not been so pampered in this respect.

The drunkenness which prevails to an increasing extent in the ranks of the Russian army must likewise tend to enervate the men's constitutions. Ever since the abolition of serfdom this vice has been assuming gigantic proportions, which seem beyond what is possible for human resolution to combat. Children are to be seen intoxicated in the streets, and the physique and moral qualities of the population are, we are assured, rapidly degenerating from this all-pervading vice. In 1887 the peace effectives of the Russian army numbered 31,196 officers, and 840,568 men; but in this estimate the Finland army, 176 officers and 4,688 men, and the customs' officials, 23,659, were not

included. At the same date, the Cossacks under arms counted 2,242 officers and 48,277 men in their ranks. There are thirty-two different nationalities in the army.

With regard to Great Britain, Colonel Vogt expresses serious doubts whether that "hybrid" force, the Mounted Infantry, will prove efficacious in war; and these doubts would be well founded were they applied to the conditions under which the German or French armies are likely to serve. There is a certain "malicious glee" (*schadenfreude*, let us style it) in his criticism on the results attained by our naval manœuvres of last year and 1887. "The English," he exclaims, "can no more talk of the vaunted invulnerability of their coasts"; but he plainly exaggerates the extent of the success obtained by Admiral Fremantle; and as for the imaginary ravages committed on our coasts by the enemy a twelvemonth ago, they would hardly be attempted for fear of reprisals, at any rate on an extensive scale. However, the conclusions he draws from these experiments are correct enough, viz., a blockading fleet must now-a-days be double the strength of the blockaded vessels, and the effective defence of an extended line of coast must be sought in adoption of a vigorous offensive plan of action.

In Italy, the field artillery has been increased and reorganized. It now consists of twenty-four regiments of eight batteries apiece. Each army corps has attached to it two of these regiments; half of the one being posted to each infantry division, and the other regiment constituting the corps artillery. In war time each battery numbers six pieces, but in peace no more than four of these are horsed, and cadres for formation of ammunition columns are assigned to each regiment. One horse artillery regiment of six batteries, and another of mountain guns containing nine batteries, complete the Italian establishment, which in peace time amounts to 793 horsed guns, and in war expands to 1,188.

A special corps for Africa was likewise created in 1887 which, incorporated into the standing army, may now be regarded as permanent. It consists of two brigades, each of two regiments of three battalions, a squadron of Light Horse, four batteries, a company of engineers, a sanitary company, and one for purposes of supply. Their total muster is 238 officers, and 4,762 rank and file.

THE EDITOR.

Wanderings of a War Artist.

NEW SERIES.

THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

By IRVING MONTAGU.

CHAPTER I.



EUROPE was ablaze with it; the telegraphic wires of the world were vibrating with it; it was placarded on every hoarding of every city in the civilized world. War had been declared! A holy war, in which Christianity and Islam were to meet face to face; a war of aggrandizement, in which Russia would fight for the key to the Black Sea, which Turkey would as stubbornly defend; a war, in short, like many others, which with godly pretexts would cloak ulterior purposes.

* * * *

I was in Vienna, in a curious dilemma, for having ascertained on most reliable authority that since the declaration of war it had become utterly impossible to approach Constantinople by way of the Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmora, I found I had but one alternative, that of secreting the introductions I carried with me to the Turkish military authorities, and outflanking the rapidly concentrating Russian forces by making straight for Bucharest, and crossing thence, *viâ* Giurgevo, to Rustchuk.

Not a moment was to be lost, so leaving my heavier luggage in Vienna, I started forthwith for the capital of Roumania, which amongst European cities looks at a first glance perhaps the most uninviting.

It was in the gloaming when I arrived; and when I started in a three-horse drosky for the hotel, I was most unpleasantly impressed by the scattered huts and insignificant houses which

constituted that part of the tortuous main street nearest its ghostly looking railway station, where oil lamps and tallow candles struggled, dimly and in vain, to throw sufficient light on the miscellaneous wares of the shops.

Grim as everything appeared, however, there was at least a sense of relief that, so far, there was no evidence of Russian occupation; but, alas, what a kaleidoscope of shifting scenes this life is! My best hopes were soon to be shattered, for, in five minutes, with a turn in the road, I found myself in that part of the *Grande Rue* to which the other was but a sleepy suburb; a sotnia of Cossacks wheeling down a bye street at this moment blocked the route. My drosky-driver pulled up, the jingling of the harness bells ceased, and there before me was Bucharest proper, its brilliant little shops ablaze with light, its people wild with excitement, the very air seeming possessed of a sort of bugle mania, while regiments passed hither and thither in quest of quarters, and officers in every imaginable Muscovite uniform hustled each other on the uneven pavement, and crammed to excess every *café* on the picturesque little boulevard, and there was I (pardon the first person singular), with credentials to high Turkish officials in my breast pocket, in the very midst of the enemy. It was a trying moment, I assure you. Indeed, I think it must have been the Calmuck cut of my countenance which prevented their discovering that there was "a chiel amang them takin' notes." Suffice it to say, after much jostling, I was put down at "The Concordia," where I verily believe every room, save my own, was occupied by a Russian.

It was too late that night to get further; so, till early morning, I made the best of it. I do not think the strongest potations would have induced sleep, however, since everything hinged on my being able to get away the first thing next day. I think in this my knapsack (the only luggage I had brought on) assisted me. Carrying it unpretentiously in my hand, I was allowed to pass, being supposed probably to be some harmless continental commercial who, having lost his way, was hurrying off to find that peace which Bucharest at that moment failed to afford.

There was at least little difficulty in starting early next morning for Giurgevo, and I breathed again, I assure you, as we left the station and I once more found myself in the open. The terminus reached, the Danube crossed, and then, once in European Turkey, I should be safe.

On arriving at Giurgevo, I hastened to the landing-stage; there

before me lay the broad expanse of the Danube's blue waters, dotted with the innumerable little islands round which its currents swirl, while straight away on the other side could distinctly be seen the forts, mosques, and minarets of Rustchuk.

"At last," I said to myself, "all will be well; and now for a boat." Ah! just so. Where were the boats? A shingly shore, with nothing on it but empty boat-houses. No boatmen. What could it all mean? However, it was a difficulty easily overcome. I could soon get someone to pull me across, or do it myself for the matter of that. I was wondering for the moment where best to apply, when I perceived I had attracted the attention of a rubicund military-looking man, with a curiously black moustache (strongly suggestive of hair-dye), close shaven chin, and the air of an exquisite, who was standing not far from me on the landing-stage. I instinctively turned to him, and asked in French if he knew where I could secure a boatman. To my astonishment he replied, with the slightest possible accent, in excellent English.

"There are *no boatmen* and *no boats*. The passage of the Danube has been interdicted for three days." And then he went on, "Am I right in supposing I am addressing an Englishman?"

"Yes, yes; I'm an Englishman; but what's to be done? I MUST CROSS."

"Quite impossible, I assure you. Any boat which approaches Rustchuk will be immediately sunk. It's hopeless to think of it. May I offer you a cigarette?"

His *sang-froid* annoyed me. There was I, with the interests of the *Illustrated London News* at heart, within a triangle, two sides of which were hourly converging, a fringe of steel, on Giurgevo, while the third was represented by the seductive but uncrossable Danube. I thanked him curtly, without accepting his proffered cigarette, and rushed off to find the mayor—anyone, in fact, in authority to whom



A RUSSIAN SPY.

I might, as a sort of forlorn hope, appeal. I found the chief magistrate of Giurgevo a most charming old gentleman, who expressed the warmest sympathy with me in the difficulty in which I found myself; but the edicts of war were beyond his control. Death awaited those who should attempt a passage.

I went back to the landing-stage perfectly bewildered, where, with provoking *nonchalance*, I found my friend of the rubicund complexion engrossed in a French novel.

"Any luck?" said he, looking up lazily from his book.

"None; I've tried every possible means so far."

"What do you intend to do?"

"Return to Bucharest, get thence through Hungary and Servia or Bulgaria to Constantinople."

"Again impossible; you came by the last train. The railway is now in possession of the military; besides, the Russians will occupy Fratesti (the next station to Giurgevo) to-night, and early to-morrow will be in Giurgevo itself."

I was curious to know how it was this mysterious stranger should be so well-informed, and ventured—

"You are, I think, yourself a Russian?"

"I am," he said, with an air of candour, which under other circumstances would have been delightful. "I am an officer of the Secret Service. I think *you* call us spies—the term sounds less polite. By the way, what are *you*?"

I informed him that I was an artist.

"Ah! I thought so; you look like one. Could you, if necessary, prove it?"

I felt I was playing with fire; so I produced my sketch-book. He knew something of art evidently. Picking out a rough sketch I had made in passing a Roumanian village, which was certainly the best of the few I then had, he expressed himself delighted with it as he courteously returned me the book.

"It's unnecessary to say," he continued, "that the one object of the Russians at the present moment is to cross the Danube."

"Just so."

"It being equally, of course, the one object of the Turks to prevent their doing so, you can imagine that a pretty high price would be put on reliable intelligence which, to that end, the Turks might obtain. I am in a position to give (for a consideration) the required information."

"But you are in the Russian service; and, moreover, why make a confidant of me?"

"In the first place, because you are in our hands, and because it would not be worth your while to betray me, even if you could; and, further, because I alone can help you, and you alone can help me. We have plenty of time to discuss the matter. You are safe till dawn to-morrow, at least. Will you sleep here to-night, or start to-day?"

"Where for?"

"Constantinople *via* Rustchuk."

"What! can *you* arrange this?"

"I can." And with this he led the way to a small hotel near the landing-stage, where we were supplied with an excellent bottle of Rhine wine, which we proceeded to discuss. I was thunder-struck. "Of course, I make *special* conditions.—You convey to the Pasha of Rustchuk a document for which, if events turn out as it predicts—and *they will*—you will be amply compensated, I assure you. I have already arranged preliminaries. I have only to give the required information, and——"

"And how about the Russians?" I interrupted.

"Oh! they know how to take care of themselves—they *will* cross, come what may. I'm too patriotic not to feel that; and an officer of the Secret Service should never be too particular. He should make what you English call, I think, grass while the wind blows."

Not, however, to give you more than is necessary of our actual conversation, I will simply say that, feeling everything in love and war to be fair, and seeing I could only escape through the instrumentality of a refined villain from the clutches of those very Muscovites he was so willing to betray, I appeared so far to agree with him that I took the important document (closed up and addressed), while he in some most mysterious way secured three boatmen who for seven English sovereigns (the ordinary fare, I think, being about the equivalent for fourpence) agreed to take the chance of a safe landing on the opposite shore. These men, exceedingly ignorant Greeks, did not evidently half realise the risk they ran, and to them seven pounds would be a mine of wealth. They had been plying (being local boatmen) backwards and forwards for years. Familiarity had bred contempt; thus, being only half-informed of the danger which awaited them and knowing nothing whatever of war, greed got the best of them; so they at length secured and launched a boat some little distance from the town, and awaited my arrival.

While these arrangements were being made by my friend the

spy, I was not idle. The pen and ink with which he had addressed his betrayal of trust served a double purpose. Directly he left, I tore the sketch of the Roumanian village he had admired out of my sketch-book, writing on it the one word "*Souvenir*," while on the envelope of his despatch to the Turkish head-quarters at Rustchuk I wrote in a bold hand that which in my early literary days had so often applied to myself, the simple sentence of "*Returned, with thanks.*" This, with the sketch, I put into a large blue envelope which I had in my knapsack, totally unlike the one it enclosed; and, having placed it in my pocket, anxiously awaited his return. I was in some fear lest he should want to make some alteration in the document. Happily, however, this was not the case; and beyond asking if it was safe, and giving me all sorts of definite instructions concerning it, nothing further transpired till we arrived at the spot where the three swarthy Greeks were awaiting us. Another moment, and I was afloat. The sturdy oarsmen gave one long stroke, and we swept out into the broad expanse which lay between ourselves and Rustchuk; but the moment that that first stroke of the oars swept us from shore, I had my preconceived part to play. Waving the large blue envelope high in air, and shouting out, "*A souvenir*; the sketch you took a fancy to," I flung it, with its mixed contents, on to the shingle where the Russian with a cynical smile stood watching my departure.

"You are sure *the other* document is safe," said he, in response.

"It couldn't be in safer custody," I shouted; and as we glided rapidly on I watched him, the envelope still unopened in his hand, with no little interest, till I saw him turn, with a self-satisfied air, towards the hotel; and I felt for that astute officer of the Russian Secret Service when he should have leisure to discuss the contents of the blue envelope.

What a world of speculation was now before me! What might, or might not, happen within the next quarter of an hour! We were already more than half-way across, and I could now distinctly see the gunners at their posts, and a miscellaneous crowd on the beach looking on in blank wonderment at the audacity with which a small boat full of men came to pull across that interdicted stream; and as if there was one thing wanting to add to my excitement, when they might open fire upon us at any moment, two boatmen out of the three began to show the white feather, and pulled round for dear life to gain the temporary shelter of some sunken barges. Happily, the steersman understood a little French,

and was also the most self-possessed. I explained hurriedly to him that our only safety lay in pulling straight for the landing-stage—indeed, had not his influence prevailed, it is impossible to say what the result might have been, those few anxious moments seeming an eternity, each stroke of those oars bringing one nearer and nearer still to that swarthy group of red-fezzed soldiery, who, with sinister looks, awaited the infidels' arrival—our keel grazed the gravelly shore, we were instantly surrounded. They took possession of our boat and seized us, marching us off, followed by all the ragamuffins of Rustchuk, to the military prison at the rear of the town, where the never-to-be-forgotten Eastern custom of hospitality was not even in this case to be dispensed with, for black coffee and sweetmeats welcomed us here before we had been many



MARCHED OFF TO PRISON.

minutes incarcerated. You see, we were not yet condemned ; hence we were, in some sense, guests. We were, of course, searched, and when it was found that I was a *bonâ-fide* representative of the English Press, and that my credentials were sound, we were speedily released. What actually became of the boatmen I never ascertained ; I only remember that, having been paid, they walked off in moody silence to make inquiries for their confiscated boat.

My first step was to present myself at the British Consulate ; the door was opened by a gorgeously-attired native, who was, however, perfectly eclipsed by the Consular cavasse, who appeared from behind a curtained entry, one blaze of coloured velvet and gold lace. He conducted me into a small ante-room, there to wait till Consul Reid should be disengaged ; and there it was that I was

much impressed, after the narrow escape I had so recently experienced, by hearing in an adjacent room, in a clear, manly voice, the words,

“From battle, murder and sudden death! Good Lord deliver us!”

It was the Consul reading the service to the few British residents who had assembled to hear him. I had lost touch of time for the moment, and this recalled to me the fact that it was Sunday. The Consul presently came in; he was urbanity itself, professing genuine astonishment at my having been able to effect a landing—indeed, any hesitation at that critical moment would, he assured me, have been fatal to us all.

It was the calm before the storm—the slow music before the rising of the curtain which should display the first of the many shifting scenes which were about to be produced simultaneously at the two great theatres of war in Europe and Asia—rival houses, to continue the simile, under distinct management, each having its bright particular stars, from whom the world, as their audience, expected great things. The Russian forces were divided into the European, the Asiatic, and Caucasian armies, each replete with the most modern arms and other equipments.

The army of actual occupation, amounting to 144,000 men, 32,800 horses, and 432 guns, together with a second army, comprising two corps—that is to say, 72,000 men, 16,400 horses, and 216 guns—the two amounting to exactly 216,000 men, 49,200 horses, and 648 guns. It will be thus seen that the Russian had come to do or die, well supplied with men and all the impedimenta of war. Then, too, in justice, be it said, the Russian is a good, albeit bibulous soldier, with all the hereditary instincts of the Slav. He is, to his officers, obedience itself; and take him all round, is not only well-drilled and disciplined, but possessed, as a rule, of that robust endurance and physical rather than moral courage which fits him so well for service at the front.

Of the officers I would say that they possess all the good and bad points of their men, to which they add the courtliest polish; and though to scratch a Russian may be to find a Tartar, Muscovite officers bear satisfactory comparison on the surface with men of their station and time wherever they may be found. Nor have we yet touched on those hordes of Russian irregulars—the great Cossack contingent of free-lances, who have so long played an important part in Russian history.

He is rather squat in build is your rollicking Cossack, rosy and

rotund about the nose, affecting, as a rule, a fierce tow-coloured moustache and long hair. His chaco, not unlike a brimless beaver, he wears jauntily and somewhat askew, a huge grey great-coat and short jack-boots seeming to complete his outer aspect, unless we add his carbine, carefully wrapped in fur or oilskin, which swings across his shoulders, and the lance which he never fails to have conveniently at hand. "But if in pursuit we go deeper," we shall find he is possessed of a revolver (a thoroughly good weapon), besides a long curved sword, which might be first cousin once removed to a scimitar, were it not for its ponderous proportions. He rides a weedy, gaunt pony, which, though it forcibly reminds one of certain melancholy processions one has seen in the direction of the knackers' yards in the Caledonian Road, is, nevertheless, as wiry as it is bony, and far more equal to forced marches and inadequate food than horses of finer mould.

The Cossack captain varies considerably; he is often a superior if not a highly-educated man, and not unfrequently an aristocratic ne'er-do-weel, who loves to strut *en grand seigneur* in eccentric mag-



A COSSACK.

nificence as to costume before his troops. Cossacks, as a race, are more addicted to *vodka* than soap and water, and are as good fighting men as any irregulars which Europe or Asia can produce.

The foregoing notes were the joint result of my rapid run—for it was literally a run for dear life—through Roumania and the information I picked up at Rustchuk, from which, before sundown on the day of my arrival, I saw the double-headed Eagle hoisted at Giurgevo; so that had I hesitated that morning, I must inevitably have been taken.

Having left the Muscovites behind me, I naturally began to interest myself in the numbers and disposition of the Turkish forces, with whom, on my way to the army of Mukhtar Pasha, I was about to foregather. Now, the Turkish army amounted at the time of which I speak to 170,400, together with a reserve force of 148,600 men, to say nothing of 75,000 auxiliaries and 87,000 irregulars—numbering in all about 481,000 men, the European total being 367 battalions, 83 squadrons, 483 guns; while in Asia they numbered 165 battalions, 64 squadrons, and 372 guns. As to their bravery, it is impossible, from my point of view, to over-estimate it; besides which they were not only well-armed, but inspired by a fanatical fire which placed them beyond comparison with the enemy. We were on the eve of a war not only of nations, but creeds, and there could be no doubt as to the religious fervour of the one as compared with the other.

Whatever the information may have been, and however reliable, which that Russian spy wished to convey through me as to the proposed point at which the Danube was to be crossed, it would probably have been negatived by subsequent tactics, as it was not till the last moment I heard that simultaneous feints were arranged to take place at many points, so as to weaken the Turkish line of defence and, concentrating on its weakest, thus cross by pontoons into Bulgaria. Then came that delay—more terrible than action—the swollen state of the river, and Russian unpreparedness, all tending to postpone the inevitable steps which should in Europe herald the commencement of hostilities; but all this concerned and interested me very little at that particular moment, as my mission was to Asia Minor, and Danubian events were to form subject for other pencils than mine. Indeed, early the day after I crossed, I started for Shumla, the headquarters of Abdul Kerim Pasha, and thence to Varna, where I awaited the first steamer on its way to Constantinople, spending some little time by the way in the camp of the Egyptian contingent, who were busy throwing up defences against an attack by sea on that port; nor can I imagine anything much more picturesque than those crowds of ebony warriors in white tunics, like so many gigantic ants, climbing busily in all directions over the huge earthworks they were raising. Were this a political essay I might have much to say touching Varna as a strategical port, which, in the coming storm, might play a goodly part; but since I am disposed rather to convey some idea of the every-day life of a war artist at the front, I will confine myself to saying that





CAPE KALI AKRA.

Varna is a place on the beauties of which one cannot dwell, and which, not having yet slept in a Cossack camp, I found unpleasantly malodorous. It was here, however, that I made the acquaintance of Mr. Suter and his wife (son of the late Consul), very charming people, who were hemmed in, unhappily, just then by the sudden turn events had taken. It was at my instance that he wrote to several of the London papers offering his services as a correspondent, which, being accepted, enabled him before long to emerge from what, to him at that time, was very like a prison-house to follow the fortunes of war in that capacity—his name, with that of his delicate young wife, coming. it will be remembered, some time afterwards prominently before the public in connection with their being taken by brigands while travelling in Macedonia.

I am indebted to Mr. Suter for securing for me one Williams, a Levantine, whose one idea at that moment was to get back to Constantinople, which, having no money, he looked upon as hopeless. I can quite imagine the prospect of being shut up in Varna during a protracted war not to have been inviting. Williams, as I have said, a Levantine, spoke English with a slight accent which rather improved it than otherwise. Tall, swarthy as a Spanish mountaineer, and scrupulously neat, though very seedily dressed, this man seemed somehow to win me over. At a glance we understood each other, the result being that I agreed to take him as a sort of factotum to Constantinople; though in my own mind, I had decided to promote him to the dignity of dragoman through the campaign, a position for which, having been up country in Asia Minor a good deal, and being one of those born linguists who, associating the confusion of tongues one meets with in the East, is able to converse with "All sorts and conditions of men," he was peculiarly well fitted to fill. In short, he was of all others the man I wanted, and thus it was that we were before long smoking the pipe—shall I say of peace?—together on board a steamer bound for the city of the Sultan.

Night had already set in, and a gale sprung up as we ploughed our way through that, to me, particularly Black Sea. The deck was crowded with miscellaneous groups of refugees, like some vast pic-nic of sea-sick travellers, who sat cross-legged round about us in every direction. Here were a number of yashmacked damsels; there a softa (student) or two, distinguishable by the peculiar shape of their white turbans. These, with a sprinkling of merchants, whose occupation, like Othello's, had gone; shepherds who had left their sheep to whatever fate might await them, together with

nondescripts of every description and nationality, were braving reluctantly the dangers of a night on the Black Sea in view of those other and greater dangers which they left behind.

* * * *

The approach to Constantinople, from every point, has been so often treated, that I should have made no reference to it had not Constantinople been conspicuous by its absence on my arrival next morning in the Bosphorus.

The Faithful on board having been called to prayers were devoutly kneeling as we glided up its comparatively still waters; the sun had risen and lit up the villages which adorn its European and Asiatic banks. It was like the play of *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark.



ROUND THE CORNER, GALATA.

"Where," I asked, "where is Constantinople?"

"There," said Williams, pointing in the direction in which it *ought* to be, with a confidence which seemed to say, "I know it's there somewhere"—and echo answered "where?" Then, suddenly, as if by some mighty magic, its mosques and minarets began to appear in mid-air, above a low-lying bank of clouds and grey morning mist, being tinted as they did so by the salmon-pink light of the rising sun, which made the fog which surrounded them look doubly blue. This, too, began now to clear rapidly off, and the Golden Horn, Scutari, Galata, and the heights of Pera came, as in some marvellous transformation scene, into bold relief. There before me, where but a moment before all had been haze, rose the loveliest Oriental city in the world, reflected in the commingled

waters of the Bosphorus and sea of Marmora, on which innumerable craft of every shape, colour, and size lay at anchor. Truly, Constantinople far exceeded all my most erratic fancy painted it, and so with a well-sharpened appetite for breakfast and the picturesque I landed.

Never was the old adage that "beauty is only skin deep" better exemplified.

O, ye gods and little fishes! the effluvia of Galata before the historic dogs have discussed their morning meal of refuse. It's something terrible; at least, so I thought, as I hastened with Williams as guide, philosopher, and friend towards the *Mouse's Hole*, or the rope railway, which connects the low-lying shipping quarter of Galata with Pera, where I intended to take up my quarters for a few short hours while I decided what the next step should be.

The European and Asiatic quarters of Constantinople compared curiously: Pera being touched by the quicksilverish quiverings (if I may say so) of impending war, while Stamboul, with its spice-laden bazaars, its few dreamy camels, its philosophic salesmen in huge turbans and flowing robes, presented a perfect contrast in the shape of that Eastern indolence which may be summed up in the one word "Kismet."

One of my first objects on arriving, after getting my necessary credentials together, was to avail myself of an introduction I had to Hobart Pasha. His yacht, the *Rethymo*, was in the Bosphorus, having just returned from running the gauntlet of the Russians on the Danube, an act of naval daring which added one more laurel to the fame of that grand old salt whose acquaintance I was about to make.

Although afterwards I felt quite at home on the trim-built little *Rethymo*, it was at the War Office that I made the Admiral's acquaintance.

Taking my dragoman with me, I waited in one of the great ante-rooms, into which entries heavily draped, and guarded by black servants, led from the many official cabinets in which the destinies of war were being discussed. Pashas crossed and re-crossed at intervals, till at length, followed by several bedizened attendants, and himself dressed in the effective uniform of the Turkish navy, with his honours thick upon him, came Hobart Pasha, the great blockade-running captain, to whom my dragoman now presented my letter of introduction, which came from one of his old school-fellows (Mr. Myers, of Saville Row).—It was pleasant

to see that otherwise iron face brighten up with the light of other days-as he scanned the note. The next moment he had most cordially greeted me, and bid me join him on the following day on his yacht, where he narrated to me all the details of the escape he had just had from the Russians when running the blockade of the Danube. In fact, here I think I cannot do better than quote the graphic description of it which I gather this time from his Memoirs.

"I had with me a very fast paddle-steamer called the *Rethymo*; her captain and crew were what the Turks always are, brave as lions and obedient as lambs. I took on board a river pilot, whom I gave to understand that if he got me on shore I would blow his brains out. Before starting I sent for my officers and crew, and told them of the perhaps unnecessary dangers we should run in passing the Russian barrier, and gave to all the option of leaving or going on. They decided to a man to go on. I arranged my time so as to pass Braila and Galatz during the night. We arrived to within thirty miles of the former place about 5 o'clock in the evening, when I was met by a Turkish official, who was leaving Braila on the war having broken out. He was fearfully excited, and begged me on his knees not to go to what he called certain destruction. He told me that he had seen the Russians laying down torpedoes that same day, that the batteries were numerous, and that they were aware of my coming, &c., all of which I took with a considerably large grain of salt, and left him lamenting on my mad folly, as he called it.

"Now, I must be candid. I did not *feel* the danger. I calculated that to put down torpedoes in a current such as that in the Danube would be a matter of time, and probably they would not succeed after all. I had a plan in my head for passing the batteries, so as to render them harmless. So in reality I was about to attempt no very impossible feat.

"Three hours after dusk we sighted the lights of Braila. The current was running quite five knots an hour; that, added to our speed of fifteen, made us to be going over the ground at about twenty knots. It was pitch dark; and I think it would have puzzled the cleverest gunner to have hit us, though they might have done so by chance. I determined not to give them a chance, by going so close under the bank that the guns could hardly be sufficiently depressed to hit us. As we approached the batteries, to my horror a flash of red flame came out of the funnel (that fatal danger in blockade-running), on which several rockets were

thrown up from the shore, and a fire was opened where the flame had been seen.

"Meanwhile we had shot far away from the place, close under the batteries. I heard the people talking; every now and then they fired shot and musketry, but I hardly heard the whiz of the projectiles. My principal anxiety was that we might get on one of the many banks so common in the Danube, and I had perhaps a *little* fear of torpedoes, especially when we passed the mouths of the little estuaries that ran into the Danube. Once we just touched the ground; but, thank goodness, we quickly got free, and though fired at by the guns and rifles went on unhurt. It took us exactly an hour and forty minutes to pass these dangerous waters, and the early summer morning was breaking as we cleared all danger. I could not resist turning round and firing a random shot at the banks studded with Russian tents, now that I was able to breathe freely again."

But to return to the War Office, where in this case I was fortunate enough, owing to my introductions, to secure an interview with Hobart Pasha without that circumlocution one has on such occasions, as a rule, to put up with. I remember later on in the campaign having made an effort to see certain Russian prisoners, said to be in *durance* vile, and I spent hours going from one pasha's sanctum to another's, by each of whom I was assured that the one to whom he directed me was the particular man in authority to whom I should apply for that particular object. In each case were black coffee, cigarettes, and sweetstuff placed at my disposal, the urbane pasha insisting on my taking this light refreshment before I proceeded on my weary way, to that other pasha, who, without doubt, was *the* one in authority over such matters. At length, when the patience of Williams and myself had been nearly exhausted, a kindly old Effendi to whom we had been sent took compassion on us, telling us in a melodramatic whisper, quite as a sort of state secret, that, as a matter of fact, there were no prisoners at all within 200 miles of that particular place at that time, and that it was only a report which had been circulated for political motives. Describing my sketch in the *Illustrated London News*, of that circumstance, in his graphic description of my waiting for an audience with Hobart Pasha, I find the verdict of that inimitable writer, George Augustus Sala, is "If you want to see a Turkish Pasha, don't wait; go in and find him"; and certainly the tendency of the casual messenger whom you send in to inquire if their

mightinesses will receive you is, as a rule, to disappear by some mysterious back exit, and be seen no more.

Of course I was fascinated by Constantinople, everybody is ; from its howling dogs to its howling and dancing dervishes, its mysterious looking yashmaked Moslem girls to its terrible Turks, all savoured too much of Eastern romance and picturesqueness not to at once win the heart of anyone, especially one with any pretensions to being an artist.

However, finding that I might remain inactive for some time pending the movements of the fleet, I elected to go by an Austrian Lloyds' steamer to Trebizond, which, after remaining a couple of days in order to make certain necessary arrangement, I proceeded to do. Before leaving, I inspected by special desire Captain O'Hara's contingent of Polish Lancers. I think there were three all told, and also the forces of a certain Captain Harris (no relation to Mrs. Harris of mythical renown) which did not quite come up to that complement. I was introduced too, by Captain Harris to two wandering Englishmen, bent quixotically on adventure, who were as yet undecided as to which of these shining lights they should offer their swords ; but of them, and those distinguished officers, more anon.

* * * * *

It was night as we steamed down the torpedo-intersected Bosphorus *en route* for Trebizond, so I saw little of my fellow passengers. Early next morning, however, I was on deck, and there met a genial young gentleman, who was destined to be with me in many of my coming experiences in Asia Minor. He was a Mr. Charles Holmes, a recently-appointed war correspondent to the *Manchester Guardian*. As he stood there, smoking the daintiest of cigarettes, and wearing as he did embroidered slippers, and an equally elaborate smoking cap, he looked as unlike the ideal correspondent going to the front as it is possible to imagine, and that he, in a few short weeks, should turn out the rough campaigner which he did was truly marvellous ; at one time an exquisite who would have made a lovely centre to a group of girls at a five o'clock tea-table, again, a thorough soldier, equal to anything, ever on the alert, "waiting," like Mr. Micawber, "for something to turn up," and what's more, ready to grapple with it when it did. After discharging cargo at several ports *en route*, eventually we arrived off Trebizond.

I shall not easily forget my first glimpse of the town, which nestled snugly down in the centre of the great bay of that name. A typical Eastern one it was, with its squat-built white houses,





A TURKISH RECEPTION.

intersected with cypress and fig trees, a curious mixture of mud and semi-barbaric beauty, capped by the domes and minarets of its many mosques and baths.

But how about those gigantic magpies perched on the house tops and shingly shore, that seemed ready at any moment to soar into mid air at one's approach? The surf here was so high that special surf boats were necessary for landing, so that before the one in which Holmes and myself were came nearer inland my curiosity had been strangely aroused by these apparently odd ornithological wonders, and we soon found that just as "birds of a feather flock together," so will women, and that our supposed gigantic magpies were Anatolians, in the curious black and white yashmacked costume of that part of the world, which gave them, perched as they were on every available wall and house-top awaiting our arrival, so unique an appearance.

Having landed, and proceeded to the one hotel of the place, our first consideration was to hold a council of war, and arrange about the many equipments necessary to our journey up country. It was no small matter of consideration to settle to our mutual satisfaction that plan of campaign which eventually resulted in Williams being dispatched to procure horses for ourselves, an araba (native cart) for provision, an arabaji (driver), together with a sort of general utility man, one Johannes, whose gorgeous costume vied with the one Williams obtained for himself, together with a small troop of Zaptiahs (guards), equally picturesque and well mounted. Judging from the arsenal of small arms they carried, they would be terrible to encounter, which indeed was consoling since we were assured by Mr. Billiotti, the English consul, that without an escort it would be impossible to get safely to Erzeroum, which was our first halting place of any importance, and we were not a little proud either of our followers.

That night we dined at the Consulate, and though we did not meet the Princess of Trebizond, of operatic celebrity, it was only owing to the existence of that lady in song rather than in fact, for nothing was left undone by our genial host to afford us a right royal welcome. It was on leaving the consulate towards the small hours that I experienced 'evil sensations which I shall not easily forget. Preceded by the consular cavass, gorgeously arrayed in a most effective garb, swinging a huge Eastern lantern before us as he went, and followed by several servants of equally magnificent appearance, we felt as we went a peculiar sense of personal importance, the ground crunching beneath us as we trod, which elated us not a little. As far as I am concerned, I remember

few moments in my life when I have been so thoroughly self-satisfied, the surroundings of Eastern magnificence were quite invigorating. A glance, however, on the ground, where the light of that lantern flashed, brought me unpleasantly back to myself; the road was literally alive, one surging, undulating mass of huge black-beetles peculiar to Asia Minor. Like a plague of locusts, they were simply everywhere; hence the crunching sound to which I have made reference, and since from my very babyhood I would rather at any time, I think, have encountered a bandit than a black-beetle, you may imagine my suddenly altered gait, my exceedingly undignified aspect. That vigorous, self-satisfied strut, of which I was so proud, vanished instantly as I tried in vain, mincingly on tip-toe, to pick my way through the scaly mass, lit up every now and then by the light our advanced guard carried.

The next morning, at an early hour, Williams came to say that by mid-day our stores would be packed in the araba and everything ready for starting; also that, hearing two English pashas were passing through, Schamyl, the nephew of the great Schamyl, and commander of the White Circassians, would come to salaam us, the English pashas, and wish us well in the name of Allah. Shortly afterwards, we were informed that His Mightiness was in the stone hall of the hotel awaiting us.

Followed by our men and the faithful Williams, we were soon in his presence. He was seated, cross-legged, on an ottoman, with his several followers around him. He made the most profound obeisance when we entered, and after telling us that he was as nothing in our sight, began to make the most amiable inquiries after the Queen of the Green Island (Her Majesty), and her royal sons. Having answered these and many other similar questions, and assured him that the shadow of Schamyl, under any circumstances never could grow less, we returned his salaams, ordered black coffee and sweetmeats for his special refectioin, and so got over our first Eastern reception; but whether he was supposed to receive us, or we him, is a moot point which we have not yet, any of us, decided.

Oh, the clatter, the din of that departure, the tinkling bells of the horses as the arabaji whipped up his bony steeds and dashed off in advance; then the hooting and yelling, and the eternal *ider, ider, ider!* (go on) of our guards as that very irregular force of four got into position in our rear. Billiotti wished us a cordial farewell, giving us certain packages and letters to deliver personally into the hands of the Consul of Erzeroum, and thus waving our adieux we trotted down the long street past the Consulate

and the Great Bazaar till a turn in the road hid us, for many weary months, from the last vestiges of ordinary civilization.

We had not long left the town which, backed by the Black Sea, now lay in a hollow to our rear, when we plunged into one of the densest forests it has ever been my fortune to pass through. I know the Black Forest—which is not half so black, by the way, as it is painted—and indeed am familiar generally with woodland scenery all over Europe, and in many parts of Asia, but that forest through which we passed, chiefly composed of box trees of gigantic size, eclipsed them all for density. Its silence, too, after the busy world we had just left behind us, was almost appalling; we were many hours in its semi-darkness, and though wolves and other uncanny creatures were said to be numerous, we heard no sound whatever, save that of our horses' hoofs, on the almost untrodden bridle path. On emerging we found ourselves on a vast open plain, across which we made rapid haste so as to secure before nightfall our first khan, or resting-place.

To "all who love the pleasure of going to the play," as the old song puts it, whose experience of a "first night" may be confined to a theatre, I may say that when it is at the theatre of war—if it be in Asia Minor—it is a curious one to be remembered. On the village (if I may call it so) being reached the traditional bread and salt is first produced, of which all must partake; a stable is then placed at your service, where with your horses you are supposed to rest for the night, but as generations of sheep and shepherds have left myriads of ticks, bugs, fleas, and—well, you may guess what else—behind them, you find your first twelve hours in an Asiatic khan barely endurable; you are, figuratively speaking, eaten alive by the smallest yet most invincible army in the world; and so you may well imagine how welcome under such circumstances to the irritated, weary traveller is the first streak of dawn. Black coffee, black bread and *youart* (sour curdled milk, which is looked on as such a luxury that the natives think it a sin to touch it when fresh) form the morning meal, generally discussed about five or six o'clock, after which the journey up country is continued.

It was on the day following our departure from Trebizond—we were still suffering agonies from the armies in occupation of our clothes—that, glad at mid-day to halt for the necessary two hours siesta, we fell in with a troop of Circassians, a squadron of Schamyl's light horse, amongst whom were two who, to our utter astonishment, accosted us in English with—

"Well! who'd have thought of seeing you?"

On their nearer approach they turned out to be the two adventurers I had met, it will be remembered, in Constantinople, who were at that time undecided whether they would join Colonel O'Hara's Polish Lancers, thereby completing the complement of that regiment to five all told, including the colonel, or Captain Harris' corps, which was, I think, composed of a trumpeter and himself. They had, however, ultimately joined the Circassians, and were now on their way to Kars. They were already, they told me, a little doubtful about the *camaraderie* of their brothers in arms, having been eased of all their superfluous etceteras and cash during their first night's halt.

Affairs were just now rapidly developing. Away in Europe the Russian army of the South was looking about for a convenient point for crossing the Danube, while that of the Caucasus, under the Grand Duke Michael, was marching on Kars; the defences of the Black Sea in the meantime appearing to have been forgotten, since, during our run from Constantinople, it became too evident that a bold commander might at many points, had he not been intercepted by Hobart's ironclads, have effected an easy landing. The batteries around Sinope, though said to be well traced, were not half finished—another baleful illustration of Turkish "kismet," while Trebizond, the great commercial point from which the Anatolian as well as Persian markets were supplied, was absolutely defenceless; all the Turkish military resources seeming to have been lavished on Batoum, being the most inconveniently situated, as far as its proximity to the Russian frontier was concerned. Indeed, torpedoes seem to have been the great naval mainstay of the Turks during this war, those fired by electricity from the shore being chiefly used; they were unusually large and cylindrical in shape, containing some 1,000 lbs. of coarse-grained powder, and so disposed as to float within 35 feet of the surface. It was at this juncture that the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Scotsman* (who were of our party), together with the *Illustrated London News*, might have been seen, as G. P. R. James loved to put it in those delightful old stories of his, "wending their weary way across the lonely heath," varied in this case by snow-capped highlands and verdant valleys, in the direction of Erzeroum, where we will leave them till next month, when we will follow their fortunes step by step *en route* for Kars.

(To be continued.)



is not, and certainly ought not to be, at least for some considerable time, more than a secondary consideration with these pioneers of a new school who take so distinct a course in the stream of modern art. From this point of view one can admire the pluck of the little coterie of "Impressionists" who have for some time past been exhibiting their works at the Egyptian Hall: a small but unique collection of 106 pictures, in which the idea appears to be rather to convey the painter's impression of the general effect of nature, than depict her as we know her. Thus, from a colourist's point of view, a fusion of greys and greens may be the atmospheric charm which invests, say, some Thames back-water in the gloaming with such attractions for him. As an impressionist, he feels that to convey this is to do all that is necessary, quite regardless of such vulgar surroundings as the barge which lies at anchor in the foreground, the sedges in the middle distance or the fringe of trees which occupy the background. The subject, in fact, of the ordinary painter is made subservient to the impression of the extraordinary one. True, as accessories, he introduces what may ultimately be discovered to represent this, but they have been intentionally sacrificed to the momentary impression.

No doubt much good may come of this new departure; but like kindred movements, it will have to be purged considerably, in order to separate the dross from the true metal. We contend that what may be possible in the eyes of some, and which put on canvas conveys the essence of what has been seen, will be to others a blank. Then comes the query—how the many are to be educated up to the few—and if, after all, our matter-of-fact surroundings in every-day life may not, atmospherically, be invested with poetic beauty without losing their identity. For instance, No. 70, "The Violet Ghost," which, by some printer's error, we find described in the catalogue as "A June Evening," is, we take it, from many points of view, the most remarkable picture in the collection. At a first glance, it might be many things; but we think we are right in saying it is intended for a damsel in mauve rushing frantically hither and thither on the confines of a wood, in quest of her fickle swain, who has been prevented, either owing to superior attractions or an indescribably dense fog, suggestive rather of November than June, from turning up.

"He cometh not," she said.

"I am a-weary—weary—

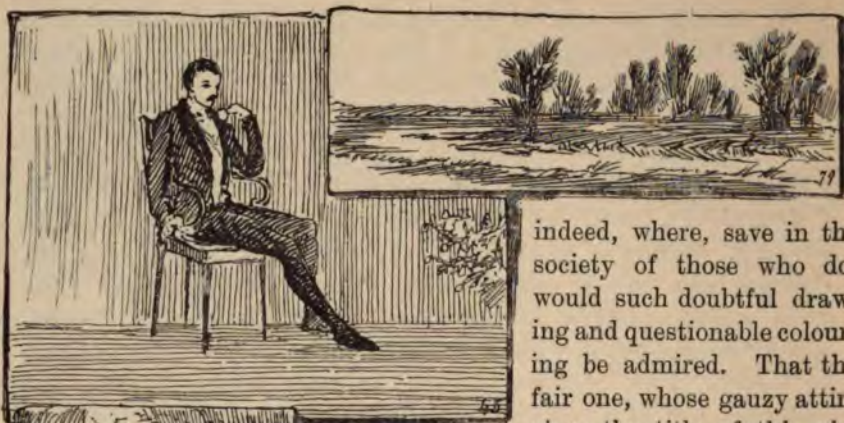
I would that I were dead."

We thought she was, at first, as the title which presented itself to us had already suggested, and when we turned to the catalogue we looked in vain, from our untutored point of view, for that "June Evening;" yet, from the painter's, it *was* there, no doubt.

It was certainly refreshing, a moment later, to find oneself imbibing all the charming realism and perfect tone of No. 68, "Portrait of a Lady," by Greiffenhagen, a most exquisite blending of many degrees of grey, which contrast most happily with the delicate flesh tints of the nameless fair one. Probably one of the most realistic pictures in the collection is "The Bridge," No. 95, a well-thought-out picture of the little bridge at the fishing village of Newlyn, near Penzance, which you cross before reaching the irregular row of shops facing the sea, which constitute its quaint main street; the angler in the foreground, intent on the adjustment of a worm, hardly realises that he has an audience of small boys awaiting the developments, if any, which result from casting his tempting bait upon the waters. We have spent many pleasant hours in this village, and can assure the painter we lived those hours over again in contemplation of that old familiar bridge.

Pre-supposing the transmigration of souls possible, we fancy we must have inherited that of a bee, having been always unable to go from picture to picture in a gallery in the order in which they come, preferring to alight here, there, and everywhere as attraction after attraction presents itself. All flowers may not supply honey, yet they serve to make those more enjoyable which do; hence, we next find ourselves in a wild, fenny district, where the entangled waterweeds in the foreground suggest the advisability of providing oneself with a fowling-piece, for this surely must be the haunt of the heron, and Valhalla of wild birds generally. In the catalogue it is No. 82, "Twilight on the Broads," and it is certainly one of Mr. W. I. Laidlay's happiest efforts. Near it, No. 79, "Willow, Alder, Marsh, and Mere," is another charming landscape, the spring verdure of which comes pleasantly after the sad autumnal tones of its cleverly-executed neighbour, and Mr. T. F. Goodall is to be congratulated on so happy an effort from his fresh and facile brush.

Make way for His Majesty! In other words, we are now with a work from the hand of one whom we may look on as the king of Impressionists — no less a personage than James McNeil Whistler himself—No. 19 in the catalogue, entitled "Rose and Red;" and yet, knowing all this, we still refuse to worship;



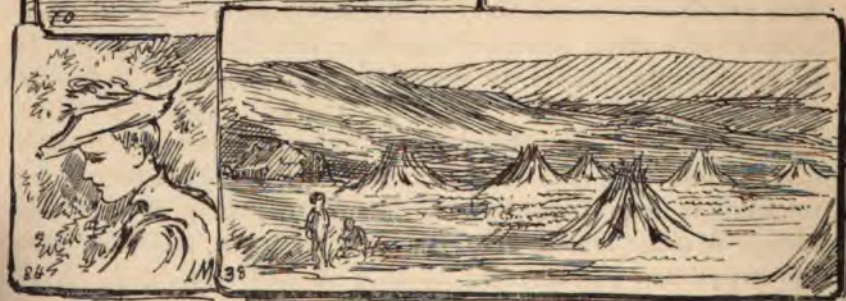
indeed, where, save in the society of those who do, would such doubtful drawing and questionable colouring be admired. That the fair one, whose gauzy attire gives the title of this picture,



ture, has only one foot is but a small matter; but that her limbs are disproportionate should seriously concern lovers of art and nature. Then, again, does her head recline against a Japanese umbrella, a Chinese fan, or a halo? If one of the two former, why that semi-classic, gauzy costume; if the latter, why not a more saintly covering than the jaunty head-gear she wears?



Mr. W. Titcomb is well to the fore with a sunny, breezy picture, No. 32, "Gull Nesting," which has all the freshness of sea air about it, and conveys to a remarkable extent the vivid, glowing impression one gets on a hot autumn day, as one



looks from high ground on to the blue expanse of ocean beyond.

"The Head of a Young Girl," No. 67, by Wilson Steer, is a curiously interesting example of yet another new school. Looked at within any ordinary distance, it conveys the idea of coarse tapestry, worked in extravagant colours, and it is not till one finds oneself a very considerable distance away that it grows upon one; and one is inclined, if not altogether to reverse one's original verdict, to at least feel there is, at that distance, great rotundity and mellowness where canvas and crudity reigned supreme before.

No. 45, "Portrait of André Raffalovich, Esq.," conveys the idea of a lonely reveller, who, having in some unaccountable way found himself in an empty house, is killing *ennui* by the contemplation of the primroses which adorn the button-hole of his dress-coat; the artist has generously thrown in the branch of a flowering shrub in the right-hand corner, so as to relieve the otherwise chill aspect of the place. Our interest in poor André was at once raised to fever heat. What manner of man could he be, who thus passively submitted to social exile; indeed, turning to a friend, we inquired wonderingly who this apparently love-lorn gentleman could be, when, suddenly from "one of the crowd" behind us, came the hoarse, melodramatic whisper in our ear: "I would have you know that André Raffalovich is a poet of no mean order." We at once turned, but the speaker had gone. A poet, forsooth, undiscovered by our critical eye at a first glance! We shuddered at our own shortcomings, and, shuddering, went our way.

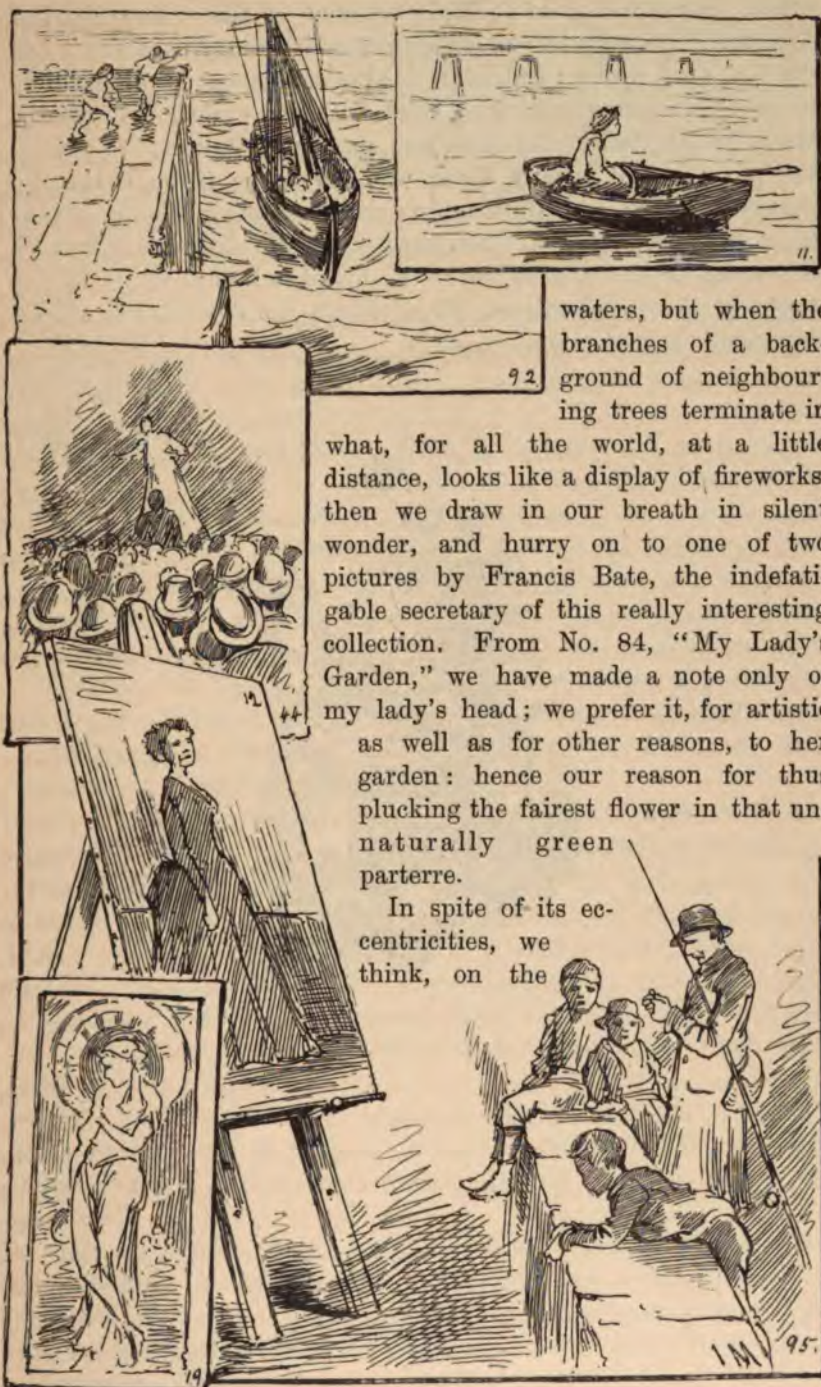
Near this was a large canvas by which Collins's Music Hall, Islington—No. 44—is to be handed down to posterity. We are, of course, quite willing to allow there are "sermons in stones, and good in everything," but we do not quite see, while so many artistic and other interesting subjects appeal to one in high and low life, why this should have been chosen. There is nothing particularly interesting in the backs of the many empty heads of those music-hall *habitués*, who are eager to join the refrain of the "topical" song which a distant cantatrice is singing, her features, either owing to the atmosphere of the auditorium or the artist's caprice, being invisible; but we would not be too critical in what we say. The 'ats of 'Arry and 'Arriet in the foreground are not only marvellously realistic as hats, but marvellously characteristic of their wearers too; and seeing that the artist contributes yet another painting, "The Forge" (No. 13), we hurry off, to

discover, to our delight, all those "Rembrandtish" effects of light and shade, which, aimed at only in the music-hall, have been developed in the smithy.

No. 92, "In from the Doggerbank," is essentially one of those breezy, windy pictures which make one long to exchange the turmoil of the Great City for "a life on the ocean wave." Nelson Dawson has, in this, made a most decided hit, and we are glad to add a very rough pencil record of it to the little collection with which our letterpress is surrounded. While on the water, by the way, let us glance at that girl in a boat, No. 11, "Outward Bound," by F. C. Robinson, as the catalogue informs us, the silver-grey tones of which must appeal directly to all lovers of harmony. Next to it, numerically, comes "Verve," by Mrs. Lily Delessa Joseph. We fail to see where the "verve" comes in, if *verve* may be translated roughly as "go," for this quality certainly does not express itself in the half-wondering stare and insipid smile which rests on the anything but lovely face of an angular woman, whose black dress is rather unpleasantly relieved by a broad unbroken expanse of terra-cotta coloured background. On the other hand, that there is great technical vigour in this artist's work cannot for a moment be denied.

"Dreamland," by Annie Ayrton, and "A Cloudy Moon," by McLachlan, Nos. 85 and 97, are two totally different subjects, possessed of the same poetic feeling; "Dreamland" being a cleverly executed picture, in pastel, of a young girl who looks more Celestial than European; while 97 is a sylvan retreat, where "I' the light o' the moon" elves and kelpies might trip it on the light fantastic toe. Indeed, this same feeling is to be found in No. 10, "And all the air a solemn stillness holds," where Mr. G. King gives us a buxom country girl, whose old mother, by the aid of her arm on the one hand, and her own trusty stick on the other, now "Homeward plods her weary way."

We could hardly believe the painter of that charming study, "Hetty," No. 30, was the author of that mass of mystification, "A June Evening," the former, so full of feeling in every touch, the latter so full of—but no matter; let us find repose in a neighbouring cornfield, in which Mr. Arthur Bell makes one hope for the autumn ere summer has begun. By the way, No. 66, "St. Martin's Summer," by John Sargeant, is one of those extraordinary pictures which one must be educated up to first and enjoy afterwards. We are willing to admit that lovely women may recline at odd angles in a boat which floats on unnaturally blue



waters, but when the branches of a background of neighbouring trees terminate in

what, for all the world, at a little distance, looks like a display of fireworks, then we draw in our breath in silent wonder, and hurry on to one of two pictures by Francis Bate, the indefatigable secretary of this really interesting collection. From No. 84, "My Lady's Garden," we have made a note only of my lady's head; we prefer it, for artistic as well as for other reasons, to her garden: hence our reason for thus plucking the fairest flower in that unnaturally green parterre.

In spite of its eccentricities, we think, on the

whole, that much good is likely to come of this "New English Art Club," the very title of which pretends to much. Thus it has our best good wishes; indeed, it is always pleasant for old soldiers to welcome coming men, who, fired with the ambition of youth, are prepared, "with wise saws and modern instances," to swamp the past; and it is only those who have gone through the fire themselves who can thoroughly appreciate the ultimate advantages of these displays, when time, with its modifying influences has toned down the crudities to be found in many of the earlier works of these enthusiasts, whose efforts are doubtless based on conscientious conviction.



The U.S. Cruiser "Vesuvius."



FEW weeks ago, the *Vesuvius*, the first vessel armed with a Zalinski dynamite gun, made her trial trips, which appear to have been in every respect successful.

We have referred more than once in the pages of the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine* to the construction of the pneumatic gun, and, except for the fact that in all recent trials the new weapon has fully satisfied the hopes of the inventor, we have little to add to our previous description. The cruiser, however, on which the new gun will first make its appearance on the high seas demands a more detailed notice than we have been able to give in previous papers; for she is, as our American contemporaries point out with pardonable complacency, a vessel of distinctly as new a type as were the monitors of the Civil War.

She was launched from Cramp's shipbuilding yards at Philadelphia on the 28th of April last year. Constructed throughout of steel, she has a displacement of 725 tons, is 252 ft. long over all, and 26½ ft. in breadth. Her maximum draught is 9 ft., her mean draught 8½ ft. The engines, of 4,000 horse-power, drive twin screws, and at the trials gave a speed of over 21 knots per hour. They were built by an American firm, but the shafts, which are hollow and constructed of Whitworth fluid-compressed steel, were imported from England.

They are of the vertical type, and have a framework of round bars similar to those adopted in the engines of the Thorneycroft torpedo boats. There are four cylinders arranged for triple expansion.

The diameters of these cylinders, beginning with the high-pressure one, are 21½ in., 31 in., 34 in., and 34 in., giving as relative piston areas 462¼ sq. in. for the high pressure, 961 sq. in. for the intermediate pressure, and 2,312 sq. in. for the low pressure. The piston stroke is 20 in.

The great advantage of this class of engine lies in the very small lateral space it requires—a point which is, of course, of paramount importance in such a vessel as the *Vesuvius*, whose lines are exceedingly fine.

The boilers, constructed of steel, are of the cylindrical locomotive type, and the valve gearing is so arranged that each engine can be reversed, stopped, or started by a single hand.

The *Vesuvius* is steered by steam power, and all the movements



DYNAMITE GUNS OF U.S.S. "VESUVIUS."

are directed from a conning-tower on deck. This tower is the only part of the vessel which carries armour, and even here the protection is very slight.

The three dynamite guns, for whose reception the *Vesuvius* has been especially designed, are situated in the forward part of the ship. They are built into, and form practically part of, the vessel. The muzzles project slightly above the deck.

The maximum elevation, originally fixed at 16° , has been recently increased to 18° , with the object of avoiding ricochets.

These guns, constructed of thin cast iron, are 15 in. in diameter and 54 ft. in length. They are of smooth bore. The necessary axial rotation is obtained by means of vanes on the projectiles. The shell used with these guns are of various calibres; for by an ingenious arrangement it has been found possible to use projectiles much smaller than those of normal calibre.

The body of the shell is constructed of thin drawn brass tubing, and in the case of the $14\frac{3}{4}$ in. projectile will hold 600 lbs. of dynamite or other high explosive.

The total weight of this shell when charged amounts to about 1,500 lbs.

The effect produced by the explosion of such a missile is at present scarcely more than a matter of surmise; but a certain basis of comparison is afforded by the experiments last year on the



DYNAMITE SHELL.

Silliman, which was completely destroyed by a few shell containing charges of only 50 lbs.

The maximum charge of the projectiles launched by the *Vesuvius* is twelve times as great as this; and it is believed that if such a shell were to explode in the air at some distance from the vessel, the effect on the crew would be almost paralytic.

The following ranges have been obtained with the four principal natures of projectile hitherto extensively experimented with:—

Shell (full calibre)	weighing	1,029 lbs.	18° elevation,	1,160 yards.
"	"	950	" 25°	" 1,644 "
"	"	155	" 18°	" 3,452 "
"	"	30	" 10°	" 2,804 "

The last two projectiles were only 8 inches in diameter.

The air used in discharging the dynamite shells is driven by two Norwalk compressors into a system of tubes arranged to form reservoirs. These tubes are $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick and 16 in. in diameter, and vary between 20 and 25 ft. in length. The firing reservoirs are constructed to contain 210 cubic ft. of compressed air; the storage reservoirs 420 cubic ft.

The air is stored at a pressure of 2,000 lbs. to the square inch, and the Norwalk engine is able to compress 140 cubic ft. per hour.

The firing reservoir is maintained at a constant pressure of 1,000 lbs. to the square inch.

Each shot tends to reduce this pressure by about 150 lbs., but the loss is immediately made good from the storage reservoir.

The loading mechanism is arranged as follows:—Two revolvers are placed in line under the rear of each gun, which is provided with five torpedoes arranged in separate chambers. The breech is moved downward for loading until it comes directly in line with the lower chamber of the aft revolver. The shell is then pushed home by a hydraulic ram, the breech is swung up, and the continuity of the barrel again completed. The revolver is next turned through one-fifth of its circumference, and is ready to supply a second shell when the aft revolver is exhausted. It is refilled by a similar process. In all these movements hydraulic power is employed.

Ten dynamite projectiles are therefore available for each gun, giving a total of thirty for the vessel as a whole.

The elevation of the guns is constant. The required range is obtained by varying the pressure. For this purpose the firing-valve is so arranged that the supply of air may be regulated to a nicety. The pointing of the gun is effected only by the movement of the vessel, and this is directed, as we have previously indicated, from the conning-tower.

By the terms of the contract under which the vessel was constructed, the guns are to be sufficiently powerful to project a charge of 200 lbs. to a distance of at least one mile, and it must be possible to fire nine consecutive shots at an interval of two minutes between each. The guns, moreover, are to be sufficiently accurate at this range to drop a projectile within a parallelogram of 50. ft. in width and 200 ft. in length.



Volunteer Notes.



THIS "new departure" will, it is hoped, be duly appreciated by the readers of the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine*. We are anxious, moreover, that the appreciation should take a tangible and useful form, in other words, that Volunteers and students of the Volunteer movement should help us to make this article something more than a mere series of *ex cathedra* statements and opinions. To that end, correspondence and information regarding Volunteers of all sorts and sizes, and in all parts of the Empire, is solicited, and will receive careful attention, if legibly conveyed, and addressed to the Volunteer Department, *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine*, 13, Waterloo Place, S.W. For ourselves we can promise that, as regards the general Volunteer news and gossip of the month, the utmost care will be exercised to obtain a full and varied selection. By degrees we shall endeavour to cover the whole ground of Volunteering, including the naval branch of the movement, and the Volunteers in India, so that in the brief space of a few pages, our readers may at least note the general tendency of Volunteer progress in every shape and form. Trusting our appeal for hearty and effective co-operation will be met in a proper spirit, we will now proceed to unfold our first budget of notes, and to discuss *currente calamo* what has of late, and especially during the past month, occupied, or ought to have occupied, the Volunteer mind.

The present year can hardly be said, in all senses, to have opened brightly for the Volunteers. For some time past it had been becoming gradually more and more evident that a period of transition was at hand, and that to keep pace with military progress in other directions, our Citizen Army would have not only

to pull itself together, but to abandon much of what it had hitherto regarded almost in the light of tradition. The formation of the new mobile brigades cannot be said to have been received at first with anything like satisfaction; indeed, the criticism showered upon the innovation was in some cases not only sharp, but downright contemptuous. Underlying this feeling of vague hostility was undoubtedly the conviction that here was a sudden and serious blow at that regimental independence which, until the formation of the mobile brigades governed, even on the hypothesis of a war, the general administration of the Volunteer force. The introduction of a new system of infantry drill was another New Year's gift which Volunteer officers, non-commissioned officers and privates of standing scarcely appreciated any more than their comrades of the Regulars and Militia. Add to these such additional causes for anxiety as questionable equipment, dearth of officers, decrease of strength, the then dubious state of the New Wimbledon question, the brewing of troubles in connection with our oldest Volunteer organization, the Honourable Artillery Company, and it can hardly be said that, at the outset, the year 1889 presaged twelve months of harmony and easy work.

During the last four months, however, much of the uneasiness attendant always on transition states has subsided, and the prospects of a *modus vivendi* are most encouraging. With the utmost loyalty and good sense the Volunteers have faced the situation, and the vast majority of them seem now convinced that the ultimate results will be wholly in their favour. The attitude of Government, formerly doubtful, perhaps at times even ominous, is now seen to be based upon a sincere regard for the efficiency of the Volunteer force, and an equally sincere desire to strengthen the bond of union between it and other factors in our system of national defence. In the keen and instructive debate which took place on the introduction of the Army Estimates to Parliament Mr. Stanhope did not, it is true, make any dazzling promise of concessions to Volunteer requirements, but his allusions to the movement were none the less significant. In them there was no trace of the vainglorious bluster which formerly served to convince the nation that Volunteer *quâ* Volunteers, without regard to efficiency or sound administration, formed an insuperable barrier to an invading foe. But there *was* a careful and serious recognition of the Volunteers as an integral part of our army, and of the share which they would have to take supposing Great Britain were to become no longer an island "compassed by the inviolate sea."

The words, too, in which that recognition was conveyed should surely have convinced the most self-reliant and self-conscious Volunteer that his future relations with the paternal Government depended not upon the spasmodic generosity of the latter, but upon his own increasing efficiency and readiness to fall in with schemes of progress which are daily proving themselves fully adapted to the exigencies of the case, and calculated to benefit alike the Volunteers and the nation they desire to serve.

That the Government on its part "means business" in its line of action with reference to the Volunteers, is clearly indicated by the vigorous tenacity it has shown in putting the Mobile Brigade principle into practice. By many it was thought that in view of the disfavour with which, on its inception, the idea had been met, the War Office would, for a while, be content with the mere appointment of Brigadiers and Brigade-majors, who would be allowed some considerable number of months to complete their arrangements for getting the system into working order. But such a dilatory policy did not commend itself to our Secretary of State for War, who determined forthwith to launch the brigade principle in connection with the Easter outing, which has for years been recognised as one of the features of the Volunteer year, and subsequently to carry it still more comprehensively into practice in the matter of the Annual Camp. It is the writer's firm conviction that in both attempts Mr. Stanhope has succeeded to a degree which hardly seemed possible, and which even now it will take some time to fully realise.

This will be more particularly the case with the Easter operations, which as being, by the time these observations will be read, almost of the nature of ancient history, we do not propose to discuss with anything like fulness. But we wish it were more clearly and universally understood that this year's Easter outing, so far as the Volunteers in the South of England, and particularly the Metropolitan corps were concerned, was an attempt at mobilization as distinct from manœuvres, and, as such, of an importance which should not be lessened by comparison with the bloated reviews of former years. In this case the brigade principle was utilized for the speedy and harmonious movement of Volunteer corps to points where, in the event of actual invasion, they would be most probably in real demand. No doubt there are many who expected greater things, who imagined that with this large and comprehensive mobilization would be combined some of the elements of display, and possibly recreation, to which the Volunteer

world is popularly supposed to be in a pleasant, merry-hearted fashion addicted. But, though this dream may be realised in future years, it was hardly to be expected that the authorities would jeopardize the effect of their innovation by attempting too much at first. With what they did attempt, and succeeded in accomplishing, we think both the War Office and the Volunteers may be reasonably satisfied. At any rate there are many military critics, both home and Continental, who have received this impression, and who look, for instance, upon the garrisoning of Portsmouth in a few hours by some 7,000 Volunteers as a feat indicating real and significant progress.

The opposition to the application of the brigade principle to the annual Volunteer camp was, as might have been expected, especially severe, but it was also short. On the one hand, *laudatores temporis acti* urged that to abolish the old regimental camp, with its associations of jollity and good fellowship, coupled with no very harsh restraints of discipline or vexatious work, would be fatal to the interests of recruiting, and would, indeed, be the cause of many immediate resignations. In this view some degree of persistence was shown until the Government, determined to have its own way, intimated broadly that, where possible, brigade camps should be held or none at all. Such a strong line as this could only be justified by the moral certainty that not only was the new principle a correct one, but that it would be generally accepted, in spite of demur at the outset, in a loyal and soldierly spirit. This has proved the case, the War Office has "scored," and the Volunteers are responding far more cordially than many deemed it possible they would to the suggestion that should make the annual camp much less of an annual picnic, and should go to it prepared for a week of real instruction in large manœuvres, and real responsibility in the matter of daily duty.

With the oncoming of the camping season, the zeal with which Volunteers have patronized the war-game has necessarily suffered some abatement. None the less is it fitting to recall the excellent effect which the various mimic contests, promoted by the tactical societies which may now be found scattered all over the kingdom, must necessarily have had upon the military education of Volunteer officers. It is earnestly to be hoped that the practical results of this instructive recreation may be found in an increased aptitude for tackling the new situations which will necessarily arise in connection with the altered system of infantry drill. Especially has the war-game the merit of familiarizing officers with the operations

of large bodies of men, such as under the brigade system will now be found under the command of senior Volunteer officers of provincial as well as metropolitan corps. For when a Volunteer brigade of six battalions goes into camp, as several brigades are likely to do this season, some 3,000 strong, it is obvious that the Brigadier himself will be occupied rather in supervision than in active command, and that for purposes of manœuvre the force available will be divided into two or more brigades, which even thus will be of strength sufficient to require some handling.

The permission granted to Volunteer officers to present themselves for examination in fortification, topography, and military law, in addition to tactics, has not so far produced any very startling results. The return of successful candidates in the last examination, of which the results have been published, shows that while in tactics the number of passes and special mentions gained continues to be encouraging, in the additional subjects only a very few succeeded in procuring even a "pass" certificate. Nor is a recent army order on the subject calculated to improve the figures. This lays down that the three extra subjects, fortification, topography, and law, must in future be taken together, not separately—a somewhat harsh requirement from Volunteer officers, who, in many cases have to sacrifice a large portion of their scanty leisure to enable themselves to pass in tactics alone. Even if the extra subjects are taken up one by one by Volunteer candidates, the War Office should be well satisfied, remembering, as has been pointed out, that regular officers in the majority of cases are allowed special facilities of instruction, and are commonly struck off duty for some three months to give them a fair chance of passing these examinations.

On the 1st of last month, something like a third of the enrolled Volunteers of England lost a sincere and valuable friend by the retirement from the command of the Northern District of General Daniell, C.B. In the District as it stands at present—in the course of the year it is in all probability to be divided—there are no less than 69 infantry corps, not to speak of 26 Artillery, Engineers 10, and submarine miners 4, and in all of these General Daniell displayed the closest possible interest; especially has he been zealous in obtaining their presence during the annual camping season, at Strensall, the so-called "Northern Aldershot" near York, and associating them with Regulars and Militia. Last year, he was successful in inducing some 5,000 to accept his invitation to spend a week under canvas, in the enjoyment of drills of all sorts and

sizes: but Strensall does not seem to have taken the fancy of the Volunteers, and this year corps after corps has disappointed the outgoing general by making other arrangements. Three battalions of one brigade, the Manchester, alone showed any inclination Strensallwards, and these have now decided to camp at Skegness, in preference either to Strensall or another great northern camping ground, Cannock Chase, where, by the way, the Defence Committee are recommending the establishment of a midland arsenal. The future of both Strensall and Cannock Chase is fraught with much interest for Volunteers now that, owing to the system of brigade camps, the grounds chosen will have to present exceptional facilities for manoeuvring on an extended scale.

The Yeomanry are training in all directions and receiving, as a matter of course, the usual flattering remarks upon their evident efficiency and excellent appearance at the completion of their ten days' work. But all this will not, we fear, prevent the War Office authorities looking very seriously into the matter of Yeomanry administration in the course of the next few months. Indeed, it has been prophesied by a competent critic that unless he is prepared to turn over quite a new leaf, and, moreover, to vindicate his improved existence in Parliament, the gallant and light-hearted Yeoman with the green and gold jacket and the horse that does not always belong to him, as it used to do, will shortly become a thing of the past. This would indeed be a thousand pities, for there can be but little doubt that in the Yeomanry cavalry is to be found some of the best material of its kind in the world, while the honourable traditions of the force rest upon a basis which even the radical reforms so necessary to military progress ought never to disturb. It is to be hoped that the Yeomanry dragoons, hussars, and carabineers will bestir themselves to avert a catastrophe, paying in the meantime especial attention to musketry in which last year, with the exception of two corps, the Ayrshire and Middlesex, they did not, according to the return just published, by any manner of means distinguish themselves.

The announcement by the Lord Mayor to the effect that he has succeeded in collecting privately from city guilds, and so forth, some £12,000 towards the fund for completing the equipment of the metropolitan Volunteers, further handsome contributions being moreover, confidently anticipated, is unquestionably a very gratifying one. That this large sum should be forthcoming without public appeal is a testimony to the popularity of the Volunteer

movement beyond all cavil, and an assurance that when really needed it is not a matter of money which will prevent the nation making full use of the citizen army which has grown up so vigorously in its midst. But, taking all this for granted, there is an uneasy feeling among some of the very best friends, as well as among the critics, of the Force that this very wholesale "sending round the hat" is not altogether a matter of congratulation. In this connection, it should be noticed that a weekly contemporary is publishing interesting analytical sketches of the Volunteer corps of the kingdom, with a view to awarding prizes for proved efficiency. A few weeks back a crack London corps was thus analysed, and shown to possess no greatcoats, valises, or mess-tins, but quarters which are known to have cost thousands of pounds. The question is whether a corps is fully justified in building such costly quarters, largely with the aid of public subscriptions, and subsequently appealing to the public for still further contributions for equipment. As to any obligation on the part of Government in the matter, that may be dismissed as being beside the question from a matter-of-fact point of view. As long as the War Office sees that the Volunteers are in a position to house themselves in the luxurious manner affected by some corps, the chances that it will present them with mess-tins are very ethereal.

The threatened collapse of the University Volunteers may, it is hoped, be averted by Lord Wolseley's timely lecture at Oxford, in which he so strongly impressed upon an intelligent and presumably receptive audience the desirability of the training which the Volunteer Force affords to young men anxious to assist in the preservation of the national inheritance of freedom and Empire. That Lord Wolseley should deliver such a lecture before such an audience shows clearly that the authorities view with extreme concern any symptom of decadence of the volunteering spirit at such important centres as our Universities ought to be, but it may be questioned whether the mere exhibition of kindly interest, or even the promulgation of an earnest appeal to undergraduate feelings, will quite meet the difficulty in the present case. A hint has been thrown out that service in one of the University corps should be of a special nature, and as such be held as specially qualifying the undergraduate who has so served for a Volunteer commission. Some sort of analogy would be thus set up with the course of drill and military education pursued by the Gentlemen Cadets of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, and it is suggested that a compro-

mise of this kind might be anything but displeasing to the 'Varsities concerned, while it need not in any way interfere with the general harmony of the Volunteer movement.

A very remarkable improvement is apparent in the condition and numerical strength of the Indian Volunteers, numbering, according to the latest return, over 21,000. The marksmanship is, as is natural in a country where the facilities both for range-shooting and for practice with the rifle against big game are so great, distinctly satisfactory, added to which a departure has set in from the casual discipline and want of self-respect which only a few years ago used to characterize even the leading corps. Holding India as we continue to do, in spite of the conviction entertained to the contrary by the heaven-born competition-wallah, it is, indeed, pleasing to note the increase of European residents who, should another outbreak occur, not only have good rifles at hand, but know how to use them.

Colonel Sir Myles Fenton's well-remembered lecture before the Aldershot Military Society on the subject of a Railway Staff in time of war has had a continuous good effect, the various Companies vying with one another in their appreciation of the Volunteers, and in some prominent instances giving unusual encouragement to their *employés* to enrol themselves for service on emergency. The latest announcement in this connection was that the Secretary of State for War had approved of four companies of Railway Volunteers being raised from the Great Northern system; and, further, that two hundred of the men, on becoming efficient as Volunteers, should be enlisted into the Royal Engineers and transferred to the Army Reserve, in the same manner as has been done with the Volunteer battalion raised from the London and North-Western Railway. It is said that the men to form the four companies have been already enrolled, and that the officers are being selected. The Company are to be congratulated on the business promptitude and thoroughness with which they have evinced their patriotism. Another matter in which the Railway companies are helping the Volunteer movement is in the matter of reduced fares for transport. From a meeting of managers, the War Office has lately received the gratifying intelligence that they are prepared to carry battalions, when travelling for the purpose of being brigaded under the Home Defence Scheme, at single fares. If this concession eventually leads to others long hoped for, as regards Volunteers travelling in uniform and on duty, the Rail-

way authorities may indeed claim to be looked upon as being among the very best friends and active supporters of the Volunteer movement.

Our notes this month have been advisedly somewhat introductory, but in the next and succeeding issues of the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine* the news of the preceding month only will be dwelt upon, together, of course, with comments on such correspondence as may reach us from those taking an interest in this attempt to give the Magazine an additional hold upon public favour.



Is Maddalena.

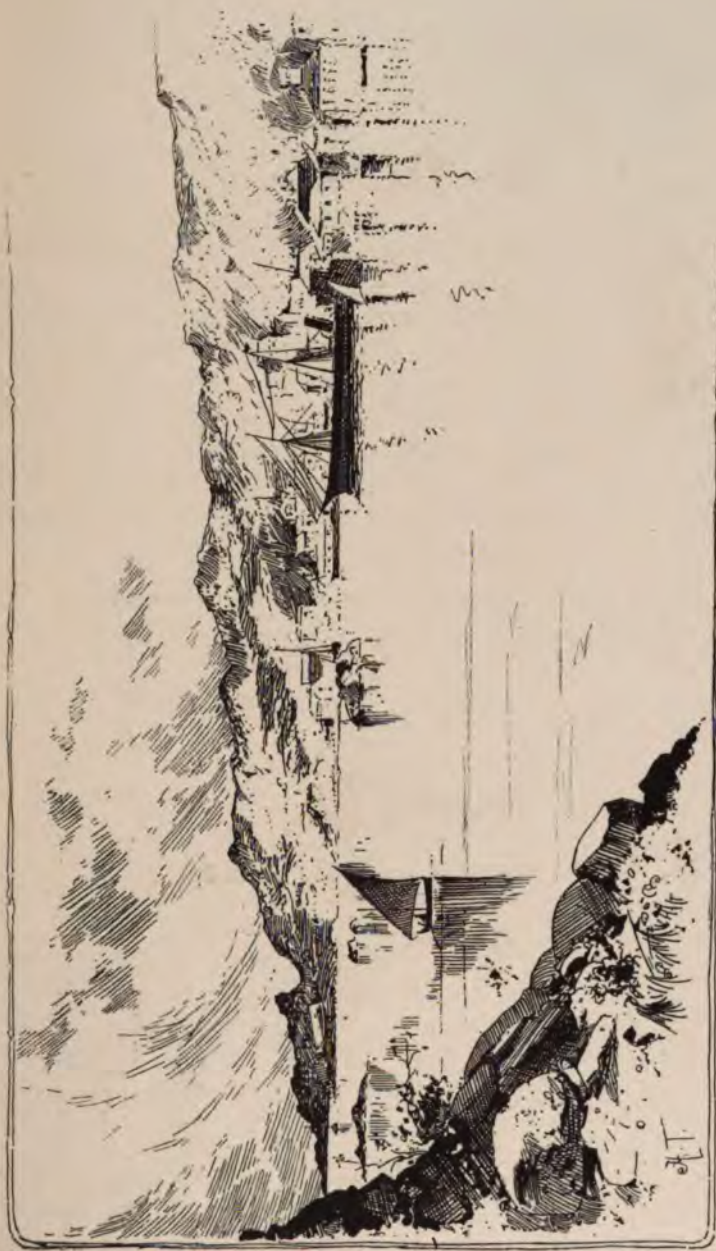


THE Italian naval station at Maddalena, which commands the Straits of Bonifacio, is a position probably destined to play an important part in any future conflict between France and Italy. Sardinia and Corsica form a natural bulwark which shields the coasts of Italy from French naval enterprise; and, provided the avenue of Bonifacio be closed to the enemy, adequate squadrons stationed in the narrow seas to the north and south of these islands would prevent an unforeseen attack being carried out.



SIGNAL STATION AT GUARDIA VECCHIA.

The largest of the Maddalena group is the island which bears that name; to the east of it lies famous Caprera, the abode of Garibaldi; and to the south the islet San Stefano. During the great war with France, Nelson frequently made this neighbourhood his sojourn, and to commemorate his hospitable reception by the



LA MADDALENA FROM SAN STEFANO.
(From the *Illustrazione Militare Italiana*.)

natives, on the 18th October 1804, he presented the parish church with a silver crucifix and a pair of candelabra, the letter with which he accompanied the gift being still extant.

It was not till lately that the Italian Government recognized the importance of Maddalena as a naval station, but they made haste to rectify their error after neglecting it so long. A breakwater has been thrown across the arm of the sea which divides the island from Caprera, and the anchorage behind this work been much improved; magazines, depôts, and docks have also been constructed, with a view to the ultimate establishment of a first-rate arsenal.



FORT CAMICIA.

Great difficulties had to be surmounted, arising from the granite of the soil, which necessitated extensive mining operations. The works were principally executed by convict labour.

A disadvantage under which the station labours is the scarcity of fresh water. Supplies are chiefly obtained by distillation, and 200 tons of water can be furnished per diem by the plant at the disposal of the authorities, and this is distributed from a vast reservoir at high pressure. A disciplinary company is stationed here, and there is an establishment of carrier pigeons for military purposes, communication being kept up with Rome and Cagliari by this means.

The Staff College Student.

I.

For twenty-odd years I was jovial and sprightly,
 Sociable, always behaving politely,
 Went to a dance or a theatre nightly,
 Hunted, and shot, and did all that one can ;
 I played on the banjo, and as you 've p'r'aps heard, it is
 True I went in for all sorts of absurdities,
 But *this* style of life is—why, yes, 'pon my word it is—
 Hard on a rollicking, gay "swagger-man."

II.

Henceforth for two years I abandon society,
 Seek other means to acquire notoriety,
 Live in a state of the strictest sobriety,
 Read, mark, and learn, or evolve some deep plan
 I hug a theodolite, always look pensive,
 Of Russian vagaries am most apprehensive,
 Master big schemes for "offensive-defensive,"
 Now I 'm a studious Staff College man.

III.

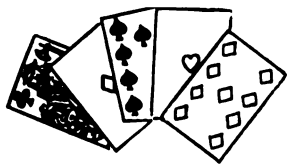
I talk about "bases of verification,"
 "Curvature," "parallax," or "collimation,"
 "Conjugate screws," or "a satellite station,"
 Solve a triangle with *Sin*, *Cos*, and *Tan* ;
 Dreams which my zeal as a "godless * cadet" recal
 Prompt me to start on a "trigonometrical
 Survey," and toil till the great drops of sweat trickle
 Down the grave front of your Staff College man !

* The Sandhurst cadet is known locally to the Staff College residents as the "godless cadet."

IV.

Problems in fortification without a hitch
I can work out, and design a "redoubt," a "ditch,"
Even a fortress ("polygonal") out o' which
Guns fire from "embrasures," or "terreplein";
Yet, all the same, I do not mind confiding
That somehow on "Drag-days" you'll see me out riding,
And on guest-nights perhaps at a "sing-song" presiding—
Still—I'm a sealed-pattern Staff College man!

G.



Clippings from Foreign Magazines.

OUR MILITARY REFORMS FROM A FRENCH POINT OF VIEW.



IN the April issue of the *Journal des Sciences Militaires* appears the first instalment of an essay, which should attract considerable attention throughout these kingdoms. Its title is *Les Réformes dans l'Armée Anglaise*, and it comes from the pen of General Cosseron de Villenoisy, who, having served beside our troops in the Crimean War, is evidently an admirer of England and a firm advocate of her alliance. At the time when Sir Charles Dilke's writings in the *Fortnightly* were creating such a stir, these articles were suggested to the general by an editor, who, we are told, rejected them when written owing to the conciliatory tone in which they were conceived. Now that the British Parliament is engaged on the subject of national defence, he thinks the moment opportune for publishing them elsewhere. At any rate, he hopes they may tend to divert attention from the everlasting Irish Question. True, M. le Général, and a great war would not be an unmixed evil, if it tended to stifle intestine faction and foster the moribund sentiment of patriotism.

To be brief, the General thinks an armed descent on our coast, in sufficient numbers to ensure success, an impossibility in these days, so enormous are the *impedimenta* of war. The disembarkation in the Crimea only succeeded because unopposed and favoured by exceptionally fine weather. He is severe on the adversaries of the Channel Tunnel scheme, lamenting the survival of so much hostility to France on this side of the water. He also thinks that England should rely on a small, perfectly trained and equipped army, because, in proportion as the hosts of the Continent increase in size, they inevitably tend to lose their cohesion and mobility, in fact, to degenerate into a rabble. There is much in this view which merits close examination. It is highly probable

that the next phase of military evolution will be the triumph of a phalanx of highly disciplined veterans over the vast but loosely constituted organisms which the successes of Prussia have called into existence: a return, in fact, to the methods of Alexander or Charles XII. Nevertheless, we must accept the writer's advice regarding invasion, the Channel Tunnel, and kindred topics with considerable reserve. No doubt the General, with a large section of educated Frenchmen, is well disposed towards this country, and would regard a war with unmitigated dislike as a barbarous anachronism. But, it must be remembered, that we have to deal with a government so unstable, that it is quite within the bounds of possibility, if not of likelihood, that it may be supplanted during the next few months by an adventurer of M. Boulanger's calibre. Besides, we believe, as the old Scandinavians did, "in our own might and main," and that, as Moltke has translated the idea, "a great power lives by reason of its own unaided strength." Society is not yet sufficiently advanced to invite implicit reliance on the good sense and benevolent intentions of enlightened and thoughtful officers like General Cosseron de Villenoisy.

THE LANCE AND THE BAYONET.

We have read an article which appears in *La Revue d'Infanterie* for the months of March and April with mixed feelings of satisfaction and disappointment. Inasmuch as we had hoped to find in it a practical dissertation upon the use of this weapon we are disappointed, but are pleased to find that the writer insists upon its importance as a factor in modern combat.

It is not to be reduced to the almost infinitesimal proportions which it has now reached in the German army, in which it has been brought down to the size of an ordinary table-knife.

During a stay which I made recently in the great German Fatherland, I had the opportunity of meeting a Prussian officer of some distinction and getting his opinion on the subject of this arm. He thought that the bayonet was of no service, that troops would never again have the opportunity of using it, and that the short bayonet did not tend to deflect the barrel of the rifle, and was easier to carry, avoiding the necessity for the infantry man to hold his bayonet sheath in order to prevent its getting between his legs at the double.

There is a good deal of truth in these two latter allegations, but

we hope that it will be a long time before British bayonets are shortened to a point which renders them almost useless. We tremble as we picture to ourselves the English soldiers opposing to the shield and assegais of a Zulu warrior, or the sword and target of an Arab fanatic, a metal toothpick at the end of a gun.

As regards the matter of carrying the bayonet in its sheath, we can see no reason why it should not be carried at an angle, sloping to the rear, instead of straight along the side as at present. Two of the figures which adorn (we presume they do adorn) the base of the new Wellington statue at Hyde Park Corner wear their bayonets in this position.

Our author, who is evidently actuated by proper enthusiasm and strong patriotic feeling, cites numerous instances in which the bayonet, aided by the *furia francese*, has turned the tide of battle, and he claims for the French army a notable, even an overwhelming, superiority with this weapon.

We are accustomed to this claim, having seen it advanced in favour of every European army without exception, and it no doubt is advanced with equal good faith and confidence in favour of the army of the Prince of Monaco. It is a pleasing delusion, and it would be cruel to endeavour to dissipate it.

One would, perhaps, have scarcely expected a mention of Poitiers, Agincourt, and Cressy in an article devoted to so comparatively modern an arm as the bayonet.

What is more to the purpose, and is, in fact, really significant, is the mention which is incidentally made of the lance—" *La baïonnette ne lui sera d'un grand secours que dans les duels qui suivront la charge heureuse, surtout si le cavalier n'est armé que du sabre.*"

That this is an allusion to the presumed superiority of the horseman armed with a lance is evident from the preceding passage, in which the author shows the Austrian infantry retreating in good order at the Battle of Dresden, charged by cuirassiers and repulsing them, but driven into confusion by a charge of lancers.

There is at present a movement in continental armies in favour of arming cavalry with the lance, and the French military authorities, who, after the war of '70, had broken up their lancer regiments (perhaps because they reminded them too much of the hated Uhlan), had it in consideration to arm the front ranks of their dragoons with this weapon, though we saw lately that the commission appointed to report on this proposition had reported unfavourably on account of the confusion liable to result from giving instruction in two different arms.

It is doubtless well known to our readers that this arrangement has been in force for a long time in several of our Indian cavalry regiments, and it has also been adopted some time since in the Russian army. The Germans are likewise arming their cavalry with the lance.

It may be noted, in passing, as characteristic, that the Russian army is the only one with which our author is willing to share the palm of superiority with the bayonet. It is a curious survival of that feeling which made Frenchmen declare themselves as entertaining during the Crimean war a cordial liking and respect for the enemy, and a corresponding distaste for their British allies. Well, as one of their own authors has said, "*Chacun a son gout.*"

If the lance possesses the superiority over the sword which many people authorised to speak on the subject allege, for attacking infantry in square, it can only be on account of its superior reach. If then you shorten the reach of the infantry soldier by diminishing the length of the bayonet, you still further increase the advantage of the lancer. Of course we cannot pursue a system which would result in the continual lengthening of weapons in order to gain reach.

Experience has shown, however, that the rifle and bayonet in use in the English army at present is of serviceable length for attack and defence, and we presume that only experience can give any valuable information as to the proper length of weapons. If they are too short their qualities of attack are impaired, as are in some measure their defensive ones; if they are too long they will reach a long way certainly, but be exceedingly difficult to direct and unwieldy for purposes of defence.

We have all read in our boyhood of that stern Roman father whose son complains to him of the shortness of his sword, and who thereupon recommends him to add a step to it; but really, although we should regret to speak disrespectfully of any parent, especially a Roman one, before we give our unqualified assent to the system of this gentleman, we should like to be thoroughly possessed of the circumstances. We have a certain distrust of attacks *en marchant*, and we feel assured that it would have been a source of constant grief to him if his offspring had, in consequence of his advice, become the victim of a "stop thrust."

We have an impression of having read somewhere that the Roman legionaries eventually adopted the larger swords of their Gallic antagonists, and it is evident to every swordsman that a

certain length of blade is requisite for the formation of an efficient guard.

These considerations are pertinent to the matter, as the rifle and bayonet cannot be considered otherwise than as a thrusting sword managed with two hands. We know well that it is the direct descendant of the pike, the weapon of the mediæval infantry; but the pike, which until lately was one of the weapons used by sailors to repel attempts at boarding, would come under the same rule.

Let us, then, beware how we tamper with the form of weapons which has been laid down after years of hard experience in the field, and let us imitate the author of *La Baïonnette* in giving its due meed of praise to a weapon which has contributed in no small degree to the success of the English arms.

It is not our habit to speak of the *furia inglese*, but we apprehend that the onrush of a British or Irish regiment with what Carlyle would have called "sufficient" bayonets, was never a thing to be viewed with perfect equanimity.

As regards the other matter, only lightly touched upon by M. Coralys, we confess that though we entertain a firm affection for the sabre, and consider that it should be the inseparable companion of the cavalry soldier and the officers of all arms, we cannot but think that for many purposes the horseman is better served by the lance.

When charging infantry in square, if the infantry really await the actual shock of cavalry, the swordsman must find it impossible to deliver either point or edge with efficacy, without being stopped by the bayonet. This appears to be generally granted, and in fact can scarcely be denied, but it is alleged that once mixed up with the infantry the lance becomes cumbrous and inefficient, especially for defence. We are not prepared to accept this view, and think that a lance of the right length (it must not resemble the long, unwieldy weapons of the Cossacks) is not a bad weapon of defence. Of course the lancer, like the swordsman, would always strive to keep his antagonist on his right flank, and, if his attack is parried, he can guard a riposte very nearly as well as a swordsman, and can deliver a most efficient counter-riposte with the butt as he passes.

Again, it was stated that during the operations in the Soudan, the Dervishes adopted a plan of throwing themselves flat on the ground to avoid our swordsmen, and hamstringing the horses as they passed; a lancer would have been able to reach them in this position.

M. Coralys tells us that bayonet fencing has been totally abandoned in the French army, and that nothing is left but bayonet drill.

There is so much for a soldier to learn in his short term of service with the colours that it is perhaps natural to suppose that time cannot be found for actual fencing with the bayonet; and, again, a hit even with the spring-bayonet which is used in this exercise, is attended by considerable pain, and is not devoid of danger, but we cordially agree with the author that the handling of this really formidable weapon should not be neglected, and it is perhaps of more importance in our army than in any other. However carefully a man may be trained to the use of his fire-arms, and these, of course, will furnish the preponderating element in all future wars, it is desirable that he should possess that sense of security and independence which is given by the confidence that he can give a good account of anyone who ventures to come to close quarters with him.

G. W. B.

REFORMS IN THE TURKISH ARMY.

The sarcasms of the French and Russian press have at length moved the *Jahrbücher für die Deutsche Armee und Marine* to stand up in defence of the German mission of officers who have undertaken the reorganization of the Turkish army. By the decree of 1st March 1887, the Ottoman recruit now serves for twenty years, commencing from the twentieth year of his age; viz., six in the active army (now styled *Muassaf* instead of *Nizamié*) or the reserve (*Iktiat*); eight in the *Redif*, or *Landwehr*, and six in the *Mustahfiz*, which corresponds to the *Landsturm* of Germany and Austria. All recruits are distributed into two categories, the first and by far the most numerous being divided into two portions, the first of which serves two or three years with the colours, then passes for four or three years respectively into the reserve; while the second portion remains no more than from five to nine months with the colours. The second category are drilled on Sundays only. By this arrangement, it is said, a force of no less than 1,670,000 men, inclusive of the *Mustahfiz*, are made available for the defence of the Empire. With regard to the protection of the capital, a triple line of fortifications has been constructed; the first stretching from Adrianople to the Black Sea, to strengthen which and prevent that stronghold being turned by a descent on Burgas, Kirk Kilissa has been strongly fortified; the second is constituted by

the famous lines of Tchataldja, and the third by the detached forts around Constantinople itself. Both Adrianople and Erzeroum have been converted into first class fortresses and entrenched camps, provided with every appliance of modern warfare; and it is stated that the Bosphorus itself is defended by no less than 300 guns of Krupp's manufacture. To resume, concludes the writer, nearly the whole of the able-bodied Turkish population has received military training with the least possible strain on the finances; the army has been increased and provided with a well-instructed corps of officers and competent generals; a system of mobilization with decentralization has been inaugurated; the army has been furnished with a rifle superior to that possessed by the Russians; the cavalry increased sufficiently to enable it to meet the latter in the field; and a wide extension of the railway system has been begun; in short, the army of a great power, in the modern sense of the word, has been called into existence.



Reviews.

Naval Guns and their Supply. By JAMES A. LONGRIDGE, M.I.C.E.
(London and New York: E. and F. N. Spon. April 1889.)

This little pamphlet, notwithstanding that its author has a grievance, should be read by everyone interested in the cause of National Defence. If his figures be reliable, he proves beyond dispute that, on the assumption that the existing muzzle-loading fleet is to be supplied with new armaments, the guns cannot be manufactured in the allotted time by means of the resources at the disposal of Government at present; the certain inference being, of course, that the wire process should receive more attention than has hitherto been bestowed on it. Mr. Brodrick, indeed, announced recently in the House of Commons that guns of this make were being constructed at Woolwich, but Mr. Longridge tells us that his own opinion and co-operation have not been solicited regarding either these or their predecessors, one of which the Financial Secretary to the War Office has averred "burst at the first round," but, in truth, merely blew off the muzzle-ring of the jacket, an accident which could have been quickly remedied.

The controversial part of this brochure is preceded by some considerations on our armour-clad fleet which deserve attention. The author adopts a "co-efficient of merit," which certainly exhibits in a very striking manner the inferiority of our 37 comparatively slow muzzle-loading battle-ships to the 15 fast breech-loading vessels which are of more recent date. Taking the *Alexandra* and *Rodney* as samples of the one and the other class, he brings out their comparative value as only 14 to 80, though their displacements are 9,460 and 10,300 tons respectively. The comparison which he institutes between the *Benbow* and the *Rodney* is also impressive. The former is armed with two 110-ton guns, the latter with four of 67-tons, their tonnage being 10,600 and 10,300 respectively, and the speed of both 16·7 knots; but owing to greater displacement, the *Benbow* "comes out" slightly the more powerful ship of the two. At this point, however, the writer seems impressed with the inadequacy of his own "co-efficients" to express all the factors which constitute a ship's actual fighting power. The "chances of disablement" are, he explains, much greater in the *Benbow's* case, inasmuch as she carries two big

guns to the *Rodney's* four of lesser calibre; in other words, were one gun on board each vessel placed *hors-de-combat*, the *Benbow's* co-efficient of value would be reduced to only two-thirds of the *Rodney's*; while this inferiority would be accentuated by the fact that the 67-ton gun can fire 5 rounds to the 110-tonner's 4. In spite, then, of her smaller "co-efficient of merit," the *Rodney* is pronounced to be the more serviceable ship of the two.

We are told that owing to the introduction of quick-firing guns cannon should now be reduced in calibre, and a ship's armament consequently more dispersed than has hitherto been the case. The *Benbow*, if attacked by six vessels of the *Sharpshooter* class, each provided with 30-lb. quick-firing guns, could discharge but 25 rounds from barbettes and broadside in reply to her assailant's 360 projectiles. These would be aimed at a target of 40 sq. ft., presented by the two 110-ton guns, each of which would be disabled by the impact of a single shot. The expenses per round of the various types of heavy ordnance form an important item in this discussion. For the 110-ton, 67-ton, and 45-ton guns they amount respectively to £327, £184, and £98, the biggest cartridge of the three being enveloped in as much silk as would make a lady's dress; these sums, of course, include the wear and tear of the gun, which in each case is capable of firing 95, 127, or 150 rounds during its life-time. Mr. Longridge considers even the 67-tonner too large for naval warfare, although the Admiralty have decided to retain this calibre in the service. If he had his way he would introduce a wire-gun weighing 55 tons, which, he confidently predicts, would possess at the distance of 1,000 yards a penetrative force equal to that of the projectile from the 110-ton gun, thus obviating the enormous expenses which attach to the latter.

Reise S. M. Schiff's "Albatros" nach Süd-Amerika, dem Capland und West-Afrika, 1885-1886. (Pola: Carl Gerold's Sohn, 1889.)

The Marine Department of the Austrian War Office has of late been active in procuring statistics and nautical information generally with respect to foreign seas and the shores which border them. This narrative may be regarded as a companion volume to the *Voyage of the Frundsberg*, which has recently been noticed in these pages, and which had for its object the survey of the Indian Ocean, including the coasts of the Red Sea and those of our great Oriental dependency. Captain Arthur Müldner, on the other hand, conducted the *Albatros* along the Atlantic shores, east and west, among other things paying a long visit to the Cape, and his account of this Colony will therefore prove interesting to all Englishmen who are conversant with the German tongue.

On the 1st September 1885, the *Albatros* steamed out of the "Central Port" of Pola, and, after touching at Malta, where the courtesy of our admiral, Lord John Hay, made a most favourable

THE ILLUSTRATED
Naval and Military
MAGAZINE.

*A Monthly Journal devoted to all subjects connected with
Her Majesty's Land and Sea Forces.*

New Series. Vol. I.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
W. H. ALLEN & CO., 13 WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL. S.W.
1889.

LONDON

PRINTED BY W. R. ARMS AND CO. LTD WATERLOO PLACE
Fleet Street, E.C. 4.

impression on the captain, cruised by way of Tangier and Mogador to the Canary Islands. Here the frigate's appearance created a panic among the townsfolk of Santa Cruz. It was the period of tension between Spain and Germany on account of the Caroline Islands, and the *Albatros* was mistaken for a cruiser belonging to that Empire. From Madeira she crossed the Atlantic to Pernambuco, thence descending the coast to Montevideo and Buenos Ayres. Rio de Janeiro, the "January river," when discovered on the 1st January 1531, was believed to be situated at the mouth of a river, but it proved to be merely an arm of the sea. A good account is given of British military operations near the estuary of La Plata, in the years 1806 and 1807, together with much valuable information touching those remarkable countries and the prospects of emigrants who intend settling in the Argentine Confederation. The greater part of the land is only fit for cattle-rearing. The poverty of the indigenous fauna and flora prove that it is naturally unproductive. It can never rise to the level of European civilization. The trade in *maté*, or Paraguay tea, the leaves of an indigenous *ilex*, is not in a flourishing state. The writer is surprised at this, but Englishmen will not share this emotion.

Buenos Ayres, the city, is now the capital of the Argentine Confederation; the chief town of Buenos Ayres, the State, being named La Plata. In five years' time the former capital has increased from 295,000 to 380,000 inhabitants. It seems to be a gay city, and the paradise of confectioners. "Nowhere in the world are to be seen such outrageously luxurious confectioners' shops as in Buenos Ayres. They are the rendezvous of fine ladies, for it is not considered becoming for a lady to enter a restaurant or coffee-house. We need not add that the confectioners attract the gentlemen in equal numbers." The best are in the fashionable Calle Florida.

The description of Cape Colony is full of interest. Mr. Froude's writings are freely quoted to accentuate our mistaken policy in dealing with the Boers. The clumsy handling of the Slave Question was the root of their disaffection, and has left behind a sense of injustice among them which will never be eradicated. An excellent account of the nautical characteristics of Table Bay is supplied.

Some very important facts are recorded as to the Congo and the neutral State which has been erected on its banks. If the climate be so deadly as here represented, it is plain that European settlers can never flourish within its borders, or hope to propagate their race except in a degenerate condition. The writer does not speak encouragingly of the infant community to which King Leopold stands godfather. By Dakkar, Madeira, Tangier, Gibraltar and Palermo, the *Albatros* ran home, reaching the "Central Port" of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy on the 19th December 1886, after an absence of one year, three months and nineteen days. Naval officers will find much to attract them in this narrative.

A Perpetual Calendar. (The Rock Life Assurance Company, of 15, New Bridge Street, London. 1889.)

By this ingenious contrivance the complete Calendar for any month in any year can be at once exhibited by merely shifting a circular disc. A short description of it may be interesting. Two large plates of equal size are linked together at the corners, and between them, moving round on a pivot, is a circular disc printed with tables of Sunday Letters, years, months, and days of the week, in such form that certain years, months and days of the week will show through perforations on the diamond-shaped plate, and, combining with figures on the plate, give the day of the week and of the month in any year, from the year 1600, N.S., to any future year in any century; thus we may not only have a complete calendar of the passing month set before us by slightly shifting a disc, but we may find on what day of the week fell, or will fall, any day of any year during a number of centuries. The index for setting the Calendar is the Sunday Letter for the year. Printed on the back of the Calendar is a table of "Sunday Letters" and "Golden Numbers" for every year from 1851 to 1950, so that for that period of time no calculation of any sort is necessary. Easter Day till 2199, the age of the moon, the time of day in all parts of the world, and an index to the dates of Acts of Parliament are given. The tables are very clear and exceedingly useful. The Calendar and its embellishments are connected artistically with life's uncertainty, and the flight of time.

At the Play.

THERE have been a good many new pieces produced since our last issue, prominent among which is Mr. H. A. Jones' "Wealth" at the HAYMARKET. The effect produced by this play would, we think, have been more favourable, had not Mr. Jones—or his friends—been injudicious enough to circulate certain preliminary paragraphs explaining the lessons which the author wished to inculcate. The critics naturally prefer to be left to find out this sort of thing for themselves, and it was inevitable that they should approach the play in a somewhat hostile frame of mind. Nor can it be said that the construction of the piece does not greatly justify their strictures; not only are the characters (with two exceptions) singularly feeble and colourless, but much of the secondary action is unnatural, and sometimes ridiculous, as for instance when the crowd of relations troop in and out of the drawing-room in the first act like a flock of geese being driven hither and thither. Notwithstanding this, the main idea of the piece appears to us to be well conceived and well carried out, and there can be no question but that it has provided Mr. Tree with an excellent study of character, of which he has availed himself with his usual cleverness and versatility. His make-up is as perfect as ever, and as completely distinct from anything he has shown us before as could be; his manner and voice are also admirably suited to the part, and his acting throughout (especially, to our mind, in the first and last acts) is most masterly. Of the other actors, only Mrs. Tree, Miss Norreys, and Mr. Weedon Grossmith have parts at all suited to them—the latter being in his way as near perfection as Mr. Tree, especially in the first act—and we cannot but pity Mr. Brookfield, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Macklin, and Miss Leclerq, who are absolutely thrown away. Miss Norreys and Mr. Edmund Maurice have two pretty scenes, of which the lady makes the most, but the idea of the first (concerning the pawn-ticket), is so entirely unconnected with the play, and so obviously dragged in, as greatly to spoil its effect.

The AVENUE has provided its supporters with another piece in the style that seems popular at this house, *i.e.* a piece resting entirely on Mr. Arthur Roberts's shoulders, and without whom its *raison d'être* would altogether cease. "Lancelot the Lovely" affords Mr. Roberts his usual opportunities, provides some fairly pretty dresses, some common-place scenery, and some rather taking music, and that is all that can be said for it. Apparently, however, this is all that the patrons of the AVENUE require. As soon as Mr. Roberts appears, everyone laughs, and when he goes off the stage a gloom falls upon the audience, but it does not seem much to matter what he does or says as long as he is there. The

play (if it can be called a play) is arranged as a sort of variety entertainment; first, of course, Mr. Roberts must have certain songs and soliloquies (he is excellent by-the-bye in a bit of mock recitation), then Mdle. Vanoni must have her chansonette, and Mr. Marsh and Mr. Tapley must each have *his* song, and Miss Coote must have a dance, and so on, and if these separate gems can be strung together with anything approaching to a plot, so much the better; if not, it really cannot be helped.

The opening of Mr. Hare's new theatre, THE GARRICK, was, of course, looked forward to with much interest, and so far as the construction and appearance of the house goes has given universal satisfaction. There is no more comfortable theatre, nor one in which you can see better from all parts of the auditorium. The opening play, Mr. Pinero's "Profligate," causes mixed sensations. Notwithstanding the skill shown both in the construction and dialogue, one cannot but dislike the very unpleasant tone that pervades the whole piece, and regret the absence of that humour in which Mr. Pinero so far exceeds all living dramatists. We can fancy that a piece like "The Profligate" is far easier to write than one like "Dandy Dick," but there are many who could do the former, and few the latter. The acting is good, but Mr. Hare, who has a very small part, is much missed, the excellence of his rendering only emphasising his loss.

At the COMEDY Mr. Hawtrey has withdrawn the feeble "Merry Margate," and replaced it by "Tenterhooks," by H. M. Paull, which is a decided improvement. In the first place, Mr. Hawtrey acts in it himself, and it is always a pleasure to see this excellent actor, who has a certain light touch which no one else on the English stage can approach. Mr. Harry Nicholls, has now joined this theatre, and Miss Lottie Venne keeps her place there, a place which she fills with her usual cleverness.

At the LYRIC "Doris" is fairly launched, and may, perhaps, rival its predecessor, for if there is little but brightness of dresses, scenery, and music in the new play, neither was there much else in "Dorothy."

At the PRINCESS'S Miss Grace Hawthorne revives Mr. Wilson Barrett's "Now-a-days," with Mr. W. Rignold in the part originally played by the author, who has taken his farewell of London for the present. Miss Hawthorne herself resumes her part of Jenny Dowling, and has a strong cast to support her, including Mr. Yorke Stephens, Mr. George Barrett, Mr. Elliot, and Miss Bealby. "True Heart" will be produced at this theatre early in the month.

Two conspicuously poor pieces lately produced are "Mignonette" at the ROYALTY, and "The Silent Witness" at the OLYMPIC; the former is a comic opera with little that is comic about it and on which Mr. Lionel Brough is quite thrown away: the latter is a weak melodrama of the old-fashioned kind, with nothing to commend it of any description.

we go to press, "The Weaker Sex" at the COURT will be

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NOTICE.—The Club is now opened throughout, and is non-political. The proprietary is entirely a fresh one, and the late proprietors have nothing whatever to do with the Club.

The Committee recommend the club-house as being extremely comfortable and home-like, and have every reason to believe that the future of the Club is now assured. Members joining now will pay their subscriptions as from January 1, 1889, and are not liable for anything further.

The subscriptions to the Club are as follow:—Life Member, 50 guineas; Town Member, 8 guineas per annum; Country Member, 5 guineas per annum; Foreign Member, 2 guineas per annum. There is no entrance fee at present.

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The Trade of Liverpool.

Liverpool being the second City in Great Britain, the opinion of the leading merchants there respecting the stability and value of any particular article of trade is often sought after. A local commercial paper recently published the following, from which we copy by permission.

"Mr. John Thompson, of 58, Hanover Street, Liverpool, is generally regarded by the trade as the largest buyer and most extensive distributor of Drugs and Medicines in Great Britain, outside of London. Mr. Thompson has purchased during the year 1888, 1,568 gross, or 18,000 dozen St. Jacobs Oil, which equals 225,792 bottles, and is more than ten times greater than his sales of all other linaments and embrocations combined: the fact that Mr. Thompson's sales for St. Jacobs Oil in 1888 were upwards of 500 gross more than they were in 1887 is conclusive evidence of the popularity of this preparation among his clients. Mr. Thompson stated, that while the sale of St. Jacobs Oil was enormous, it could readily be accounted for by the fact that the formula from which it is made forms one of the best embrocations in cases of rheumatism and neuralgia, and kindred ailments, which can be produced, hence the marvellous cures effected by the timely application of the Oil."

The manager for the City Drug Company's Stores, 20, London Road, says "that he sells thousands of bottles of St. Jacobs Oil every month, more in fact than all other proprietary medicines combined; it is the most popular of all remedies, and invariably effects a cure where it is applied."

"Messrs. Banner and Son, established over sixty years, of



179, London Road, sell immense quantities of St. Jacobs Oil, the most popular of all remedies, from the fact that it is only advertised to cure such diseases as it actually will cure."

"Mr. William Miller, 5, Scotland Road, says St. Jacobs Oil is the most staple medicine he sells. The demand increases, and all of his customers who have purchased the Oil from him speak in the highest praise of its pain-relieving qualities."

"Mr. Thomas White, Stanley Pharmacy, 185, Stanley Road, says that for rheumatism, neuralgia, and all bodily pains where an outward application is required, St. Jacobs Oil is undoubtedly a certain specific."

"Messrs. Budden and Company, Kirkdale, 399, Stanley Road, say that they are personally acquainted with many cases where the use of St. Jacobs Oil has cured people who have been given up by local medical men to die. The case of Mr. William Buchanan, the Cunard s.s. Company's engineer, is a sample. Mrs. Buchanan first bought the Oil from this shop

when she did not expect her husband to live an hour. He had been given up to die by six of the best medical men in Liverpool. His case was intense neuralgia in the head, which was cured by the contents of less than three bottles of the Oil. That was more than three years ago, and he has been a well man ever since."

"Mr. J. C. Caley, Post Office, 453, Stanley Road, says that he sells hundreds of bottles of St. Jacobs Oil every month, all his customers say it is grand stuff for bodily pains, including neuralgia and rheumatism."

"Mr. W. Parry, Bedford Pharmacy, 67, Stanley Road, Bootle, says he knows of cases of rheumatism which had resisted every other form of treatment, yielded readily to the application of St. Jacobs Oil, making speedy and permanent recovery."

"Mr. J. A. Jordan, 44, Low Hill, says the sale and popularity of St. Jacobs Oil has never been equalled in the history of proprietary medicines."

"Mr. R. King, 125, Brunswick Road, says St. Jacobs Oil is the best selling remedy he keeps."

"Mr. T. W. Serjeant (resident superintendent Lock Hospital for nineteen years), 31, West Derby



Road, says that the people will have St. Jacobs Oil because it has no equal in killing pain."

"Mr. H. Heathcote, 81, Kensington Street, says the sales of St. Jacobs Oil exceed that of all other rheumatic remedies."

From the foregoing we must now regard St. Jacobs Oil not

only as the leading medicine, but must look upon it that it is one of the leading articles of trade in Great Britain. Never before in the history of proprietary medicines have such enormous sales of one article been reported in these columns, and never before, we can honestly say, have such favourable reports of the intrinsic merits of a proprietary medicine been recorded. The public press are amazed at the wonderful cures effected by the application of this Oil, and never seem to tire in their efforts to sound its praises. The proprietors of St. Jacobs Oil are Americans, who landed in Liverpool a little more than four years since; they at once opened a house in London, and began to introduce this now famous remedy by original systematic and dignified newspaper announcements. They advertised the Oil to cure only such ailments or diseases as it actually would cure, they published only such endorsements and testimonials as they personally verified, and they never use one word in their announcements which is not perfectly proper and suitable for each member of any family to read.

concluding, and Mr. Sidney Grundy's "White Lie" will be produced, with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in the chief parts.

At the same time a series of French plays will begin at the GAIETY, with M. Coquelin and Madame Jane Hading in several of their favourite characters. Mr. Corney Grain also brings out a new sketch, called "My Aunt's in Town," at the German Reed's Entertainment.

Italian opera, which is already in full swing at COVENT GARDEN, will, at the beginning of the month, start also at HER MAJESTY'S.

Pieces already noticed and still running.

ADELPHI.—"The Harbour Lights," melodrama, Mr. W. Terriss, Mr. C. Cartright, Mr. Beveridge, Mr. Shine, Mr. Abingdon, Miss Millward, Miss G. Kingston, Miss Clara Jecks, &c.; and a farce.

CRITERION.—"Still Waters Run Deep," comedy, Mr. Chas. Wyndham, Mr. H. Standing, Mr. W. Blakeley, Mrs. Bernard Beere, Miss Fanny Moore, &c.; and "A Pretty Piece of Business."

GERMAN REEDS' ENTERTAINMENT.—"Brittany Folk," musical comedy, Mr. Alfred Reed, Mr. E. Laris. Mr. W. Browne, Miss Fanny Holland, Miss K. Tully: and "My Aunt's in Town," Mr. Corney Grain.

GLOBE.—"Richard III.," tragedy, Mr. R. Mansfield, Mr. J. Fernandez, Mr. Harkins, Mr. Lablache, Mr. Beaumont, Miss Mary Rorke, Miss Carlotta Leclercq, Miss B. Hatton, Miss B. Cameron, &c.

LYCEUM.—"Macbeth," tragedy, Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Alexander, Mr. Wenman, Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Marriott, &c.

OPERA COMIQUE.—"The Real Little Lord Fauntleroy," comedy, Mr. Somerset, Mr. Canninge, Mr. Girardot, Miss Marion Terry, Miss Vera Beringer, Miss Fanny Brough, Miss Helen Leigh, &c.; and "Her Own Rival,"

PRINCE OF WALES'.—"Paul Jones," comic opera, Mr. H. Monkhouse, Mr. H. Ashley, Mr. Templer Saxe, Mr. Frank Wyatt, Miss Agnes Huntington, Miss P. Broughton, Miss Wadman, &c.; and "John Smith."

SAVOY.—"The Yeomen of the Guard," comic opera, Mr. G. Grossmith, Mr. R. Temple, Mr. W. H. Denny, Mr. Courtice Pounds, Miss G. Ulmar, Miss J. Bond, Miss R. Brandram, &c.; and "Mrs. Jarramie's Genie."

STRAND.—"The Balloon," three-act farce, Mr. A. Maltby, Mr. Forbes Dawson, Mr. Chas. Glenney, Miss Rose Saker, Miss E. Terriss, Miss Goldney, &c.; and "Ruth's Romance."

TERRY'S.—"Sweet Lavender," comedy, Mr. E. Terry, Mr. A. Bishop, Mr. Brandon Thomas, Mr. F. Kerr, Miss Victor, Miss C. Addison, Miss Maude Millett, Miss B. Horlock, &c.

TOOLE'S.—"Artful Cards," comedy, Mr. J. Toole, Mr. J. Billington, Mr. G. Shelton, Miss K. Phillips, Miss Eliza Johnstone, &c.; and "Ici on Parle Français," Mr. J. Toole, &c.

VAUDEVILLE.—"That Doctor Cupid," comedy, Mr. T. Thorne, Mr. F. Thorne, Mr. C. Maude, Mr. F. Gillmore, Miss Annie Irish, Miss F. Robertson, Miss Dolores Drummond, Miss M. Lea, &c.

Notes.

NOTHING could be more satisfactory than the movement now on foot for placing the Militia on a sound basis of organization. This movement, of which the banquet given by the Secretary of War to 150 colonels of Militia on the 9th ult., may be regarded as the outward and visible expression, is the natural corollary to the augmentation of naval strength which has just been decided on. Now that John Bull has dined, we may hope that the matter will be pushed forward. It has always astonished unprejudiced observers that Government failed to turn the ancient "constitutional force" to better account. The framework of an efficient military organism lay ready to hand, but was never converted, as it might have been, into a formidable instrument of war; indeed, few, until quite recently, appeared to take much notice of its existence. After providing for the construction of a navy equal to our necessities, attention should be concentrated on the proper development and organization of the Militia and Volunteers as a Home Army, sufficient to form our second line of defence. A relatively small, but highly trained and perfectly equipped regular army, would then suffice for the protection of India and the Colonies, and for such minor offensive undertakings as circumstances in the present day permit, or render unavoidable. A scheme of national defence worked out upon these lines ought not to be of insuperable difficulty.

A Naval and Military Exhibition is to be held this summer in the Royal Scottish Academy National Galleries, Edinburgh. Judging from the experience gained last year, when a tentative effort was made in the same direction, the General Committee, among whom are enrolled the most distinguished names in Scotland, are convinced that plenty of material exists in the country wherewith to

complete the sections of the proposed exhibition. These will include pictures, sculpture and photographs, arms and armour, colours and uniforms; naval and military medals, books and music, autograph letters, despatches, commissions and original documents relating to history. The interest of the exhibits will therefore be of the most comprehensive nature.

Commander W. Dawson, R.N., asks us to insert this report regarding the Missions to Seamen :—

“The Archbishop of York presided over the annual meeting of the Missions to Seamen on Wednesday, in London. The gross income of the Missions to Seamen for last year was £29,865 5s. 7d., or one-fifth more than in the previous year; the increase being mainly due to efforts to provide better worshipping accommodation for the crews of ships and fishing vessels at several seaports. Buildings for the double purpose of the recreation and worship of seamen and fishermen had been provided or greatly enlarged during the past year at the port of Sunderland, Newport Docks, Mon., the port of Dublin, Newhaven Harbour, Yarmouth Harbour, Lowestoft Docks, Poole Harbour, and Avonmouth Docks; whilst a similar Seaman's Church and Institute is about to be erected at Cardiff Docks, and a church is to be added to the Seamen's Institute at Southampton Docks. The special feature of the Missions to Seamen, of 11, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C., is, however, religious ministrations on board ships and fishing vessels seeking shelter under the headlands or in the outer anchorages around our stormy shores; and deep-sea missions carried on by volunteer helpers on the high seas during their voyages. Eight hundred such deep-sea missions were being conducted under the Missions to Seamen, including those of twenty-six volunteer mission-smacks in the North Sea. The ships and fishing vessels in fifty-two seaports at home and abroad are now ministered to by the paid agency of the Missions to Seamen, consisting of 77 chaplains and readers, &c., provided with 41 mission-vessels and 48 seamen's churches and institutes, employed day by day, all the year round, in caring for seamen and firemen, fishermen and bargemen, light-ship keepers and other nautical men, mostly strange ports and commonly outside of parochial care. So extensive are the operations of the Missions to Seamen, that 77,828 sailors and fishermen, besides their families, took the total abstinence pledge of this Society in the last ten years;

whilst 53,714 men purchased Bibles and Prayer Books in twenty-three languages in the last nine years. During last year 10,090 ships and fishing vessels took libraries to sea in boxes or bags for the use of their crews. Sailors and fishermen show their appreciation of these efforts by themselves taking part in the Missions to Seamen, by subscribing to the erection of special churches and institutes, and by contributing to the offertories at the services, as much as £130 a year at some ports. But the ships in many seaports are still unvisited by clergymen, and the Committee are unable to meet the demands pressed upon them by seamen and their local friends for chaplains and readers to care for the crews frequenting several ports at home and abroad."



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The Mortars of the Great Powers—The Law of Air Resistance—The Use of the Artillery Horse—Austrian Mortars—Krupp Experiments with New Gunpowder.

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Improvements in the Construction of Water Filters—On Position Artillery—The Use of Powerful Artificial Light for Military Purposes—Trials with 7.5-cm. De Bange Guns in Sweden.

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THE ILLUSTRATED
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New Series, Vol. II., No. 7.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
W. H. ALLEN & CO., 13 WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL. S.W.
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No. 7.

JULY 1st, 1889.

Vol. II.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Sandwich,

COMMANDING SOUTH MIDLANDS BRIGADE OF
VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.



AS Lord Hinchbrooke, the Earl of Sandwich served in the Grenadier Guards, from which he retired with the rank of colonel in 1881. He filled the post of Military Secretary at Gibraltar in 1875 and 1876, and sat as M.P. for Huntingdon from 1876 to 1884, when he succeeded to the peerage. In 1888 he was appointed Brigadier-General of the South Midlands Brigade of Volunteer Infantry, and he is Colonel Commandant of the 5th Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps, or Huntingdon Militia.

The first Earl, it will be remembered, was Lord High Admiral of England, and fell gloriously in the naval action with the Dutch off Southwold Bay, on the Suffolk coast, which took place in 1672.

VOL. II.

61

The following regiments constitute the South Midlands Brigade of Volunteer Infantry :

1st Battalion Royal Warwickshire Rifles.

2nd " " " "

1st " Leicester Rifles.

1st " Worcester "

1st " Northampton Rifles.

The following portraits of Brigadier-Generals of Volunteer Infantry Brigades have already appeared in this magazine :

1. Lieut.-General Lord Abinger, C.B., commanding West London Brigade, in April.

2. Brigadier-General Right Hon. J. H. A. Macdonald, C.B., commanding Forth Brigade, in May.

3. Brigadier-General Right Hon. Lord Wantage, V.C., K.C.B., commanding Home Counties Brigade, in June.



Naval Warfare:

ITS PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE HISTORICALLY TREATED.

By REAR-ADMIRAL P. H. COLOMB.

CHAPTER I.

THE NATURE OF NAVAL WAR.

True naval war cannot be carried on until commerce bears a large proportion to the riches of a country, and till ships are able to keep the sea.—It could not, consequently, have existed before the time of Elizabeth.—But it was only as the Spanish war grew that the true principles were perceived, and a want of perception on the part of Spain was one of the causes of her failure.—At and after the close of the war, the true principles were, to a great extent, understood by Sir William Monson and Sir Walter Raleigh, as may not only be drawn from the language they used, but from the practice they recommended, and, in some cases, put in force.—The primary aim of naval war is the command of the sea.—Any other aim is an acceptance of the position of the inferior naval power, and the abnegation of all hopes of ultimate success.



UNLIKE its military congener, of which the principles descend from times immemorial, naval warfare is of comparative modern origin. Sea fights there were, no doubt, in very ancient times, but sea fights do not of themselves constitute naval warfare. With possible exceptions here and there, in early Grecian or perhaps Roman days, the ancient sea-fights were the result of military expeditions by sea and not of naval considerations.

The operations of military warfare have at all times been conducted with a view to territorial conquest; the field of battle was struggled for by the combatants as a possession to be either temporarily held as a basis for further operations, or as part of the territory which was to be permanently occupied. The sea-fight of ancient times was but the contention of armies on the water, not to hold the field of battle and surrounding waters, but simply as the encounter of one army with another which was barring its way to the conquest of territory. Permanent occupation of the water as of the land was a thing undreamt of, because impossible

to the trireme of the ancients, or to the galley of the Middle Ages. Nothing that was then built was what we now call a sea-going or a sea-keeping ship, and there was, in fact, nothing to call for such structures. It was not till the frequented water areas became greatly extended, and till the oar ceased to be a propulsive power in the ordinary ship, that it was possible to build her so that she should remain in permanent occupation of the sea.

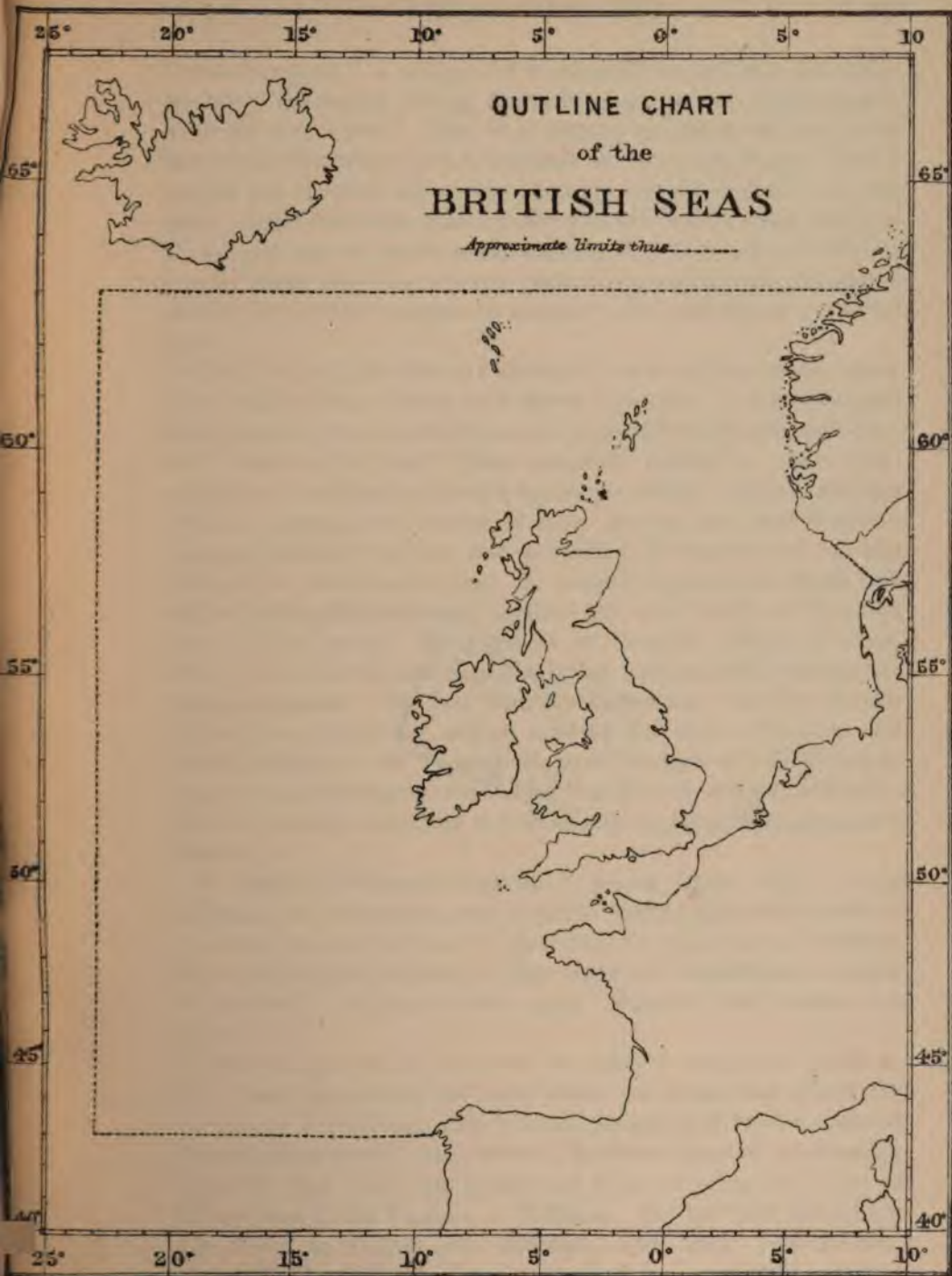
And yet, if we look back to what may be called the early days of naval warfare under sail, we shall observe that there was little or no contention for occupation of, or command over, the sea, such as was exercised and claimed over territory on land. Neither riches, nor renown, nor any other advantages could be gathered directly from the sea. Commerce was absolutely small, but relatively to the power of nations possessing sea coasts, even smaller. The advantage of the sea was its convenience as a medium of transport, and it seemed one common to two neighbouring nations at war. Coasts were open, and the small attacks capable of being organized were sudden, and could not well be prepared against. The great value of the sea was the easy means it presented for getting at the enemy's territory and ravaging it.

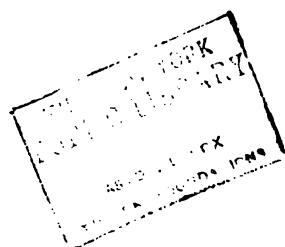
England had for a long course of years put in a claim for what she called "the sovereignty of the seas" surrounding her. But this was chiefly a civil claim, not a military one. It was as nearly as possible a claim to extend what are now our admitted rights in our territorial waters—a belt three miles wide from the shore—over very large water areas indeed.* The whole claim being solemnly denied by the Dutch, and the denial formulated by the learned writer Grotius, Charles I. employed Selden to write a counterblast, reasserting the claim, and for the first time fitted out a fleet to enforce it.

But the claim had to do with rights of fishery, rights of traffic, anchorages, and so on. It was apart from any ideas of water command for military purposes, even so late as Charles' days. At an earlier time the sea was regarded as a common highway for military expeditions, there being but little attempt to secure it for the use of one side only.

Out of this view of the sea grew what I have ventured to christen

* The British seas, or the Four Seas, as they were indifferently termed, over which this sovereignty was claimed, began at the point where the 63rd parallel touches the coast of Norway. Then the boundary ran down all the coasts to Cape Finisterre; in that latitude to the meridian of 23° W. Then along this meridian, to the 63rd parallel and to Norway again. See *Burchett's Naval History*, p. 34.





“cross-ravaging,” a system of retaliatory expeditions attacking territory, destroying towns, burning property, and laying waste with fire and sword. This is a system to which we are early introduced, but which is not confined to very early dates. It is a system out of which not much advantage to either side has ever come ; but down to the latest periods we can find it where there is no distinct aim of purely naval warfare, that is to say, no distinct aim on either side to assert and maintain a control over the water, such as in military warfare is asserted and maintained over the land.

Thus, in 1512, Sir Edward Howard crossed to Brest with a fleet from which forces landed and burnt Conquet. A reinforcement being sent out, the new fleet met and defeated the French fleet just as it came out of port. That operation finished a year's campaign ; but next spring Howard again proceeded to Brest, and the French, pending the arrival of some galleys from the Mediterranean, remained in port, and permitted Howard to sail up the harbour, to burn and ravage the country opposite to Brest, but without attempting anything against the town itself, or the fleet there. The galleys then arrived at Conquet, where Howard, coming out of Brest, attacked them, but unfortunately lost his life in the encounter. Our fleet then returned home. But the French in their turn fitted out a fleet, ravaged the coast of Sussex and burnt Brighton. Sir Thomas Howard, brother of Sir Edward, fitted out another fleet before which the French retired, and he in his turn took an army over to Calais, and captured Terouenne and Tournay.

In 1522, the Emperor Charles V. joined Henry VIII. in an expedition to Cherbourg, which place, falling into the hands of the allies, became the base of operations for ravaging and destroying all the adjacent country. This done the expedition returned to Portland. Sailing thence again, Howard took Morlaix by storm.

Next summer (1523), however, we meet a condition of things more closely suggesting the form which naval war was ultimately to take, for Sir William Fitz-William passed over to the coast of France with a fleet of thirty-six sail, for the purpose of intercepting a French fleet which was understood to be escorting the Duke of Albany back to his Regency in Scotland. He met and drove back this escort to Dieppe and Boulogne, and then Fitz-William, having thus gained the naval control of the surrounding waters, left a portion of his fleet to watch and mask the French in their

ports, while he himself proceeded to ravage and destroy the coast as far as Tréport, where he burnt the suburbs and all the ships in the harbour.

There were in our history no more expeditions by sea till 1544, when war broke out with Scotland, and then with France. King Henry landed an army at Calais, and marched to Boulogne, which fell into his hands after an investment by sea and land.

The French, in their turn, fitted out a fleet and made for St. Helens, where, after a partial action, rendered memorable only by the loss of the *Mary Rose* which preceded it, they landed and attempted to hold the Isle of Wight. Failing in this, they landed in Sussex, where they were repulsed with loss. Retiring to their own coasts, the French landed part of their army near Boulogne, presumably with the design of recovering it. But a change of wind either compelling it, or facilitating it, the French crossed again over to the English coast, where they were met and defeated by the English fleet. As a reply to this last attempt of the French, the English passed over to their coast and again burnt Tréport and thirty ships which were found in the harbour.*

In 1547, the French made an attack on Guernsey and Jersey, but ships and troops being sent from England, the attack was abandoned after the enemy had suffered considerable loss.

Calais fell to the French early in Mary's reign (1558), and not impossibly altered the general view of naval war by removing our last permanent foothold on the soil of France.

But our immediate reprisal was a projected attack on Brest, which, however, dwindled down ultimately to the re-burning of Conquet, and the ravaging of the adjacent coasts in the usual manner.

The whole system, it is readily seen, was one of military reprisals, always more or less open to interruption by the naval forces of the power attacked. There is hardly any idea present on either side of getting such a control of the sea as would prevent the other side from undertaking these ravaging expeditions. The reply to landing and ravaging on one side is generally the attempt at cross-ravaging on the other. The sea is a convenient medium for the transport of armies, and the sea-fight proper only comes in incidentally, as when the French fleet issues from Brest to meet a force proposing to land in the vicinity, or as when Henry VIII.

* It is not necessary to quote authorities specifically for these early illustrations, as to which Burchett (1720), Lediard (1735), Berkley (1756), and Entick (1757) are all pretty well agreed. Lediard and Entick quote the original authorities, Burchett and Berkley do not. I have also consulted MM. Troude and Levot on the French side.

collects his ships at Spithead to interrupt the French in their proposed capture of the Isle of Wight. Naval war this is not, and neither to facilitate the attack, nor to strengthen the defence, is direct possession of the sea sought.

Two things were wanting to alter this condition of military war carried on by water. On the sea itself was not to be found property of the enemy sufficient to make it an object of attack. Although sea-borne commerce was growing, it was not yet of a character or extent sufficiently important on any side to render its suppression a serious injury to the nation carrying it on. An hour or two's burning of a coast town probably offered greater prizes to the descending foe, and wrought greater distress in the nation attacked, than weeks or months of preying on the small and occasional cargoes which were to be found actually at sea.

The other want was ships capable of keeping the sea. If the sea was to be controlled, it was absolutely necessary that the ships assuming to control should be able to maintain their position at sea continuously. So long as it was necessary to return to port after a very short stay at sea; so long as ships were so mastered by the weather as to be continually driven back by it, with endeavours or intentions frustrated; it was always open to the enemy to reassume, if only for a time, that control of the sea which had been challenged. This condition was not reached by mere change of season. Winter voyages or cruises were forbidden to both sides for centuries, for neither had ships competent to face the dangers of winter weather. War by sea ceased in winter, just as it did upon land, and therefore neither side could gain an advantage until the summer came round again. But the summer gale which drove a fleet before it into the shelter of safe havens, might not be felt in the enemy's locality, or might help him over to his enemy's coast. If one fleet ran short of water, of provisions, or of munitions; or if its crews became sickly and demanded the recruitment of a stay in the quiet of harbour, it by no means followed that the other hostile fleet would be in the same condition at the same time. If they were in condition to put to sea when the first fleet was obliged to return to port, they were entirely free to use the water as the medium of transport, and to carry out their ravaging expeditions by its means. Miscalculations might occur; the fleet which had been compelled to retire into port, might be again ready for sea sooner than was anticipated, and there might be a sea-fight in consequence. But had the fleet which first retired into port been able to maintain its place at

sea, or had it been at least understood to be ready to act at sea, the ravaging expedition could not have been carried out until the sea-keeping fleet had been in some way disposed of, or forced to withdraw.

The supply of both these necessary ingredients of naval war was gradual, and as a consequence the change from the practice of cross-ravaging over a theoretically free sea to systematic naval war with rules deduced from experience, and settled axioms which had become instinctive from continued and forced acceptance, was gradual too.

So far as this country is concerned, the sea-borne commerce question, either as one of defence or attack, did not come into material notice until the time of Elizabeth. But quite early in her reign, we begin to hear of the making of prizes in the Channel. Then we hear of French and Dutch privateers contemporaneous with, and perhaps, in cases, anticipating, the commencement of our partly legitimate and partly piratical war upon the rich commerce of Spain.

Thus Burchett* says, speaking of the years 1560-62, and of the Queen's efforts to increase and improve the naval force :

In imitation of this laudable example of the Queen's, many of her wealthy subjects, who lived near the sea coasts, set themselves to building of ships, so that in a short time those of the Crown and of private persons were become so numerous as, on occasion of any naval war, might employ 20,000 men. The good effects of these preparations were shortly after seen in the war the Queen undertook in behalf of the Protestants of France, wherein, besides the land forces she sent over to Normandy to their assistance, her ships, scouring the seas, sorely distressed their enemies by taking great numbers of prizes from them, and at length totally interrupting their trade.

Lediard,† quoting earlier authorities, says that when in 1561 Elizabeth fitted a fleet out to intercept Mary Queen of Scots on her return from France, she gave out that it was intended to clear the sea of pirates ; which indicates that a sea harvest was already beginning to be reaped.

Entick particularizes more closely, and says—quoting several authorities—that as the French Court commissioned privateers

to prey upon our ships, Elizabeth was obliged to follow their example, and by proclamation she gave leave to her subjects to make reprisals ; which was attended with such success, that one Clarke, with three frigates only, for his share carried into Newhaven, within a cruise of six weeks, eighteen prizes, valued at £50,000 sterling."‡

* Burchett, p. 343.

† Lediard, vol. i. p. 138.

‡ Entick, p. 208.

From about this time, the attack and defence of commerce begins to take form and position as a regular element of naval war. The trade of England was pushing out in various quarters, under the auspices of the Company of Merchant Adventurers. Jenkinson opened it up with Russia and Persia; John Hawkins, using the trade in slaves as his instrument, drew the West Coast of Africa and the Western Indies together. The Portuguese and the Dutch were actively pursuing trade in the East Indies and in South America. Spain had a practical monopoly of commerce with the West Indies and the Pacific, which she was neither strong enough nor intelligent enough to hold.

An early indication of the advent of a regular system of naval war is offered by the attacks of Danish freebooters on our Russian commerce. In 1570 the Danes were worsted, and five of their ships captured by the squadron of thirteen of the Merchant Adventurers' ships in the Baltic. A formal report of the action was made to the Emperor of Russia by Christopher Hodsdon and William Burrough, who commanded the English ships.* About 1573 the French Protestants, having taken to the sea as privateers or pirates, for the purpose of injuring their Catholic countrymen, extended their now lucrative operations so as even to include the ships of their English friends. And later, again, the Dutch, privateering ostensibly against the ships of their Spanish enemies, were in the same way tempted out of the legitimate line of their proceedings by the richness of possible English prizes. Under the pretext—which was very likely no pretext, but a truth, in some cases—that our ships brought supplies and succour to the Spaniards by way of Dunkirk, they fell upon our commerce to its serious detriment. Sir Thos. Holstock, who was then Comptroller of the Navy, was employed to suppress this loose piracy, and succeeded in both cases.†

But, perhaps, the real opening of the new phase, the source, as it were, from which the river of naval war was ever after to flow, was the treacherous attack by the Spaniards on Hawkins at St. Juan de Ulloa in 1567. All the world seems to have thereafter become alive to two things—the enormous value of sea-borne commerce to the countries which carried it on, and the tremendous risks attending its prosecution in war on the one hand, as well as the great advantages arising from its attack on the other.

As the growth of commerce can be inferred from the continued

* Lediard, vol. i., p. 152; Berkley, p. 307.

† Burchett, p. 344; Berkley, p. 312.

mention of its attack and defence, so the capacity of ships to keep the sea can be as well inferred from the numbers and length of the voyages now undertaken. English commerce had arisen before there were English ships to conduct it, and in the early part of the sixteenth century Candiots, Ragusans, Sicilians, Genoese, and Venetians carried English cargoes to and from London and the Mediterranean ports.* But there must have been a very rapid and complete change as the century drew on. For the service of the Queen, in repelling the Armada, the City of London, on its own account, fitted out 38 ships of the average tonnage as then counted, of 161 tons, and average crews of 71 men†; 197 ships, averaging 151 tons each, and carrying on an average 89 men per ship, were got together on that occasion under the different leaders on the English side.‡ And as the voyages to the Coasts of Guinea, to the Levant, and to the ports of the Baltic were now freely prosecuted, it is obvious that there was an abundant shipping of sea-going capacity. As to size, amongst the war-ships of Elizabeth, Lord Howard of Effingham had under him the *Triumph*, of 1,100 tons and 500 men; the *White Bear*, of 1,000 tons and 500 men; the *Ark Royal*, of 800 tons and 425 men; the *Victory*, of the like tonnage and 400 men; the *Elizabeth-Bonaventure*, the *Mary Rose*, the *Hope*, and the galley *Bonasolia*, all of 600 tons and 250 men; besides six ships of 500 tons, and a considerable number of about 300 tons.

The change in the character of the ships, and their greater seaworthiness, must be left more to inference than to proof, as there is very little that is authentic as to how ships were really constructed, rigged, and armed before the reign of Charles I. and the era of the Petts. Accurate marine artists scarcely existed before the times of the Vandevelts, the father born in 1610 and the son in 1633. Yet it is probable that the ships of Henry VIII. bore a not remote resemblance to that given in the illustration, and if we compare it with the certainly authentic outlines of the *Speaker*, a Commonwealth ship of 1653, and suppose the change from the one type to

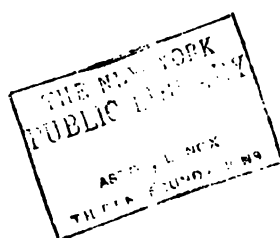
* Hakluyt, quoted in Charnock, vol. ii., p. 7.

† It is, perhaps, better to go by the number of men than by the tonnage as given. Monson gives tonnage as length \times breadth \times depth, which would give much more than the displacement. But if, as Mr. W. H. White thinks, the tonnage was the number of butts or "tuns" which could be stowed, the tonnage was much less than the displacement. See Monson's *Naval Tracts*, Book iii., and *Manual of Naval Architecture*, First Edition, p. 39.

‡ Entick, p. 261.



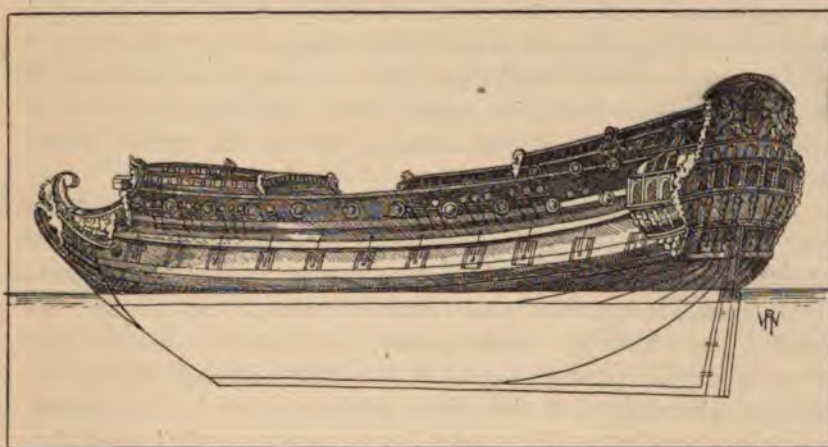
SHIP OF HENRY VIII.'S REIGN.



the other to have been gradual, we can picture the intermediate types which occupied the field in the reign of Elizabeth.

So that, as the century approached its close, we had the two things necessary to establish purely naval war—abundant sea-borne commerce, and abundance of sea-going and sea-keeping war-ships. The inevitable result follows, that cross-ravaging from land to land falls into the back-ground ; the sea is regarded more and more as a territory necessary to be held by the nation which desires to win in naval war ; and it begins to be understood that if attacks on territory, to make which the forces must cross the sea, are to be resisted, the enemy must be met before he leaves the water.

But yet was it a new thing, and so considered for some scores of



HULL OF THE "SPEAKER."

years, to have war upon the water alone. So new, that one of the chief actors in these times of change, writing long after the change had fully established itself, mentioned with something like contempt, as "a mere action at sea," the dispatch of a squadron in 1590 under Sir John Hawkins and Frobisher, which, though it made no captures, stopped the whole trade from the West Indies to Spain in that year.

Yet, though the fact was not thoroughly perceived at the time, the vast amount of Spanish riches which were afloat forced the war with Spain and made it a naval one. The ravaging of Spanish territory by the English no doubt hurt Spain, but the capture of the Spanish galleons not only hurt Spain more, but enriched the captors and the nation to which they belonged. Spain, however,

was even less conscious than England of the change which was being effected in maritime warfare. She attempted to work on the lines which had been possible three-quarters of a century earlier, in the absence of commerce and sea-going ships; and her grand and crowning error of the Armada was simply the embodiment of false notions as to the inevitable character of naval war.

It is curious and interesting to trace the form of naval war, emerging confusedly and gradually during the eighteen years that covered the struggle between England and Spain; but it is still more impressive to read the words of the chief actors in this struggle after it was over, and to observe how entirely they had accepted the new conditions and enunciated the line of policy, even in those early years, which successful naval war has ever since followed. I shall, therefore, run lightly through the principal incidents of the Spanish war, commenting as may be necessary while I proceed, and I shall then quote the emphatic language of Sir William Monson in 1640, when he was a retired officer, and of the unfortunate Sir Walter Raleigh during his twelve years' imprisonment in the Tower.

Drake's first expedition to the West Indies was in 1585, and this was entirely on the military reprisal plan, or on the system of cross-ravaging; so he sacked San Domingo, Cartagena, Santa Justina in Florida, and then returned home. But in 1587 we begin to see a change. Drake proceeds to Cadiz, not for the purpose of cross-ravaging, but to destroy the shipping which constituted the supply of the great armada preparing at Lisbon. Having succeeded in this enterprize, he fell somewhat back into the older grooves by assaulting certain castles on the coast of Spain; but, becoming aware of the real ineffectiveness of such proceedings, he steered for the Western Islands for the interruption of the enemy's commerce, then represented by an immense and valuable carrack expected from Mozambique. He succeeded in his object, and brought his great prize to England. Monson, not yet wholly alive to the real nature of naval war, but still in part comprehending, says of the first voyage:—

And though this voyage proved both fortunate and victorious, yet considering it was rather an awakening than a weakening of him (the King of Spain), it had been far better to have wholly declined than to have undertaken it upon such slender grounds and with so inconsiderable forces.

Of the second voyage, the Admiral says:—

This voyage proceeded prosperously, and without exception, for there was both honour and wealth gained, and the enemy greatly endamaged.*

* Monson's *Naval Tracts*, Book i.

The next year, 1588, was the Armada year, as to which nothing need here be said ; but 1589 witnessed two expeditions, one under Drake, with land forces, as an attempt to replace the King of Portugal on his throne, which was of a wholly public character ; and the other under the Earl of Cumberland, which was almost wholly an attack on the commerce of the Roman Catholic League against Henry IV., and of Spain. This was of the partly royal and partly commercial character which the state of the times favoured. Drake's expedition was a failure, due, it is said, to having wasted time in an abortive attempt on Corunna, or the Groyne, as it was then called. But it must be remembered that this was an entirely legitimate expedition, inasmuch as it was perfectly certain that the terrible defeat of the Armada had cleared the sea of Spanish war ships for some time to come. The Earl of Cumberland began by capturing three of the League ships in the Channel. Then he took £7,000 worth of spices belonging to Spain out of Portuguese ships off the coast of Portugal. Then he proceeded to the island of Flores, where he captured an outward-bound Spaniard. Then, in the Road of Fayal, he made prize of Spanish ships. Later, he took a French League ship returning home from Canada. Then he forced the little island of Graciosa to afford him provisions and refreshment. Off Terceira, he took a Spanish ship worth £100,000, and then, on his return towards the coast of Spain, he made two prizes, each worth £7,000, and a third he drew out from under the guns of the castle of St. Mary's, worth a like sum. The only thing this expedition undertook which was in the nature of cross-ravaging, but which was, in the absence of any possible interruption from Spanish ships, an act always found proper to be performed in like circumstances, was the sacking of the town of Fayal.

In 1590 was the expedition of Hawkins and Frobisher to the coasts of Spain and the Western Islands, to destroy the Spanish trade. This squadron was seven months at sea, and did not make a single capture of importance, and was what Monson characterized it, half in contempt and half understanding how completely it had fulfilled its mission, "a bare action at sea." Spain was recovering from the blow of 1588, and even got so far as to propose to meet the fleet of Hawkins and Frobisher at sea. But realising the disaster that would follow a second defeat, and not having force enough to make success certain, Philip recalled his ships and left the English fleet free to lie across the Spanish trade route and to hold it. But as the least of two evils, consequent on

this position of his enemy, the King of Spain forbade the sailing of the ships from the West Indies, and so abandoned the whole of the nation's sea-borne foreign commerce for one year. This was really a blow of the heaviest character to Spain, and, as we shall see, is the penalty that must be paid by the weaker naval power. But in this case it was still worse for Spain, as, in the then unsheathed state of ships' bottoms, lying in tropical waters for a summer produced weakness of structure almost amounting to disablement, from the ravages of the worm. As a consequence, about a hundred of these detained ships were lost, with their rich cargoes, on the return voyage to Spain next year.

In 1591 Lord Thomas Howard took command of a fleet to the Western Islands, with the single intention of preying on Spanish commerce as before. But at this time the King of Spain had so far recovered himself as to send to sea a still larger and more powerful fleet than that of Lord Thomas Howard; this he did, and what took place is of the essence and being of naval war. In those days—though a change was even then understood to be necessary—Lord Thomas Howard's absence left the Channel uncovered, and had things been as they were, cross-raiding on English territory might have been effected by the Spaniards. But at what price? At that of the probable loss of the whole West India commercial fleet. Any damage that could possibly be done to the shores of England would have been paid for, over and over again, by the vast prize that would fall unguarded into Lord Thomas Howard's hands, while the loss to Spain by this great transfer of property would have been entirely uncompensated. Before any attacks on English soil could be thought of, Spanish commerce must be protected; and Don Alonzo de Bazan sailed to the Western Islands instead of to the Channel.

Don Alonzo's fleet was greatly superior to that of Lord Thomas, and had the latter not been warned in time, all his ships might have suffered the fate of the *Revenge* with Sir Richard Grenville in command. Howard just escaped, and the Spanish Plate Fleet was saved. But so close was the issue, that had that fleet arrived at Flores one day sooner, or had Don Alonzo arrived one day later, Howard would have made the complete success he desired. But even though the main purpose of the expedition was a failure, Howard made sufficient captures in the course of his voyage to pay all its expenses, and Spain suffered not only to that extent, but also in the loss, already detailed, of the greater part of the rescued Plate Fleet on the way home, on account of the decayed condition of the ships.

In the same year, 1591, the Earl of Cumberland made a voyage to the Spanish coast, wholly intent on the attack on Spanish commerce. Slight tangible success alone attended his exertions, but while intelligence of Don Alonzo's preparations drove him home, the fact of the Earl's being on the Spanish coast enabled him to despatch that warning to Lord Thomas Howard which allowed him to draw off his fleet in time—all but the *Revenge*.

In 1592 Frobisher, in succession to Raleigh, took a squadron to the coast of Spain and to the Islands, but this broke up and acted more or less independently, some ships on the coast and some at the Islands. Don Alonzo de Bazan, on his part, being ordered to cover the West India fleet, by so much disobeyed his instructions as to allow captures to be made which he might have prevented. But he was at sea in superior force to the English, and they were perforce driven home.

The Earl of Cumberland, in 1593, repeated the practice which was now established of warring on Spanish commerce, first on the coast of Spain, and then, at the right season, amongst the Western Islands. Captures were made, of course, but Spain repeated her practice of appearing in superior force at the Islands, and necessitating thereby the retirement of the English.

This was now the third year, during which neither side had gained much advantage, and when the guard of Spain on her commerce had been nearly complete. Such proceedings were hardly of the essence of naval war, and might have progressed for an indefinite time. If Spain was able to show superior force at sea for three successive years, she should have pushed it farther. To get any advantage, she should have followed the English fleet up and mastered it. Then she would not only have protected her commerce, but would have been a position to push her attacks closer home. The Spanish error was that they did not understand this; but possibly the question of season governed the Spanish naval policy to a greater extent than we can now easily realise.

The English, on their part, if they had rightly understood the position, would have acted with the sole purpose of mastering the Spanish fleet as a necessary preliminary to the destruction of her commerce. But probably no one then perceived what was axiomatic a century later.

Not improbably the failure to comprehend the exact position, however simple it may seem to us who have assimilated all past experience without knowing it, dictated the changed proceedings of the next few years.

The Spaniards had joined the Roman Catholic League, and in 1594 had ships in Brest, which was held in the interest of the faction. Three thousand English troops had been for some time operating in Brittany, in alliance with the troops of Henry IV., and Frobisher was now despatched with four ships to co-operate against the Spaniards, who at Brest were a threat to the security of the Channel. This operation was effectively concluded.

But cross-raiding was again uppermost in the English mind ; for in the same year, 1594, Drake and Hawkins sailed for the West Indies with the intention of landing at Nombre de Dios, marching across to Panama, and possessing themselves of all the plunder which the sacking of that *entrepôt* for silver was likely to afford. This expedition was late in sailing, because a certain fear of attacks at home grew out of the presence of Spanish ships at Brest and on the coast of Brittany. But a home squadron being fitted out, Drake and Hawkins sailed.

The fears of cross-ravaging, though exaggerated, were not without foundation, for in this year four Spanish galleys ran over from France into Mount's Bay ; their crews landed and burnt Penzance, Mouse-hole, Newlin, and a neighbouring church. Then they re-embarked, and made off as suddenly and as secretly as they had come. Not a drop of English blood was shed, and all the historians agree that it was a mere piece of bravado, without sensible aim and object ; and the galleys were seen by no one, either during their approach or on their retirement.

Before Drake and Hawkins sailed, news had reached England that a valuable Spanish carrack had put into Porto Rico damaged, and the Queen ordered them to make sure of this prize before attempting anything further. In this order, we had again a legitimate operation in the circumstances of the case. It was a worthy object ; not requiring time to achieve, and therefore not liable to interruption from the sea. The march across to Panama required the occupation of Nombre de Dios and the security of their ships, not only to lie there, but to pass freely to sea laden with the spoils gathered from the shores of the Pacific. Clear ideas on such simple points were often wanting in those days, and even in the minds of Drake and Hawkins they could hardly have been present. The ships lingered at Guadaloupe, and allowed the Spaniards both information and time enough so to secure the treasure-ship that the English attack at Porto Rico was repulsed with loss, and Hawkins died, it is said, half of this trouble. Drake proceeded to Nombre de Dios, but found the march across impracticable, and he died, too, near hand, at Porto Bello.

That which was to be expected had meantime happened ; and Baskerville, who succeeded to the command, only just escaped, after a partial action, the superior fleet which Spain had sent out to interrupt, in the only way possible, the operations of the English. Most probably, the failure of the march across the isthmus was the real saving of our fleet, which might otherwise have been caught half-manned at Nombre de Dios by the more powerful Spaniards.

Monson remarks on the risen sea-power of Spain since 1591, and how, in this year, she had secured herself by two strong fleets, one of twenty sail in the West Indies and another of twenty-four sail at the Western Islands. As a consequence, so far, her commerce passed in security, though the ships saw neither a friend nor an enemy before their safe arrival at Lisbon.

She was now really mistress at sea, and had she known what was proper to be done, she would have pushed up into the Channel with all her force before the English could have got out. By so doing she would have left her commerce and all her ports free behind her, for even if she failed to meet and beat the English in their own waters, her threat must have kept them at home. But if she could meet, and could beat them, it was impossible to limit the advantages to her which would immediately follow. She would have passed the period of naval defence, and would have been ready to take up the rôle of attack from the sea, which was secure behind her.

She was slow to read the lesson of the time, slower even than we were ; and though thus really superior at sea, she left herself entirely open to the secret, sudden, and powerful attack which was made upon Cadiz by the Lord Admiral Howard in command of the sea forces, and of Essex in command of the land forces, yet with some joint commission, in this year, 1596.

The expedition did not sail till June 1st, and it was simply fatuous on the part of Philip, that with galleys raiding on our coast the year before, he should have had absolutely nothing by way of look-out, or *avant-garde*, to give him notice that a hundred and fifty ships were preparing to embark over seven thousand land forces, and that the Dutch were incorporating themselves in the great design. But Spain was swelling with ideas of a repetition of her great cross-raiding designs of 1588. She was not in the least conscious that her breach of all the growing principles of naval war was the primary cause of her former failure, and would be, over and over again, the causes of her future failures as long as

she continued them. She had been driving English fleets out of her own waters for four years running, and yet had not understood that water was water, and that if an English fleet fled before a Spanish one at Flores and off Cuba, the same fleet would be hard put to it off Plymouth or the Isle of Wight. But the thought was not in the Spanish Councils; they set out great ideas for the invasion of a heretic England, and the support of a rebellious yet orthodox Ireland, and they left the main body of their preparations open to the stroke of any one who chose to cross the sea to strike it.

Howard and Essex sailed, as I have said, on the 1st of June. They took the most singular precautions by means of wide-spread videttes, which captured or detained every sail that was seen, so that early in the morning of the 20th June the vast fleet was off Cadiz, with nothing to prevent them sailing right up and making themselves masters of the great assemblage of war and merchant ships that lay in unsuspecting tranquillity before them. But a day was lost in divided counsels, and notwithstanding the clearness of their instructions to master the ships in the first instance, and Monson's urgency as a leading naval adviser, it was not till night that the determination to attack the ships was come to. The result was that though many ships were taken, and many burnt to prevent them falling into our hands, the lesser value—the occupation of the town for fourteen days, and its ransom for 120,000 ducats—assumed the most golden hue, and the blow was not as complete as it otherwise might have been.

A point which is not cleared up in any of the histories before me, is the disposition of the Spanish fleet at this time. There were a considerable number of war-ships at Cadiz, no doubt, and some of the heaviest class. There was also at least a squadron at Lisbon, under Siriago, for six of them attacked a private expedition of the Earl of Cumberland off the Rock. But I do not gather whether the fleets of the previous year were guarding commerce this year in the West Indies and at the Azores. The English commanders knew some days before their arrival at Cadiz what ships they would find there, but it was not known to the home Government what the disposition of the Spanish fleet was, for the ascertainment of this was one of the duties enjoined upon the English commanders. Unless these had some knowledge that the sea was free behind them, they could hardly have made the serious attack they did, and would certainly not have remained as much as fourteen days in possession of the town of Cadiz.

It was a part of the Lords Generals' instructions to take the usual measures at the Western Islands for intercepting the Spanish trade, but disputes and discontents had arisen over the possible objections which might be taken at home, and no detachment westward was made. Essex was forbidden to attack Lisbon, and intelligence from Ferrol showed that no ships were there. So, as provisions were, as usual, running short, and there was no further operation open, the great fleet returned to England, arriving at Plymouth on August 8th.

Even this reverse at Cadiz, due as it was to a wholly mistaken naval policy, had no sort of legitimate effect on the Spanish mind, at least in the early part of 1597. The invasion idea was so far uppermost, that an assemblage in force began to be made at Ferrol, and the commerce at the Western Islands was left open. That could be protected only on the spot, or by a close threat in the Channel. An assemblage at Ferrol, which could hardly be in great force after the destruction at Cadiz, was not a strong threat, though in the rebellious condition of Ireland it certainly did require more notice than it had.

Essex took a fleet off the port, but having been very late in sailing—he only left Plymouth on August 17th—owing both to late preparations and to adverse weather, the Spaniards were amply secured against the simple raiding attack by part of the fleet, which was alone practicable. A determination was now come to which was only justified by want of full comprehension of what naval war necessitated. Essex sailed for the Western Islands, leaving it entirely open to the Spanish fleet to follow him there, and perhaps fall on him at the least opportune moment, or else to deal such blows in our home waters as might be open to him. This move of Essex would have been entirely a false one had the English commerce been abreast of that of Spain in value, or near it, for then the Spanish ships might not only have fallen upon the English property at sea, and sent it securely into their own ports, but they were in a position to recapture the English prizes in returning to their home ports, if not to give battle to the returning war-ships in a presumably weakened state. The course taken was only less blamable, because English commerce did not approach the value of that of Spain.

But the operations suggested were open to the Spaniards, and they were at sea the day after Essex left.* Their plan was to use their

* Berkley, p. 420.

local control of the sea in order to seize Falmouth or some western English port, and to use it as a base in which to rest and await the return of the fleet of Essex. Had their seamanship been equal to their strategy they might have done great things, and perhaps turned the tables on this occasion; but a heavy gale off Scilly dispersed the Spanish fleet when on its way to fulfil the mission, and the ships returned to their own ports, allowing Essex to bring home in safety the few prizes he had picked up to the westward.

We can easily trace the growing laws of naval war, unalterable and immutable if it is to be carried on with a view to the certain advantage of either side, and thereby to a speedy conclusion. We have seen Spain on her side able to guard and protect her trade by appearing in force at the point of attack; and we have seen her leave her chief port and source of greatness wholly open to the sudden attack of a fleet of whose approach she had no dreams. Now we see her making one forward step in advancing her base to Ferrol, and meditating operations in British waters. But as late as the middle of August, that is, when the season of naval operations is drawing to a close, the Spanish fleet has made no effort, and lies in its own port, masked by that of Essex. Only, therefore, by beating this fleet of Essex, or by some strategical error on the part of its commander, could the Spanish fleet have achieved its purpose. Meantime, unless there was a second fleet on the Spanish coast, and a third at the Western Islands, Spain is left open to attack by a second English fleet, supposing there was one, either on her commerce or on her territory.

But Essex commits the only error open to him. On the chance that he may do more damage to Spain in the Western Islands than Spain can do in the Channel, he sails away to that quarter, leaving everything open behind him. Because little or nothing was done on either side, we must not suppose that such breaches of plain law could be committed with impunity. It was only by error and mismanagement that Essex failed to possess himself of the whole of the Spanish West Indian ships at one *grand coup*. The attack on Falmouth would perhaps have been made, and all that was to follow it carried out, had it not been for the heavy weather which occurred so opportunely to save the credit of Essex.*

But the reason of the whole matter is simple, and can be simply

* It may be stated that the English had the belief that the Spanish fleet would, as usual, fly to protect its trade, but in the later years of naval war no such belief would have been allowed to operate.

put. Supposing that the English damage to Spanish trade, and Spanish damage in the Channel, were of equal moment to each of the nations at war, how was either to be advantaged if both damages were done, any more than if neither was done? Such cross-damaging can be of no force in bringing either nation to terms, and was much more calculated to exasperate and prolong the war. If Spain, then, committed the error of being too late in the Channel, and not in strength to have fought Essex fairly at sea, Essex should have held her fleet masked at Ferrol till the end of the season, and it would have been possible that a small detachment might have operated successfully upon the Spanish trade. The Spaniards were hardly wrong to have proceeded to carry out their intention of intercepting Essex on his return, rather than of following him to the Islands, though, as in former years, they might have secured their trade directly by the earlier despatch westward of the necessary force.

It would almost seem as if these simple but great principles were now forcing themselves into men's minds as new light. For the Queen sent out no fleet next year (1598), and Spain made no move. There was but a private raiding expedition of the Earl of Cumberland, which, after blocking, and so killing, the outward trade of Spain, made descents on the Canaries and Porto Rico.

The transactions of the year 1599 were of a nature to give further form and substance to rules and maxims which, though congealing in parts, were still soft and unstable.

I cannot write [says Monson] of anything done in this year of 1599, for there was never greater expectation of war with less performance. Whether it was a mistrust the one nation had of the other, or a policy held on both sides to make peace with sword in hand, a treaty being entertained by consent of each prince, I am not to examine; but sure I am, the preparation was on both sides very great, as if the one expected an invasion from the other, and yet it was generally conceived not to be intended by either; but that ours had only relation to my Lord of Essex, who was then in England, and had a design to try his friends in England, and to be revenged of his enemies, as he pretended, and as it proved afterwards by his fall. Howsoever it was, the change was not so great as necessary, for it was commonly known that the Adelentado had drawn both his ships and galleys to the Groyne; which was not usually done, but for some action intended upon England or Ireland, though he converted them afterwards to another use; for the galleys were sent into the Low Countries, and passed the narrow seas whilst our ships lay there. And with the fleet, the Adelentado pursued the Hollanders to the Islands, whither he suspected they were gone. This fleet of Hollanders, which consisted of 73 sail, were the first ships that ever displayed their colours in warlike sort against the Spaniards in any action of their own, for how cruel soever the war seemed to be in Holland, they maintained a peaceable trade in Spain, and abused us. This first action of the Hollanders at sea proved not very successful; for after the spoil of a town in the Canaries, and some hurt done to the Island of St. Tome, they kept the sea for seven or eight months, in which time

their General and most of their men sickened and died, and the rest returned with loss and shame. Another benefit which we received by this preparation was, that our men were now taught suddenly to arm, every man knowing his command, and how to be commanded, which before they were ignorant of; and who knows not that sudden and false alarms in an army are sometimes necessary? To say the truth, the expedition which was then used in drawing together so great an army by land, and rigging so great and royal a navy to sea, in so little a space of time, was so admirable in other countries, that they received a terror by it; and many that came from beyond sea, said the Queen was never more dreaded abroad for anything she ever did.

Frenchmen that came aboard our ships did wonder (as at a thing incredible) that Her Majesty had rigged, victualled, and furnished her royal ships to sea in twelve days' time; and Spain, as an enemy, had reason to fear and grieve to see this sudden preparation.*

The armament consisted of nineteen Queen's ships under Lord Thomas Howard; they assembled in the Downs, but after a month there, the threat had presumably done its work, for the ships were recalled and dismantled.

But the assemblage, following on a year's inaction, and that again following on the experienced dangers of certain strategical operations, dangers which it does not appear were recognized before, would seem to indicate the working of a leaven which would ultimately leaven the whole lump, and fix in men's minds the nature of the inherent principles of naval war.

The year 1600 witnessed the founding of the East India Company, and the sailing of three of their merchant ships under the guidance of James Lancaster, and thus the further development of the strength of a maritime nation in peace and of its weakness in war. The only naval operation was the despatch by England of a small squadron to attack Spanish trade at the Western Islands, and its being driven off by the threat of a much larger Spanish squadron. The Spanish trade however avoided all chances of capture by pursuing a route altogether clear of the Islands, so that Sir Richard Lewson, who commanded the English squadron, saw not a hostile sail.

But the next year, 1601, again saw some relapse into the practice of cross-raiding, for while the English devoted themselves to assisting the Low Countries against the Spaniards, they left the sea so open that late in the year, when indeed, according to usage, fleets should be seeking their home ports, the Spaniards made for the port of Kinsale in Ireland with forty-eight ships and four thousand troops, and landed there.

But it cannot be said that this operation was a complete restoration of the practice of cross-raiding, for the Spaniards

* *Naval Tracts*, Book i., 1599.

were in alliance with the rebel Earl Tyrone, and might plausibly adventure a flying column into what might prove a friendly country. Yet did the result yield its experience, and add to the accumulating evidence of the existence of rule in naval war.

Tyrone, on his side, failed to effect the junction which was sought. The Spaniards found themselves shut up in the town of Kinsale by the army of Mountjoy, which had already defeated Tyrone, while on the sea side they were blocked by Sir Richard Lewson. Yielding was a necessity, in the absence of all control of the sea, and the Spanish army was carefully conducted back to its own country, never again to illustrate their failure to apprehend the possible in conducting war with a maritime power.

But England, on her side, was more receptive of the lessons to be learnt. In March 1602, Lewson and Monson sailed "to infest the Spanish coast with a continual fleet,"* and, with an interval of return, this "infesting" was pushed far into the autumn, and Monson did not quit the Spanish waters till the 21st October; a feat proving not only the capacity of the man, but his growing knowledge of the art of naval war, and the capabilities of the instruments for waging it. His attacks were wholly confined to shipping, and were very successful. The Spanish fleet was, however, much superior to his own; it was at sea, but never succeeded in coming into contact with this consummate seaman, who could think and act.

It was as if all the outlines of naval war had been marked when the Queen died next year (1603), for her fleet was prepared to start for the coast of Spain as early as February, and to remain there till November; a policy which would have held the naval forces of Spain in absolute check, unless she could have faced and beaten the English; while the latter would have had the free sea behind them either to prosecute their own commerce in peace or to stifle that of the enemy.

It had taken all these eighteen years to learn the lesson that nothing can be done of consequence in naval war till one side secures the control of the water area. But even then it was not clear to men's minds that this control must either be acknowledged by the side which has it not, and all its disabilities admitted; or else it must be fought for by all the naval strength either side is capable of putting forth.

Yet were the main principles partly apprehended and partly set forth by the two authorities, whose opinions I now quote in

* *Naval Tracts*, Book i., 1602.

fulfilment of my promise at the beginning of the chapter. Thus writes Sir William Monson :—

Whilst the Spaniards were employed at home by our yearly fleets, they never had opportunity nor leisure either to make an attempt upon us, or to divert the wars from themselves; by which means we were secured from any attempt of theirs, as will appear by what follows.

The Spaniards stood so much in awe of Her Majesty's ships, that when a few of them appeared on the coast they commonly diverted their enterprises—as, namely, in the year 1587, when Sir Francis Drake, with twenty-five ships, prevented an expedition that summer out of Cadiz Road for England, which the next year after they attempted in 1588, because not molested as the year before.

Our action in Portugal, following so quick upon the overthrow in 1588, made the King of Spain so far unable to offend, that if the undertaking had been prosecuted with judgment, he had been in ill circumstances to defend it, or his other kingdoms.

From that year to the year 1591 he grew great by sea, because he was not busied by us as before; which appeared by the fleet that took the *Rerenge*; which armada of his, it is very likely, had been employed against England had it not been diverted that year by my Lord Thomas Howard.

And for four years together after this the King employed his ships to the Islands, to guard his merchants from the Indies, which made him have no leisure to think of England.

The voyage to Cadiz in 1596 did not only frustrate his intended action against England, but we destroyed many of his ships and provisions that should have been employed on that Service.

He designed the second revenge upon England, but was prevented by my Lord of Essex to the islands; which action of his, if it had been well carried, and that my lord would have believed good advice, it had utterly ruined the King of Spain.

The next year that gave cause of fear to the Queen, was 1599, the King of Spain having a whole year, by our sufferance, to make his provisions, and brought his ships and army down to the Groyne; which put the Queen to a more chargeable defensive war than the value our offensive fleet would have been maintained with upon his coast.

This great expedition was diverted by the fleet of Holland, which the Adelenanto pursued to the Islands.

The following years, 1600 and 1601, there was hope of peace, and nothing was attempted on either side till the latter end of 1601 that he invaded Ireland; but with ill-success, as you have heard.

The last summer, 1602, he was braved by Her Majesty's ships in the mouth of his harbour with the loss of a carrack, and rendered unable to prosecute his designs against Ireland, for no sooner was Sir Richard Lewson returned but Sir William Monson was sent back again upon that coast, as you have heard, who kept the King's forces so employed, that he betook himself only to the guard of his shores.

It is not the meanest mischief we shall do to the King of Spain, if we thus war upon him, to force him to keep his shores still armed and guarded, to the infinite vexation, charge, and discontent of his subjects; for no time or place can secure them so long as they see or know us to be upon that coast.

The sequel of all these actions being duly considered, we may be confident that whilst we busy the Spaniards at home, they dare not think of invading England or Ireland; for by their absence their fleet from the Indies may be endangered, and in attempts they have as little hope of prevailing.*

ely I hold [says Sir Walter Raleigh] that the best way is to keep our enemies treading upon our ground; wherein, if we fail, then must we seek to make him

* *Naval Tracts*, Book i., 1603.

wish that he had stayed at his own home. In such a case, if it should happen, our judgments are to weigh many particular circumstances, that belongs not to this discourse. But making the question general, the position, whether England, without the help of her fleet, be able to debar an enemy from landing. I hold that it is unable to do so; and, therefore, I think it most dangerous to make the adventure. For the encouragement of a first victory to an enemy, and the discouragement of being beaten to the invaded, may draw after it a most perilous consequence.

Great difference, I know there is, and diverse consideration to be had, between such a country as France is, strengthened with many fortified places, and this of ours, where our ramparts are but the bodies of men. But I say that an army to be transported over sea, and to be landed again in an enemy's country, and the place left to the choice of the invader cannot be resisted on the coast of England without a fleet to impeach it; no, nor on the coast of France, or any other country, except every creek, port, or sandy bay had a powerful army in each of them to make opposition. . . . For there is no man ignorant that ships, without putting themselves out of breath, will easily outrun the soldiers that coast them.

"*Les armées ne volent point en poste*—armies neither flye nor run post," saith a marshal of France. And I know it to be true that a fleet of ships may be seen at sunset and after it, at the Lizard, and yet by next morning they may recover Portland; whereas an army of foot shall not be able to march it in six dayes. Again, when those troops lodged on the sea shores should be forced to run from place to place in vain, after a fleet of ships, they will at length sit down in the midway, and leave all at adventure.*

If we regard the utterances of these leaders of the Elizabethan era, and remember that what they wrote was not to set forth the principles of naval war in the abstract, but as they applied to the circumstances of their own country at the time, we shall understand to some extent how far they went towards full comprehension, and where they stopped short of it.

Both laid stress on the paramount importance of operations by sea. In Monson's opinion it was only by transferring the war to the sea coasts of Spain that an advantage could be gained in attack; while Raleigh was clear that an attack coming over sea could only be met at sea. Neither leader gives any countenance to the old idea that the attack of one power on the territory of the other could be met by a counter attack of the same character. It follows that in both their minds the age of cross-raiding had passed away, and that the age of naval war as such, naval war absolutely on the sea, had taken its place.

In both their eyes, the policy of Spain must have been a mistaken one, unless she was driven to it by a clear sense of her inferiority at sea. But then, if she were clearly inferior at sea, both


* Raleigh, *History of the World*. Quoted by Creasy, *Fifteen Decisive Battles*, &c., p. 365. I only possess the abridgement of Raleigh's works published by his grandson Philip Raleigh. But it is remarkable how completely that great man relies on ancient examples for modern guidance: The Roman and Greek experiences serve him continually with lessons for the English of James's time.

men would have held that all her attempted raids on territory were practically useless. If she was not absolutely inferior at sea, and Monson was clearly of opinion that she was not so from 1591 to 1595, then her course of policy was from Monson's own showing a wrong one, except upon the ground of the enormous superiority of her commerce to ours. "The King employed his ships to the islands, to guard his merchants from the Indies, which made him have no leisure to think of England." Quite so. But if English commerce offered as important a field of attack as that of Spain, when looked at from the point of view of national importance, a Spanish attack upon English commerce would have left England "with no leisure to think of" Spain.

But in any case, the appearance of Spanish fleets in the Channel must, in Monson's opinion, have had just the same paralyzing effect on the English fleets—as far as any attack on Spain was concerned—as the presence of English fleets in Spanish waters confessedly had on those of Spain. Monson must have been perfectly clear on this abstract proposition or he could not have urged, as he did, the importance of the English fleet's getting away for Spain as early as February. To be first in the field was the point. And the force that was first in the field must hold all the superiority of that position until it was beaten at sea.

The control of the sea, or what I shall now and hereafter call by its established title, the "Command of the Sea," was henceforth to be understood as the aim of naval war. A power striving for anything else, such as evasions, or surprises of ports or territories, or merely defensive guardings of commerce, accepted the position of the inferior and beaten naval power, and could never hope, so long as she maintained that attitude, of seriously damaging her opponent.

(To be continued.)



The Campaign of 1815.

By WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.



II.



IN one of the last and fiercest struggles at Ligny, Blücher had been unhorsed and severely hurt, and the command of the Prussian army devolved on Gneisenau, a capable and scientific officer. It was near nightfall when Ligny had been won—the delay occasioned by the affair of D'Erlon had been injurious in the extreme to the French—and, perceiving that no enemy pressed on his rear, Gneisenau halted, and made preparations to retreat. But whither was the defeated army to move? Was it to fall back on its communications with the Rhine, opening to Napoleon the path to Brussels, and separating itself completely from Wellington; or

was it to endeavour to join its allies, abandoning its line of operations for the time, but appealing to Fortune in another battle? Gneisenau, urged, it is said, by his heroic chief, who gave the order at night from his litter, resolved to adopt the second course; and the Prussian army was directed on Wavre, a town about twenty miles from Sombrefte, and divided from it by the difficult country—a region of hills and lowlands watered by the Dyle—which lay behind the road from Nivelles to Namur. Wavre is about nine or ten miles from Waterloo, a village in front of the Forest of Soignies, and north of a position marked out by Wellington as an admirable field for a great defensive battle; and it was this circumstance, well known to Blücher, which doubtless led him to fall back on Wavre, in spite of the many impediments in the way, impediments which had caused Napoleon to expect that, if forced from the road from Nivelles to Namur, Blücher would most probably recoil on his base, and not attempt to join Wellington through a mass of obstacles. By daybreak on the 17th, the first corps of Ziethen, and the second of Pirch were on their way to Wavre, by Tilly and Gentinnes, villages some miles to the north-west of Sombrefte; and the third corps of Thielmann, charged to cover the movement, broke up some hours later, and made for Gembloux, one of the points, we have seen, which Napoleon hoped to have reached in the advance of the day before, and to the east of Tilly and Gentinnes. The Prussian army was still greatly shaken, and especially was short of food and munitions; but no enemy harassed or observed the retreat; and before long it was joined by Bülow, who had hastened to march by Hannut to Gembloux, and brought 30,000 fresh soldiers to Blücher. Meanwhile, Wellington, who, as night closed on the 16th, had had at Quatre Bras, a mass of about 37,000 men, was joined ere long by some 8,000 more, marched from Brussels and points on his right, and he was thus now equal in numbers with Ney, who had by this time his two corps in hand*; though he was dangerously exposed should Ney and Napoleon be able to reach him with their united forces. Owing to an accident which befell a Prussian officer, the Duke was not informed of the defeat of Blücher until the early morning of the 17th; he thereupon resolved at once to retreat, but having been apprised that the Prussian army was in full march from Sombrefte to Wavre, and would soon be ready to fight again, he decided on stopping the

* With Kellermann's heavy cavalry.

retreat at Waterloo, and on awaiting there the attack of the French, if he could rely on the support of his veteran colleague. The retrograde movement of the Duke from Quatre Bras, screened by a considerable body of horsemen, began at about 10 A.M., and continued for hours; and, in addition to his 45,000 men, he summoned about 21,000 at Nivelles, and perhaps 4,000 more from outlying points, to Waterloo, the scene of the intended conflict. Fearful and jealous for his right, however, all through, he left a large force near Braine le Comte and Halle; and his whole army, in fact, was never concentrated.

The Allies falling back from their true line of junction, the main road from Nivelles to Namur, were thus trying to unite on a second line, by the bad roads from Wavre to Waterloo. This strategy has been praised by the worshippers of success, even by soldiers like Charras and Chesney, and, in the event, it was more than justified; it was, nevertheless, essentially faulty. It is impossible to refute Napoleon's logic; either Blücher, after his defeat at Ligny, ought to have moved directly on Wellington's army, joining it either at Genappe or at least at Waterloo, or both the Allied chiefs ought to have fallen farther back, to have placed the Forest of Soignies between themselves and their foe, and concentrating their forces around Brussels, to have opposed 200,000 men or more, to the 100,000 of the French Emperor, who, in that case, would have been out-generalled and could scarcely have ventured to offer battle. The double retreat on Wavre and Waterloo was, in fact, an imperfect half measure, so often fatal in the operations of war; Wavre was more distant from Waterloo than Sombrefe was from Quatre Bras, by certainly two or three miles, and, what was infinitely more important, was divided from Waterloo by a most intricate country; and, in making this movement, Blücher and Wellington were exposing themselves to crushing defeat, and were rendering their junction extremely difficult. It was to be assumed that a man like Napoleon would be exactly informed of the line of their march, and would do what was the best for his interests; and had Napoleon, on the morning of the 17th, called on his victorious army to make a great effort, he would probably have reached either Blücher or Wellington, still widely apart, and beaten either in detail. Nay, had he, collecting his whole forces, and moving more slowly, either attacked Blücher at Wavre or the Duke at Waterloo, on the 18th, he would almost certainly have won a great battle, before the Allies could succeed in uniting. Exactly the same result would have followed had he, acting on more correct

principles—and supposing, of course, as was to be expected, that he was thoroughly apprised of the Allied movements—detached a part of his army to hold Blücher in check, and assailed Wellington with the mass of his forces; in that case all the chances were that he would be able to overpower Wellington, and to prevent Blücher at Wavre from sending a man to Waterloo. Considering the situation, time, and distance, the boasted retreat of the Allies, therefore, cannot be vindicated, whatever may be said; it exposed them once more to be defeated in detail; and unquestionably their best strategic course was to have effected their junction in the rear, on Brussels, thus completely baffling their great antagonist and not exposing themselves to danger.

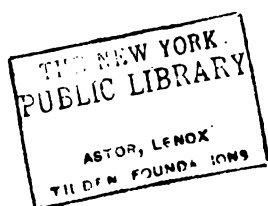
The state of affairs, however, in the camp of the French, had singularly favoured the plan of the allies, and had already saved them from impending peril. Over confident in success, his distinctive fault, Napoleon was convinced that the Prussian army had been * completely routed at Ligny, and could not reappear on the scene for some time; and he returned to Fleurus, utterly worn out by the anxieties and fatigues of the two preceding days. He appears to have given no explicit orders, but he left Soult and Grouchy in temporary command; and these lieutenants, experienced as they were, did nothing to repair the gross want of vigilance due probably to the state of Napoleon's health. Soult seems not to have even sent a message to Ney, a few miles off, to the left; no attempt during the night was made to discover the line of the Prussian retreat, still less to molest the defeated foe; and Grouchy especially, a cavalry chief, instead of reconnoitring in every direction to ascertain where the enemy was, despatched only one body of horsemen along the road from Sombreffe to Namur, that is, far away from the Prussian line of march. In this negligence and slackness we see no sign of the marvellous activity of Jena and Ratisbon; and Charras, I believe, is perfectly right when he says that Napoleon's "long sleep" at Fleurus made the success of Ligny of no use to him, though Charras, always unjust to the Emperor, makes no allowance for his physical weakness, and refuses to blame either Soult or Grouchy. It was about 9 A.M. on the morning of the 17th when Napoleon drove from Fleurus to Ligny—he had been extremely unwell for hours †—and everything

* "*L'armée Prussienne a été mise en déroute*" is the expression of Soult, in the well known letter of the 17th, written under the eye perhaps of Napoleon, certainly according to his ideas.

† Dorsey Gardener (p. 34) cites conclusive testimony to show "that Napoleon went to bed immediately after the close of the battle of Ligny, and was in such a condition



ENGLAND'S HOPE, 1815.



tends to prove that he had no doubt but that the strength of the Prussian army was broken, and that his first idea was that his own army should take rest * on the spot for the day. He ordered a grand review of his troops, and spent two hours at least on the field of Ligny, distributing rewards, and attending the wounded ; and it was not until near noon—having learned from Ney that part of the British army was still at Quatre Bras—that he seems to have resolved on a forward movement. By this time Blücher had completely escaped, and, in fact, was not many miles from Wavre ; the Duke was in full retreat on Waterloo ; and the chance which Napoleon † certainly had, and which the youthful warrior of 1796 would most probably have turned to account, that of falling either on Blücher or Wellington in the early morning of the 17th, had been lost never again to return. The delay, too, in the operations of the French, coupled with the neglect of Soult and Grouchy, had caused the Emperor to remain in ignorance of the true direction of Blücher's march, and had confirmed him in a false impression, which, though not the main cause of his subsequent ruin, undoubtedly in part contributed to it. Clinging to the conception which he had formed from the first, he was now absolutely convinced that, after Ligny, Blücher was falling back on his base to the Rhine ; and the unlucky reconnaissance made in the morning, which pointed to a Prussian retreat by Namur—some prisoners and guns had been taken by the French—only went to strengthen his erroneous judgment. He resolved, therefore, following the grand precedent of 1796, against Beaulieu and Colli—his cardinal idea in the campaign of 1815—to direct the mass of his army against Wellington, and to keep Blücher away with a force sufficient to hold the defeated Prussians in check, while he should endeavour to overpower the Duke. This strategy was perfectly correct in principle, but the delay of the morning had been most unfortunate, and the project was founded on a false assumption of the direction taken by Blücher's forces.

The whole French army—except one division left in reserve, it had suffered so much—was now divided into two groups ; the first

that none of his staff dared enter his chamber to procure his sanction for vitally important orders, and that on the morning of the 17th there was the same impossibility of getting access to him."

* See, again, Soult's letter of 17th, "La journée d'aujourd'hui est nécessaire pour terminer cette opération, et pour compléter les munitions, rallier les militaires isolés et faire rentrer les détachements.

† What Napoleon might have accomplished on the morning of the 17th is very ably shown by Charras (p. 203, vol. i.), but with too much regard to mere theory.

composed of the Guard, a part of the 6th Corps, and some 8,000 horsemen, marching on Quatre Bras, to unite with Ney, with the 2nd and 1st Corps, and about 7,000 cavalry; the second comprising the 3rd and 4th Corps, one division of the 6th, and about 5,000 horsemen. The first group, about 72,000 strong, with not less than 240 guns, was to be under the Emperor's command, and was intended to reach and attack Wellington; the second, some 34,000 men, with from 96 to 100 guns, was the wing that was destined to restrain Blücher. Napoleon broke up from Ligny soon after noon, and gave the command of this wing to Grouchy, enjoining him to "pursue and attack the Prussians, and to keep Blücher continually in sight," and indicating Namur as, most probably, the direction of the retreat of the enemy. The Emperor, too, I can have no doubt, informed his lieutenant that his mission was * to interpose between Blücher and Wellington; and in fact, an experienced chief like Grouchy must have understood that this was the object of his being detached from the main French army. The direction, however, of the restraining wing was late; Blücher had gained fourteen hours on the foe sent against him; his retreat was on Wavre, not on Namur; and it had already become no easy task to come up with him, and to hold him in check. Grouchy, alarmed at what had been devolved on him, expostulated with his Imperial master; but Napoleon curtly told him, "to find out the enemy," and set off to join Ney at Quatre Bras. He met the Marshal at about 2 P.M.; their united forces were massed together, and they were directed against the army of Wellington, for some hours, we have seen, in retreat. Ney had continued stationary at Quatre Bras, until the Emperor came on to him, and for this inaction he has been severely blamed; but the reproach is † too exacting, and by no means just; the army of Wellington had been placed in safety; and even had Ney advanced from Quatre Bras as soon as he saw Napoleon moving from Ligny, and pressed on the rear of the British force, he could not have gained any marked success. Napoleon began the pursuit at about 3 P.M., following Wellington along the great road to Brussels,

* This has been denied by Grouchy, but is distinctly to be inferred from his own letters; and, as Jomini observes, the situation dictated the order. Gérard, who, however, is unjust to Grouchy, declares that Napoleon gave the most precise instructions nearly to this effect.

† Napoleon, conscious of the evil results of the delays of the 17th, condemns Ney for not having fallen on Wellington, at least when the Imperial army was on the march. This criticism, however, is not well founded, or even honest. Napoleon had a right to complain of Ney on the 16th and 18th, not on the 17th.

leading by Genappe to the Forest of Soignies; but great results were no longer possible; the French merely harassed the retiring cavalry; and, in fact, an extraordinary tempest of rain made military operations practically useless. At about 7 P.M. the advanced guard of the French reached the low hills above La Belle Alliance, in front of the position of Waterloo; and in reply to a challenge made by Napoleon, the fire of many batteries made the Emperor aware that a large army was collected at a short distance from him.

We turn to the operations of Grouchy's wing, detached, we have seen, late to follow up Blücher. Grouchy had not set his 34,000 men in motion, from Ligny, until about 3 P.M., and for this he has been harshly condemned; but, considering that his troops were widely scattered, and that Napoleon did not advance from Quatre Bras until the same hour, or nearly so, I am satisfied the censure is not deserved. The Marshal, a brave but irresolute man—he had shown what he was at Bantry in 1796—was hesitating what direction to take, when a positive order from Napoleon came to determine his still uncertain purpose. The Emperor, when on his way to Quatre Bras, had received the intelligence that a large Prussian force had been seen on the Orneau, not far from Gembloux; and he instantly sent off a messenger to Grouchy—through Bertrand, and not through the Chief of the Staff—every sentence of which should be carefully studied. In this important despatch Napoleon, we see,* believed that Blücher was still falling back, with at least the mass of his army, eastwards; but the proximity of the Prussians at Gembloux surprised him; and he distinctly pointed out that “Blücher and Wellington might endeavour to unite, and to offer battle, in order to cover Liège or Brussels.” Suspecting part of the truth, but still uninformed, he now ordered Grouchy to occupy Gembloux—he evidently thought that from this point the line of Blücher's retreat would be ascertained, and that Grouchy would hold a position between the Prussians and the main French army—and he desired Grouchy “to communicate

* The operations of Grouchy on the 17th and 18th of June had a decisive effect on the issue of the campaign, and have been the subject of volumes of controversy. I have relied mainly on the papers written at the time, but in part guided by Jomini's sagacious direction. Napoleon, writing at St. Helena, was largely ignorant of the details of these movements, and is unjust to his luckless subordinate. Thiers, and authors of the Napoleonic school, exaggerate the unfairness of the Emperor; on the other hand, Charras, Chesney, and others are not trustworthy authorities, and are thoroughly prejudiced against Napoleon. This part of Charras' book is the theoretic reasoning, after the event, of a malignant partisan critic.

with head-quarters," by "cavalry detachments," along "the road from Namur," showing thus he believed that the Prussian chief was probably retiring in force towards Liège, that is towards his base on the Rhine. This order was still founded on the false impression of the direction really taken by Blücher, for Gembloux is to the east of Wavre, and thirteen or fourteen miles from that place; but in spite of all that the Emperor's censors have said, it was sufficiently correct to have enabled Grouchy, had he been a capable and active chief, to have, in the main, fulfilled his mission, and to have interposed between Blücher and Wellington. Grouchy set off without further delay—responsibility was a heavy load on him; the storm of rain which had kept back Napoleon retarded also the Marshal's columns; the roads too, to Gembloux were exceedingly bad; and it was not until 9 P.M. that the whole force of Grouchy was collected near and around Gembloux, part east of the town, and part still in the rear. Grouchy had pushed on to Gembloux some hours before, with an advanced guard, to endeavour to find out the true direction of Blücher's retreat; but though it is certainly strange that this was not discovered beyond the possibility of doubt by this time, and the march to Gembloux had been slow, I believe the Marshal cannot fairly be blamed. In this position of affairs Grouchy sent a despatch to the Emperor, now in front of Waterloo, at 10 P.M. on the night of the 17th, and another at 2 A.M. on the morning of the 18th; and these, too, require close attention. In the first of these letters Grouchy announced that the Prussian army was still falling back, almost certainly formed* "into two great columns," the one moving on Wavre by Sart les Walhain, a place a few miles to the north-east of Gembloux, the other retiring on Perwez towards Liège; and the Marshal added that if "the mass of the enemy had made its way to Wavre" he would "follow it up in that direction," "in order to separate Blücher from Wellington." The second letter has been lost, but its contents are known; the Marshal wrote that he was about to march on Wavre by Sart les Walhain on the track of Blücher; and this is confirmed by a third message,† sent to Pajol, one of his light cavalry chiefs, which directed a speedy advance on Wavre.

* Grouchy also incidentally refers to a third column retreating by Namur.

† This despatch was discovered by the Prince La Tour D'Auvergne (see his book on *Waterloo*, p. 318), and is of extreme importance. It was written "at daybreak," on the 18th. and ordered Pajol to hasten to Tourinnes, "*afin que nous pussions en avant de Wavre, le plus promptement possible.*"

The information thus conveyed by Grouchy was only a partial approach to the truth, and it was calculated to mislead Napoleon, and to inspire him with disastrous false confidence. Blücher was not retreating in two divergent columns; he had never thought of drawing towards Liège; and, at this moment, the night of the 17th, the four corps of his army, now well supplied and rested, and still numbering about 90,000 men, with from 270 to 280 guns, had been concentrated around Wavre, on either bank of the stream of the Dyle, and ready in the morning to march on Waterloo. The knowledge even now acquired by Grouchy was amply sufficient to urge that chief to advance on Wavre as quickly as possible, for it was by that line only that, from his point of view, even one hostile column could join Wellington; and his letters prove that he understood his mission. But his messages to Napoleon were of such a nature as to cause the Emperor to feel assured—especially as this was his own idea—that a large part at least of the Prussian army was leagues away in retreat eastward, and could not possibly assist the Duke; and, in any case, he had a right to infer that if part of Blücher's forces was at Wavre, Grouchy would be fully able to hold it in check. Buoyed up by these hopes, the Emperor spent half the night of the 17th in watching the lines of fire which marked the British bivouacs, and he had but one fear, that the state of the weather—the rain had continued to descend in torrents—would prevent him from bringing Wellington to bay, and would enable the English chief to decamp ere the morrow. It is, however, a complete mistake to suppose, as Charras and other detractors have urged, that the Emperor at this critical moment altogether neglected to watch his right, or to keep in communication with Grouchy at Gembloux. I cannot, indeed, accept his statement,* for it can hardly be reconciled with the published documents, that he directed Grouchy, on the night of the 17th, to send a detachment to the main French army, in order to fall

* This is one of the most obscure and disputed passages of the campaign. Napoleon positively declares that he ordered Grouchy to detach 7,000 men from Gembloux to attack Wellington, and he is followed by Thiers and a number of writers. But, as Charras and others have fairly pointed out, no copy of the order can be found in the register of the Chief of the Staff; the name of the bearer has never been given, and the order seems inconsistent with a subsequent message sent to Grouchy in the morning of the 18th. Still there are indications that the order was given; Napoleon would hardly utter an audacious falsehood on such a subject. Thiers narrates an anecdote which confirms his conclusion; and, as we have already seen, the Emperor did not always convey his directions through Soult. The matter, however, is scarcely of the capital importance ascribed to it by some writers.

on the flank of Wellington—the counterpart of the march from Quatre Bras to Marbais—though this incident of the campaign has been ill explored; and there are reasons to think the order was made, apparently opposed to the known evidence. But he sent horsemen to scour the country towards Gembloux, and even within some miles of Wavre. He certainly ascertained, before daybreak on the 18th, that a Prussian column was near Wavre, and he communicated, we shall see, the news to Grouchy. Relying, however, on the Marshal's account, he assumed that Grouchy would be in sufficient force to paralyse and perhaps destroy this foe, and he was justified, from what he had been told, in a supposition of the kind.

It was now the morning of the 18th of June, and Napoleon perceived, with exulting pride, that Wellington had not attempted to retreat, and that the Duke's army retained its positions. The Emperor felt assured of a decisive victory; he was certain that Grouchy could easily master any forces that might threaten his right, if such forces were at hand at all; and he exclaimed to Ney, as they sat at breakfast, that the "chances were nine to one in their favour." Napoleon had intended to have his army in line, and to begin the battle at 9 A.M.,* but the severity of the weather had made the ground very difficult for the manœuvring of guns. He believed that a grand demonstration would shake the nerves of the Belgian and Dutch troops, who had been lately in the Imperial service, but who now formed a large part of Wellington's force; and, at the instance, it is said, of Drouet, one of his most skilful and trusted officers, he put off the attack for nearly three hours, the state of his frame, which needed repose, very probably, too, affecting his purpose. This delay was immensely in the Duke's favour. Waterloo, but for it, could hardly have been won, and it may truly be said that, on this day, the sun in its courses fought against Napoleon. Meanwhile Wellington had drawn together his army, about 70,000 strong, comprising 13,000 cavalry, and 160 guns; and relying on the pledge of the word of Blücher, who, conquering pain and superior to defeat, had promised to come up in line at Waterloo, "with his whole army," by the "forenoon at latest," he calmly awaited the attack of his renowned antagonist. He might, even at this moment, have had a much larger force on the ground, for, apprehensive for his right to the last, he had left 17,000 men far away at Hal, a strategic

* This is placed beyond doubt by Prince La Tour D'Auvergne, *Waterloo*, p. 251, and disposes of the able but ill-founded remarks of Charras.

mistake which cannot be justified, and which placed him in grave peril during the ensuing battle. While Waterloo was being thus prepared, Blücher had broken up from his camps round Wavre, intent on carrying the support to his English colleague which he felt would secure the Allies a triumph. The veteran did not suspect that Grouchy was not far off with 34,000 men; the Duke and Blücher, in fact, believed that Napoleon had all his army in hand, with the exception of the one corps of Vandamme; and this single calculation condemns the generalship of the double movement on Wavre and Waterloo; for had Napoleon had 90,000 men to oppose to the 70,000 of Wellington, and been able to attack early on the 18th, Blücher never could have been up in time to avert a defeat that must have been certain. No hostile column, however, appeared from Gembloux, to threaten the Prussians on their flank march, and yet the difficulties and obstacles in the way—imperfectly understood by the Prussian staff—were so great that the advance from Wavre was exceedingly slow, and perilously delayed. Bülow, starting from beyond the Dyle at break of day, was not at Chapelle St. Lambert, with even a few men, until noon, still far from Napoleon's right; Pirch and Ziethen were not in march for Waterloo until 11.30 A.M., and even then lingered; and Thielmann, with a considerable part of his corps, was left behind to defend Wavre. Nothing but the heroic ardour of Blücher and the energy of his fierce soldiery enabled the movement to be made at all, and but for accidents and bad generalship I think it could not have been accomplished with results leading to success at Waterloo.

While Blücher was thus toiling to attain Waterloo, Grouchy was on his way from Gembloux to Wavre. To appreciate thoroughly this passage of the campaign, I must ask the reader to retrace his steps, and to turn back to part of the preceding narrative. Grouchy, sent to Gembloux with 34,000 men, to pursue and to attack Blücher, and, doubtless, to keep him aloof from Wellington, had not ascertained, even at the close of the 17th, the exact positions of the whole Prussian army; but he had been informed that part of it was falling back on Liège, and that another part was retreating on Wavre; and he had, in the two letters cited, apprised Napoleon that "should the mass of the Prussians go that way," he would take care to advance on Wavre, and thus "separate Blücher from Wellington." This information was not wholly correct, but it was so to a certain extent; and it ought to have at once suggested to Grouchy—a general-in-chief in command of an army, and he per-

fectly understood his mission—the necessity of marching quickly on Wavre by the earliest dawn of the 18th; for any Prussian column retiring on Liège was abandoning altogether the theatre, and might, therefore, be left alone; whereas a Prussian column directed to Wavre would be approaching Wellington, and might molest Napoleon. This was the more essential, because the Emperor, upon leaving for Quatre Bras, had told Grouchy that his intention was to attack the Duke should he make a stand “in front of the Forest of Soignies,” the very spot where the Duke now was; and also, notably, because the Marshal’s despatches were such as would lead Napoleon to think that no Prussians could even approach Waterloo. The duty of Grouchy to keep Blücher and the Duke apart ought to have induced him likewise, in his march from Gembloux, to draw towards Wavre along roads tending towards the Emperor’s position and Blücher’s flank, should the Prussians attempt to make for Waterloo; for thus only could he accomplish his task, of which he was well aware, as his own messages show. These roads existed, and were even open; they led across the Dyle by two stone bridges at Mousty and Ottignies, left intact as those on the Sambre had been on the 15th; and they could have borne Grouchy’s army in seven hours at latest—the distance, we have said, is thirteen or fourteen miles—either to Wavre, or to intermediate points between Wavre and the Duke’s lines at Waterloo. Common sense, therefore, should have inspired Grouchy to leave Gembloux as early as possible on the 18th, to divide his troops into two columns at least, in order to expedite the march, and to make for Wavre by Mousty and Ottignies; and had this been done, I agree with Jomini, Blücher would not have made his way to Waterloo. Unfortunately, Grouchy, we have seen, had resolved to advance from Gembloux on Wavre—and he was hesitating even in this purpose—not by the roads that would bring him on Blücher’s flank, but by Sart les Walhain, and a circuitous road that would place him only on Blücher’s rear, and therefore in a much worse position to intercept a Prussian flank march on Waterloo; but though this was a grave strategic error, it was perhaps not an irreparable mistake. Where Grouchy’s conduct cannot be excused, and what condemns him at the bar of history, is that, in opposition to his obvious duty and to the rules of mere common prudence, he left Gembloux at* so late an hour that it became difficult to attain

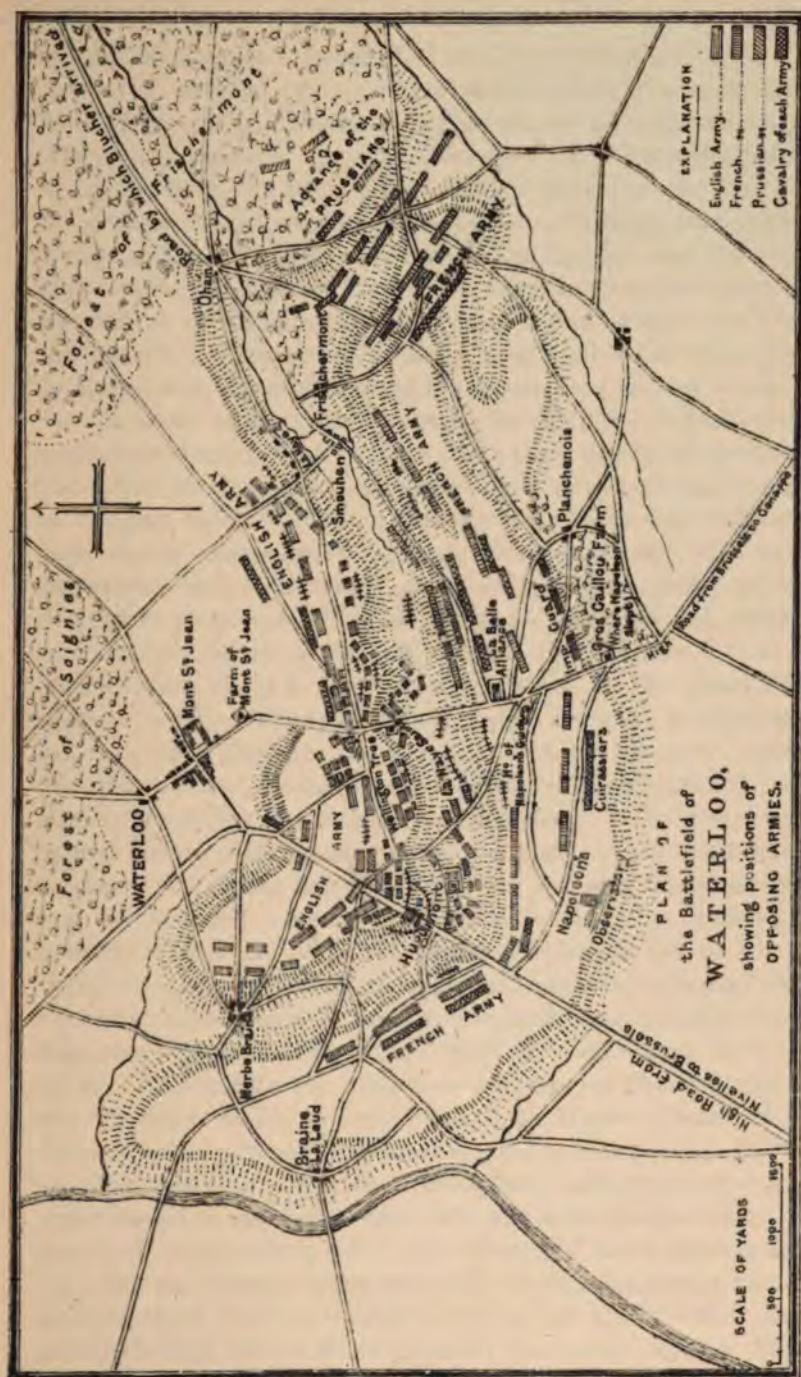
* Detractors of Napoleon and encomiasts of the Allies have concurred in endeavouring to excuse Grouchy. They begin by referring to the state of the weather in the morning of the 18th as accounting for Grouchy’s delay in leaving Gembloux. It is enough to reply that Bülow started for Waterloo at daybreak through a most difficult country.

Wavre in time to be of much use to Napoleon ; and that he so disposed his army as to render its march unnecessarily and even extraordinarily slow. Instead of breaking up at 3 or 4 A.M., he did not break up until 8 or 9 A.M. ; instead of forming his men into two columns at least, he allowed them to march in one huge column ; and thus hours of inestimable worth were lost, and a movement which ought to have been as quick as possible was retarded in every conceivable way.

Napoleon, meantime, had been preparing a grand and decisive attack on Wellington. His army had been some time in motion to take the positions assigned to it, when he sent off by Soult a message to Grouchy, at this moment on his way from Gembloux. In this letter, written at 10 A.M., the Chief of the Staff informed Grouchy that, besides the two columns the Marshal had mentioned, intelligence had been received of a third Prussian column falling back on Wavre by Gentinnes ; and he approved of Grouchy's intended march on Wavre—inferred from the despatch of 2 A.M.—but he enjoined him to approach the Emperor, and to enter into communication with the main French army, which, he added, was about to engage in battle “near Waterloo,” before “the Forest of Soignies.” By 11 A.M., Napoleon's legions had taken their ground on their last field, and the annals of war have seldom presented so magnificent and imposing a spectacle, described by the Emperor himself in most striking language. The French army, spread out like a gigantic fan, resplendent in all the pomp of battle, was formed into three great masses ; the first, composed of the 2nd and 1st Corps, deployed in lines from Mon Plaisir on the left to Frischermont on the extreme right ; the second, a superb array of cavalry, in line, to the rear of Reille and D'Erlon ; and the third, in close columns, made up of cavalry, of Lobau's 6th corps, and of the Imperial Guard, intended to deal the decisive stroke. Napoleon's position crossed two roads, one the great highway from Charleroi to Brussels, the other a good cross-road from Nivelles running into the first at Mont St. Jean ; and the three arms could concur in the attack, though his adversary's front was protected by obstacles, and the rain of fifteen hours had made an attack difficult through dense fields of rye and miry enclosures. The Emperor rode in front of his line, accompanied by his gorgeous staff ; exulting cheers burst from the martial host, proud of the renown of a hundred victories ; and the sight, as Napoleon calculated, made a profound impression on the thousands of men in the hostile array who had but recently served under the Imperial eagles. The Duke,

however, had his arrangements made ; they fully revealed his defensive skill ; and if some of the auxiliaries had faint hearts, he knew that he could thoroughly rely on his British and most of his German soldiery. His lines, running from his right to his left, extended from beyond Hougoumont, in front of Mon Plaisir, to Papelotte and La Haye, in front of Frischermont ; but he had some thousands of men on his extreme right, holding Merbe Braine and Braine L'Alleud, and communicating by vedettes with Hal, where, we have seen, he had left 17,000 men ; and his extreme left had outposts reaching to Ohain, on the road to Wavre, whence he expected Blücher. Hill commanded the right wing, the Prince of Orange the left, the Duke held the centre in his own hands ; and though his army presented a less compact front than that of his Imperial foe, it was admirably arranged for a defensive battle. Before the position stood the château of Hougoumont, covering the right and the right centre of the Duke ; beyond was the farm of La Haye Sainte and the hamlets of Papelotte and La Haye, advanced posts on his centre and left ; and these points of vantage had been carefully fortified, and held by considerable bodies of men, to break the first fury of the French attack. Behind these obstacles the main army held a formidable position, guarding the two roads from Charleroi to Brussels and that from Nivelles ; and it had this special characteristic, that its possessors could sweep the assailant's columns at all points with fire, and that it afforded cover in the rear to screen the reserves, exactly the opposite of the case of the Prussians at Ligny. The Duke, however, like all true generals, did not rely only on a passive defence ; a cross-road just behind the main position enabled all arms to manœuvre fully, and the cavalry massed behind the British centre had facilities to advance from most points of the line.

I can only attempt a mere sketch of one of the most memorable battles of all time. The plan of Napoleon's attack, in which we perceive the last exhibition of his genius in war, was to turn Wellington's left—by many degrees the weakest point of the British position—and, simultaneously, to force his centre ; success in this operation would not only separate the Duke's army completely from Blücher, but would cut off its retreat upon Brussels, and would force it into an intricate country where escape from a victorious foe would be difficult. This great effort was to be made by the corps of D'Erlon, supported by the fire of an array of batteries accumulated in front of La Haye Sainte, and thence as far as Papelotte and La Haye ; and it was to



be sustained by the Imperial Guard, by Lobau, and by a large reserve of cavalry; but it was to be masked by a feint against Wellington's right, in order to screen the decisive movement, and to draw the enemy's attention away from it. Napoleon gave the signal at 11.30 A.M., and part of Reille's corps on the Emperor's left advanced boldly against Hougomont, in front, we have seen, of the right of the British position. The château and the adjoining grounds, composed of a wood, an orchard and walled enclosures, afforded an excellent centre of defence; and though the French surrounded the place in thousands—nearly all Reille's men became engaged—and captured most of the approaches to the house, and though some of the Duke's auxiliaries fled, the British Guards stubbornly clung to the spot, and made their resistance good to the last. The effect of this attack, in which we see precipitate haste on the part of the French—a defect in their tactics throughout the day—was to weaken most seriously the second corps, and to turn a diversion into a principal effort; and this admirably answered the Duke's purpose, for the force of his foe was broken on obstacles, and his own position was left intact. It was now 1 P.M., and Napoleon was about to send an order to Ney for the grand attack, when he descried a body of troops on his right, at a considerable distance, near Chapelle St. Lambert, and he was soon apprised that this was the advanced guard of Bülow's corps, 30,000 strong, already gathering menacingly on his flank. The Emperor detached Lobau, with 10,000 men, to the right, to hold this new foe in check, exclaiming that "Grouchy had lost him thirty chances"; and he instantly sent off a message to Grouchy, desiring the Marshal to approach Waterloo, and if possible, to fall on the rear of Bülow; some indication, perhaps, that Napoleon believed a part of Grouchy's force would be at once available, and possibly showing that the disputed order of the previous night may have been given. Meanwhile the batteries bearing on Wellington's line from La Haye Sainte to Papelotte and La Haye—a mass of from 70 to 80 guns, opposed by a much weaker artillery force—had been carrying destruction into the British ranks; and about 1.30 P.M. Ney was directed to carry the Duke's left, and to storm his centre. The assailants advanced in four huge columns of extraordinary depth, and with their flanks uncovered—this vicious formation has been acknowledged, but the author of it is not known—they moved slowly through the difficult ground; they swept away a Belgian division, which did not attempt to abide their onset; but they failed before Picton and his tenacious infantry, though they attained the

crest of the British position. The Duke seized the occasion with perfect skill ; and seeing that the French were already shaken, he launched against them a mass of heavy cavalry, which, in a few moments, carried all before it, forced the enemy's columns in rout backwards, and clinging to their unprotected sides, captured two eagles and 2,000 prisoners. The horsemen, pressing the pursuit too far, were nearly destroyed by a counter-attack of hostile cavalry from Napoleon's lines ; but this magnificent charge completely defeated the first great effort made by the Emperor, and had a marked effect on the fortunes of the day.

It was nearly 3 P.M., and Napoleon's prospects, which had appeared so brilliant, had become clouded. Bülow had moved forward from Chapelle St. Lambert ; Lobau, greatly out-numbered, was falling back ; a messenger had arrived from Gembloux announcing that Grouchy was miles distant ; and Wellington had completely maintained his position. It is difficult to determine what, in this state of affairs, was the exact purpose formed by Napoleon ; but he probably resolved to watch the movement of Bülow ; and renouncing his attack on the Duke's left, which would seriously endanger his own right, he turned against the British centre, for the present suspending a decisive effort. Ney was ordered to seize the advanced post of La Haye Sainte, and the place was mastered at about 4 P.M.,* after a furious and well-contested struggle, in which the French cavalry made their power manifest. A gap was now opened in Wellington's front ; guns were brought up to bear on his line ; a part of his troops fell back for shelter behind the crest of his main position. Napoleon seems to have believed in the beginning of a retreat, and he directed a large part of his cavalry reserve, with Ney at their head, to advance on the enemy, his purpose being, it seems probable, to sustain the movement by the Imperial Guard. The French horsemen advanced in superb confidence ; carried the eminences held by the hostile infantry, and sent terror into the hearts of the inferior troops who crowded the ranks of the Duke's army, though checked by the squares of the British and German footmen. It seems now certain that Napoleon meant to follow up this partial success, when a diversion caused him to forego his purpose. Bülow had hesitated to make a serious attack ; but Blücher had joined his halting lieutenant, and the fiery veteran, seeing how critical† was

* I cannot accept General Shaw Kennedy's statement that La Haye Sainte was taken until 6 P.M. ; it is contradicted by every other contemporaneous authority.

† See on this point Blücher's official account of Waterloo never contradicted by Wellington. English writers will not acknowledge the enormous importance of Bülow's attack.

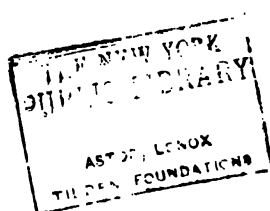
the situation of Wellington's army, ordered an immediate advance on Napoleon's flank. The Emperor was now fighting two battles; his attention was for some time engrossed in repelling Bülow's attack on his right; and this, indeed, became so formidable, that a considerable part of the Imperial Guard was required to stem the enemy's progress. Ney, meanwhile, had been making desperate efforts with his cavalry to break the British centre; he employed the last reserve of this splendid force, undoubtedly against his master's wishes;* but though Wellington's line had been severely shaken, and thousands of fugitives covered his rear, and enormous gaps had been made in his army, the enemy's cavalry, unsupported by foot, were unable to force the British position. The battle was undecided at 7 p.m.; but Bülow's attack had been repelled; Ney maintained his hold on the British front; the cannon of Grouchy were heard from Wavre, a pledge that he was keeping back the Prussians; and Reille and D'Erlon had made some progress in their efforts against the British right and centre. Napoleon thought his opportunity had come; a final stroke, he believed, would secure him victory, and forming the Guard into two great columns, supported by guns and the wreck of his cavalry, he directed one against the Duke's centre, holding the second in reserve to sustain the movement. Wellington's army had suffered immense losses; death, desertion, flight, had carried off thousands; undoubtedly he was in serious peril; and he now probably felt how grave had been the error of leaving 17,000 men at Hal. But, though "night or Blücher," significant words which fell from him, showed that he knew his danger, he had made everything ready to meet his foe; and drawing in his right wing behind his centre, he had even now a powerful reserve to oppose to Napoleon's supreme effort. The onset of the first column of the Guard for a time overbore all resistance; but it was arrested by the British Guards, by the renowned 52nd, and by a division of Dutchmen led by Chassé, and the defeated column swayed slowly backward, expecting the support of the approaching reserve. The needful assistance was never to come; just at this moment part of the two corps of Ziethen and Pirch came into line. The French right was suddenly rent asunder, and a mass of British cavalry flooding the plain, spread confusion and panic through the beaten army. A terrible scene of ruin and

* Napoleon, to the latest hour of his life, attributed to Ney the sacrifice of his last cavalry reserve, and declared it was one main cause of the rout of Waterloo. Ney acted recklessly on the 18th June; he had the hot fit and cold fit of a desperate man by turns in this campaign.

disaster followed. The Imperial Guard fought nobly to the last; but the rest of Napoleon's routed troops became a mere chaos of dissolving fugitives, pursued with relentless hate by the Prussians, and scattered along the roads that lead across the Sambre. Not thirty thousand men of the perishing host were ever, probably, seen under arms again. The losses of the victors were not less than 22,000 or 23,000 men, and nearly 7,000 of these were Prussians.

Napoleon at Waterloo gave little proof of the energy and resource of Jena and Austerlitz. The plan of his attack was, indeed, perfect, but during the greater part of the day he was in a position of extreme difficulty, and he was badly seconded by his lieutenants, who displayed feverish impatience and great want of caution. But he did not prevent the waste of his troops round Hougoumont; he allowed Ney to engage a large part at least of his cavalry in a premature movement; he did not seize the occasion he perhaps had, to attack in full force before Bülow's diversion. He was remiss and inactive throughout the battle; and this was due, there is now no doubt, to physical exhaustion* and long impaired health. The Duke, on the other hand, was the soul of the defence; he conducted the battle with wonderful skill, directing every movement at the right moment, making counter attacks when these were opportune, keeping a sufficient reserve for the supreme trial, and breathing into his men a stern sense of duty, his tenacity, and inflexible constancy. His management of the contest was so admirable that he held his ground, though he had expected Blücher in force on the field before midday, and though, humanly speaking, he must have lost the battle but for the intervention of the Prussian army—his composite force of 70,000 men, much weaker in guns, was not to be compared to the 72,000 troops under the Emperor's flag—still, I venture to think that even without this aid, he would not have suffered the crushing defeat on which Napoleon's hopes for the campaign rested. His one mistake, in fact, on this memorable day, was the isolating 17,000 men at Hal; this certainly exposed him to real danger; but then this was a strategic not a tactical error. Nevertheless Waterloo was decided by combinations outside the field; and we turn to the operations of Grouchy, the main cause, I believe, of Napoleon's overthrow.

* Dorsey Gardener, on the authority of two of Napoleon's staff officers, gives this account of the Emperor at Waterloo (p. 36): "he remained motionless, for long intervals, seated at a table, frequently sinking upon it."





"TAMBOUR, FAITES-MOI CADEAU D'UNE PRISE!"

The Marshal breaking up, we have seen, from Gembloux at least five or six hours too late, and marching with extraordinary slowness, reached Sart les Walhain at about 11.30—he was still eight or ten miles from Wavre—and at that place the thunder of cannon, far to the left, gave token of a great distant battle. Gérard, with true insight, at once urged Grouchy to cross the Dyle by Mousty and Ottignies, and to draw near the Emperor, known to be at Waterloo; for by so doing, Gérard justly argued, Wavre would be turned should it be attacked, and the French would attain the flank of Blücher, who, Gérard felt certain, was trying to join Wellington. Grouchy refused to listen to sagacious counsels, which, had they inspired him twelve hours before, would have perhaps changed the course of events in Europe, and which even now might have borne fruit; and he set off with his whole force for Wavre, where he expected to find the Prussian army. By this time Bülow was at Chapelle St. Lambert, but with a weak advanced guard only. Pirch and Ziethen were just breaking up from Wavre, and Thielmann was about to join them; but a great change took place in the Prussian movements when, at about 1 P.M., intelligence came that the enemy was approaching Wavre. Part of the corps of Pirch was ordered to fall back; the march of Ziethen was greatly retarded; and Thielmann was directed to remain at Wavre, and to make head against the scarcely expected foe. By 4 P.M. Grouchy was close to Wavre, having marched on the place, not across the Dyle towards the flank of Blücher, but along the river, thus striking Blücher's extreme rear, and pushing him, so to speak, on Wellington; the Marshal opened fire at once on the town, having just received Soult's letter of 10 A.M., which, no doubt, sanctioned an advance on Wavre, but ordered Grouchy to approach the Emperor. It is useless to follow the events of a combat of no importance to the result of the campaign; Thielmann, with only 18,000 men, contrived to hold Grouchy some hours in check; and meanwhile Bülow, completely free to act, and Pirch and Ziethen, all danger removed, succeeded in reaching Waterloo, and in crushing Napoleon. Yet, bad as it was, the position of Grouchy made the Prussians cautious, and kept them back; Pirch and Ziethen were only just up in time; and of an army of 90,000 men, not 50,000 made their way to Waterloo. By 7 P.M. Grouchy received the letter of 1 P.M., sent off from Napoleon's lines at the news of the apparition of Bülow; the Marshal crossed the Dyle, and tried to approach the Emperor; but the movement was now altogether too late; the French army and its chief had succumbed.

The junction of Blücher and Wellington, therefore, led to the

overwhelming defeat of Waterloo; but for this, Napoleon would have won the battle—the chances, at least, were all in his favour—despite the tactical errors of the French, and the admirable defensive resource of Wellington. It follows that the great and capital question, as regards this part of the Campaign of 1815, is: could Grouchy have prevented this junction, for, if he could, he must be held responsible for the catastrophe which befell the Emperor? The answer must largely depend on conjecture; but an impartial student of war, I think, especially if he can weigh evidence, will give it distinctly in the affirmative. Considerations, obvious and yet decisive, should have urged Grouchy, we have seen, to leave Gembloux in the early dawn of the 18th, to cross the Dyle at Mousty and Ottignies, and to approach Wavre as quickly as possible; the idea, it will be observed, flashed on Gérard's mind the moment he heard the cannon of Waterloo. If the Marshal had taken this rational course, he would have been over the river at about 11 A.M.,* and, in that event, as affairs stood, he would have seriously menaced the flank of Bülow, toiling painfully, in long straggling columns, on the way from Wavre to Chapelle St. Lambert, and he would have been nearer Napoleon's lines than the corps of Ziethen, of Pirch, and of Thielmann, still near Wavre, and not on the march for Waterloo. What, in these circumstances, would Blücher have done, giving him full credit for his daring and energy? He would have been surprised in a perilous flank march, through a difficult and almost impassable country, for he had no conception that Grouchy would be near; and his army would have been almost divided by an enemy threatening its separate parts. In this state of things I cannot doubt but that he would not have permitted Bülow to advance further, or his three remaining corps to make a move towards Waterloo, until he had disposed of Grouchy; he would have drawn the mass of his forces together; all this would have been an affair of hours. Grouchy could have made a prolonged resistance, and, meanwhile, Napoleon, free to bring the whole strength of his more powerful army against the Duke, would have triumphed over his much weaker enemy. The same results would have, perhaps, followed had Grouchy, without attempting to cross the Dyle, reached Wavre at 11 A.M., as he might have done; Pirch, Ziethen, and Thielmann would not have moved; Bülow, isolated, would not have dared to attack, and the French army would still have gained a

* Grouchy might, I think, have been over the Dyle before 11 A.M.; but I accept the time of Charrais, who has made it as late as possible; "before noon" is his exact phrase

victory. Even had Grouchy, at the eleventh hour, listened to the excellent advice of Gérard, and crossed the Dyle at Mousty and Ottignies, he might possibly have averted a complete catastrophe. The movement could not have interfered with the attack of Bülow, but it might have arrested Pirch and Ziethen, and it was these chiefs who, at the last moment, dealt the French army the final mortal stroke.

It is impossible, herefore, to acquit Grouchy: he is mainly to blame for the result of Waterloo. This conclusion, however, has been assailed, with confidence, on two lines of argument. Napoleon, it is said, was not aware, from first to last, whither Blücher had gone; he despatched Grouchy from Sombreffe too late; Gembloux was not the true point on which the force of the Marshal should have been directed. Napoleon gave Grouchy no precise orders; he misled his lieutenant, and kept him in the dark; he approved, late on the 18th, the march on Wavre, and he has, therefore, to thank himself for his own overthrow. We may grant the premisses, yet they do not sustain the inference, or exonerate Grouchy. Admitting that Napoleon believed that Blücher was falling back on his base after Ligny; that he should have sent Grouchy on his track much sooner; and that Gembloux was not the best place to be assigned for the restraining wing; still, it was the duty of Grouchy, knowing what he had learned on the 17th, to have left Gembloux at daybreak on the 18th, and marched rapidly on, or towards, Wavre; and had he done this, he would, I believe, have stopped the Prussians, and averted Waterloo. As for Napoleon not having given directions to Grouchy of an exact kind, and having sanctioned the tardy advance on Wavre, the first statement assumes that Grouchy was not an independent general-in-chief, in command of a distinct army, and the second is opposed to the known evidence. Napoleon approved of the march to Wavre, but not at a late hour, or at a snail's pace; he certainly thought, and had a right to think, if a Prussian force existed at Wavre—the reader will recollect the letter of the 18th, pointing to his growing suspicion of the fact—that his lieutenant would be able to hold it in check, and this required an early and speedy march from Gembloux. This reasoning, in fact, errs in two respects; it ascribes to the mistakes Napoleon made results with which they are not chargeable; it assumes that Napoleon, in front of Wellington, was to instruct Grouchy, in front of Blücher, in his conduct, in the minutest details; it takes for granted that Grouchy, the head of an army, was a mere puppet to be directed in every operation he was to

undertake, and that by his chief at a wide distance from him. The argument, when examined, falls to the ground ; it cannot stand the test of impartial criticism.

The second contention, urged by Chartras, rests on the fact that the army of Grouchy was very much weaker than that of Blücher ; but though made with a parade of science, it does not mislead a true student of war. Grouchy, the argument runs, had but 34,000 men to oppose to the 90,000 of Blücher ; the Prussian was an able, nay, a great soldier ; and had Grouchy done all that man could do, he could not, his force was so inferior, have prevented the junction of Blücher and Wellington, and conjured away the disaster of Waterloo. Assume that Grouchy manœuvred rightly, had left Gembloux at the first possible moment, had marched rapidly, had seized Mousty and Ottignies, and had mastered the Dyle before mid-day, his adversary would have at once recognized, that the Prussians were nearly three to one to the French, and this would have determined Blücher's purpose. The Prussian marshal, aware of this fact, would have sent Pirch and Ziethen to hold Grouchy in check, and marched on Waterloo with Bülow and Thielmann ; or he would have allowed Grouchy to draw near his flank, and, fending him off, would have moved on Wellington with three-fourths of his army at least ; and, in either case, he would have joined the Duke, and both would have overwhelmed Napoleon. This looks well on paper, and in mere theory ; but is contradicted by the realities of war. Had Grouchy attained the Dyle by noon, he would have completely surprised Blücher, have caught him with an army far apart, on a flank march of the most critical kind ; and, in this position of affairs, it is morally certain that Blücher would have reconnoitred and paused, would have waited to draw together his army, and would have fought a pitched battle with Grouchy, before he even thought of uniting with Wellington. In that event, inferior in numbers as he was, Grouchy would have detained the Prussians for hours ; Blücher would have lost the chance of joining the Duke ; and Waterloo would have been a French victory. The lessons of war, and the great authority of Jomini in this matter, confute the reasoning of a partizan censor, and the very incidents of the day point to the same conclusion. The mere apparition of Grouchy on the wrong bank of the Dyle, late as the hour was when he had approached Wavre, delayed the general movement of the Prussian army ; and half of it never attained Waterloo. How different must the result have been had Grouchy crossed the Dyle at the true point, and gathered upon the flank of Blücher ; in that case not even one

Prussian division would, I think, have come to the aid of Wellington. Grouchy, in short, was the Emperor's evil genius on the great and terrible day of Waterloo; Napoleon has written, with perfect truth, that he could no more foresee his lieutenant's conduct than he could assume that Grouchy would be swallowed up, with his army, by an unexpected earthquake. The Campaign of 1815 may be summed up in a few sentences. Striking at the extreme right, for the time isolated, of the hosts about to invade France, and screening the movement with wonderful skill, Napoleon collects an army of 128,000 men, on the edge of France, running into Belgium, his object being to attack Blücher and Wellington, commanding about 224,000 men, but whose two armies were widely divided, in scattered groups, from Liège to Ghent and Charleroi. The Emperor, aiming at the Allied centre, the weakest and most assailable point, begins the movement on the 15th of June; he does not, owing to a set of accidents, reach the strategic points of Quatre Bras and Sombrefe on the true line of junction of his antagonists, the lateral road from Nivelles to Namur; but his columns at nightfall are close to these, and his adversaries already are placed in danger. Blücher, meanwhile, acting as Napoleon had hoped, marches to Sombrefe with three-fourths of his army only; the Duke, fulfilling the expectations of his foe, lingers, hesitates, and delays his movements; and on the 16th Napoleon has a grand chance of reaching and beating his enemy in detail. His plans, if formed on a false impression, are, nevertheless, so correct in principle, that had they been carried out ably, the Prussian army must have been destroyed; but Ney, Reille, and D'Erlon failed; the Emperor is perhaps over-cautious in not pressing D'Erlon's advance on St. Amand; and Blücher escapes, through misadventures, which alone save him from complete ruin. Ligny, however, is a real French victory; and, meanwhile, Ney, though unequal to his task, fights an indecisive action at Quatre Bras; and though forced to fall back, he so far succeeds that he prevents Wellington from sending aid to his colleague, and, in fact, gains a strategic advantage. The close of the 16th sees Napoleon victorious upon the main scene of the contest, having only just failed to make Ligny a counterpart of the rout of Jena.

The 17th has come; the Allies, compelled to abandon their proper line of junction, retreat separately and in distant groups on a second line, between Wavre and Waterloo; they intend ultimately to unite on this; and this project, though crowned with success, was false strategy that might have proved their ruin. The French army, on this eventful day, makes a long halt not easy to explain;

the retiring enemy is not pursued or watched ; and this delay and remissness—utterly unlike the energy of Napoleon on the path of victory—and probably largely due to his declining health, save Blücher and Wellington from the gravest peril, and singularly aid their future projects. Napoleon does not move until noon from Ligny, his purpose being to attack Wellington, for several hours falling back on Waterloo ; he has a noble army 72,000 strong to cope with 70,000 men of the Duke, more than a third of these being inferior troops ; and he detaches Grouchy, with about 34,000, to pursue Blücher and to keep him away from Wellington. The Emperor follows the Duke from Quatre Bras, and finds his adversary in force near Waterloo ; and meantime, though he remains convinced that Blücher is retiring on his base, he directs Grouchy to occupy Gembloux, having heard that Prussians were approaching that place. Grouchy reaches Gembloux by the night of the 17th ; he informs his master that the Prussian army is in retreat in two great masses, one directed to Wavre, the other to Liège ; and he shows that he understands his mission, and that he will endeavour “ to separate Blücher and Wellington.” This report perfectly reassures the Emperor ; he makes preparations for a decisive battle ; but the elements interfere to retard his purpose, and he does not attack the Duke until near noon on the 18th. Meanwhile Grouchy, whose plain duty it was to leave Gembloux early, and to march on Wavre across the Dyle on the flank of Blücher as rapidly as his troops could move, breaks up hours too late, proceeds with strange slowness, and reaches Wavre in the afternoon only, striking Blücher in the extreme rear, but still detaining a part of his army. During all this time the great fight of Waterloo has been raging with varying fortunes ; the French tactics are faulty, the Duke's admirable. In the afternoon Bülow reaches Napoleon ; the Emperor is engaged in a double battle. Ney recklessly squanders his master's cavalry, but Bülow is for a time repulsed ; and the Emperor makes a final effort to break Wellington's centre with the Guard. The attack fails, but all is not over until part of two fresh Prussian corps turn the scale decisively against the French, and Waterloo ends in a frightful rout. The Prussians, in fact, who might have been detained by Grouchy, were all but left free to advance on Waterloo ; they reached the field in the very nick of time. Grouchy kept back directly only 18,000 men ; and yet, miserable as his operations were, they indirectly retarded the Prussian army, a significant proof of what might have occurred had Grouchy been a capable chief.

Having reviewed the incidents of this great Campaign, let us

disengage the permanent lessons it teaches an impartial student of war. Napoleon operated with too small an army: 128,000 men could hardly overcome 224,000. He had a right to count on his transcendent genius; he had no right to assume that the Allies would make the grave strategic mistakes they made, or would give him the opportunities they gave. In consequence of this numerical weakness he was compelled to divide his army into two masses not sufficiently connected by an intermediate body; and this partly explains, though it does not excuse, the errors of Ney to the left on the 16th, and those of Grouchy to the right on the 18th. Had the Emperor had the 20,000 men he had intended to bring into the field, he would have had a force sufficient to fill this interval, and in that event he would have doubtless triumphed. The intellectual powers of Napoleon were splendidly exhibited in the contest; his plan for the Campaign is a masterpiece of art; his plan of attack at Waterloo defies criticism; his general ideas, though he made mistakes—for the greatest generals must necessarily err—reveal the wholly unrivalled strategist. His bodily strength, however, failed him: to this, I doubt not, we ought to ascribe the delays and carelessness of the 17th, and certainly this weakness had much to do with the inactivity and slackness he betrayed at Waterloo. It may well be, too, that his complete faith in himself had been diminished by recent events. Like Richard at Bosworth, he has recorded—

I had not that alacrity of spirit,
Or cheer of mind that I was wont to have;

and the great player against Fate may, in this mighty hazard, have thrown his last die with a trembling hand. We may perhaps see hesitation, and even timidity, in his allowing D'Erlon to return to Quatre Bras, and in not pressing the movement on St. Amand home; and the same shortcomings may be possibly traced in his not seizing a real chance at Waterloo, when La Haye Sainte had been taken, and before Bülow had made a serious attack on his flank. Yet it was his lieutenants' errors that lost the campaign; on the 16th they failed on the left; Grouchy, on the 18th was almost worse than useless; and we can understand his bitter expression that victory was twice wrested from his hands through incomprehensible faults of subordinates. In this campaign, so to speak, the sun of Austerlitz seems about to break out in its old splendour; but malignant influences intercept its rays, and it sets at last in disastrous night.

To turn to the allies, Blücher and Wellington were adversaries of a very different kind from the Beaulieu and Colli of 1796.

Both certainly made great strategic mistakes; both were more than once in imminent peril; and we see in their conduct the divided counsels repeatedly fatal to a Coalition and its chiefs. But both, in different ways, were great soldiers; they cordially co-operated in a common design; and the heroism of Blücher, mastering defeat, and the tenacity and tactical skill of Wellington, are admirable specimens of great parts in war. Another cause of the ultimate success of the Allies should be carefully noted. Napoleon, in his last address to his troops, referred scornfully to the Prussians of Jena, and exclaimed "Are not we and they the same men?" and like many great chiefs he took no heed of national and patriotic passion. The Prussian army of 1815 was not, however, "the same men" as the Prussian army of 1806; it was fired with an intense hatred of France, and with an intense love of the Fatherland; and it was capable of very different efforts from those of the serf-like troops of Brunswick. Napoleon, relying on former experience, believed that the army defeated at Ligny would recoil on its base, and, beyond doubt, would not make a dangerous march on Waterloo; but the reasoning of strategy, as has often happened, was baffled by the ardour of a devoted soldiery; though, had Grouchy been equal to his task, all this energy would have come to nothing. In Spain and Russia Napoleon had suffered immense disasters from his inborn contempt of patriotic and popular sentiment; and this indifference had something to do with the final issue of the strife at Waterloo. But, when all has been said, the Emperor's genius all but triumphed in the campaign of 1815; he was nearly successful although opposed to adversaries almost twofold in numbers; and victory was only wrested from him through the mistakes of others. Notwithstanding Zama, Hannibal remains the pre-eminent figure of ancient war; Napoleon is the great captain of modern times, though ruin overtook him on the plains of Belgium.

ERRATA. JUNE NUMBER.

Page 816, line 18, for "Napoleon's right" read "Napoleon's LEFT."

Page 818, line 9, for "Reille's corps," only, read "Reille's corps, and by Kellermann's corps of horsemen."

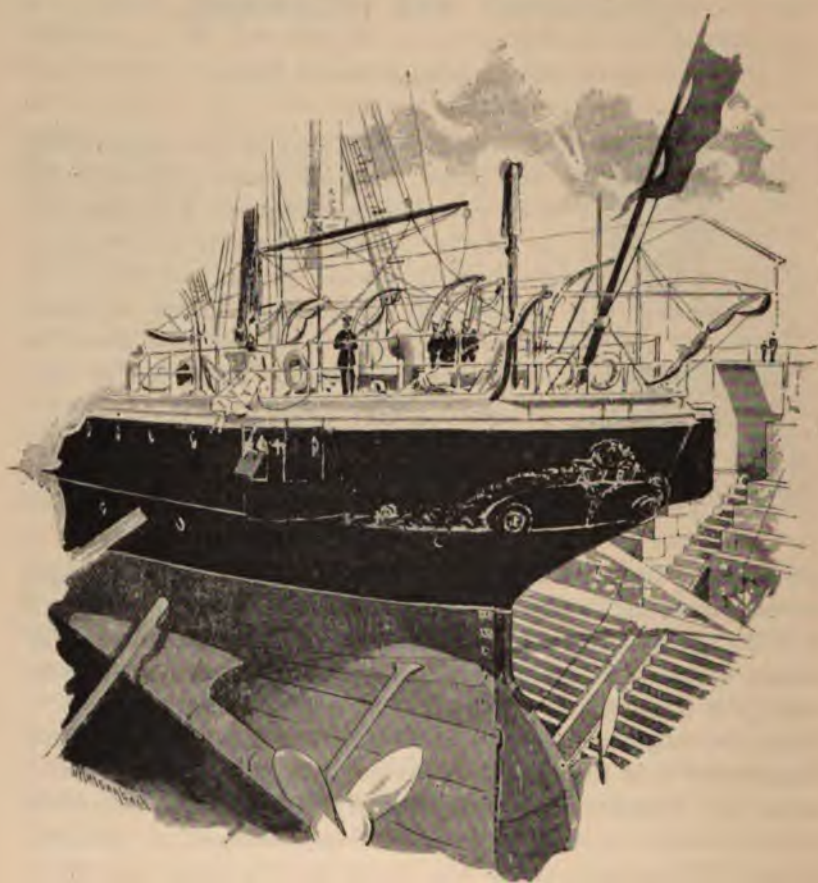
Devonport and Plymouth.

By AN EAST ANGLIAN BLUE-JACKET.



IF the officers and men of the Royal Navy were polled, from the senior admiral of the fleet down to the youngest A.B., and told to vote for the English naval port at which they would soonest fit out, pay off, or be permanently stationed, I should be much surprised if the result did not show an overwhelming majority in favour of Plymouth, or, more strictly speaking, Devonport. Why should Devonport be so popular with seamen of all ranks? The chief reason for this is, in my belief, that the sensation of "service" or "shop" is not so oppressive in the beautiful West Country port, with its picturesque surroundings, and its genial, easy-going, holiday-loving people, as it is in the more prosaic and more matter-of-fact eastern ports. Let us take a glance at the dockyard towns to the east of Devonport where Her Majesty's ships are fitted out and paid off. Now-a-days, there are only three of these, viz. Portsmouth, Chatham, and Sheerness, but in the writer's midshipman days there was a fourth naval port, Woolwich, and more recently, 1856, at the close of the war with Russia, several gun-boats were commissioned at Deptford; but this was exceptional, for this naval establishment was only a victualling yard. The writer can well remember his delight, and that of his brother gun-boat commanders, when they finally steamed down the Thames and left cheerless, grimy, Deptford behind them. Woolwich at that time, from a naval point of view, was a few degrees more cheerful than Deptford, for there you could escape from the dingy and depressing environs of "The Yard," and in a few minutes be on the breezy Common; but the combined influences of the Dockyard, the Arsenal, the Royal Artillery, and

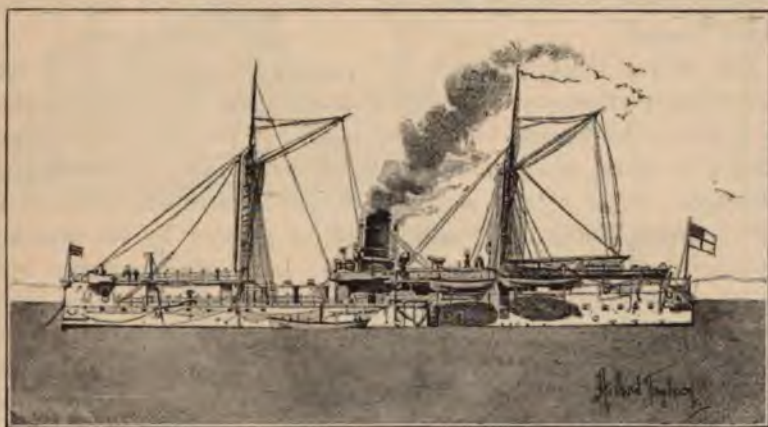
the Royal Marine Barracks, produced a most intense feeling of ever-present "shop." Someone may say, "Oh, but then Woolwich is so near town." True, it is near "town"; but "town" means money, and with the majority of naval men this is a scarce commodity. Working eastward, at the confluence of the Thames and Medway, we come to Sheerness. "Sheer-nasty" it used to be



H.M.S. "LEANDER" IN DRY DOCK.

called by blue-jackets; but I believe it has deservedly lost that unenviable nickname. Sheerness, thirty years ago, meant almost complete isolation from the world; bleak cold winds, dense fogs, marshy surroundings, and mean, filthy streets, filled with low drinking shops. The cold winds, the fogs, and the marshy surroundings are still there; but in every other respect Sheerness in

recent years has very much changed for the better. The officers and men of the Royal Navy are lodged in comfortable barracks containing a capital billiard-table ; in the dockyard are good lawn-tennis grounds, and a railway to Sittingbourne brings Sheerness into contact with the outer world. Yet, it must be confessed that life at Sheerness is monotonous, and this naval port is not beloved by naval men. A few miles up the Medway brings us to Chatham, the seat of one of our principal imperial dockyards, and also the head-quarters of the Royal Engineers, and one of the head-quarters of the Royal Marine Light Infantry. To the officers and men of these two fine corps Chatham is doubtless a pleasant place. They are at home, and have their cricket and lawn-tennis grounds, yacht clubs, reading-rooms, and other nice things, and the officers



H.M.S. "HOTSPUR."

are also a good deal "in the swim" of county hospitality. But Chatham with its dull and depressing streets is, to a naval man fitting out or paying off, only a shade or so more cheerful than Sheerness. At this town one has not the feeling of living at the end of the world that steals on you at the marsh-enclosed town at the mouth of the Medway.

Many naval officers on the active, half-pay, and retired lists have a strong affection for Portsmouth. This great military seaport, the first naval establishment in the world, is the recognized centre of naval intelligence and naval energy. To many men who have passed their whole lives from boyhood at sea, and who feel like fish out of water away from a ship or a naval port and its associations, Portsmouth or its vicinity is a paradise.

There they can live in an atmosphere absolutely pervaded with both ancient and modern "shop." It is difficult to evade it within a radius of a few miles of Portsmouth, and it is, in the writer's opinion, because of this that the ordinary naval man prefers Devonport with its many easy escapes into a lovely country free from "service-talk" to Portsmouth as a station. Devonport itself is, of course, a hot-bed of "shop"; but in Plymouth (about ten minutes by tram) this element is much toned down, for Plymouth is essentially a county town as well as a garrison town. Or, should a man on shore for the afternoon require further change from the confinement of a ship, a small sum will convey him to Tavistock, Bickleigh, Ivy Bridge, and other beautiful places, and he will return to his work more braced and refreshed by these cheerful country outings than by having loafed all day in the Three Towns.

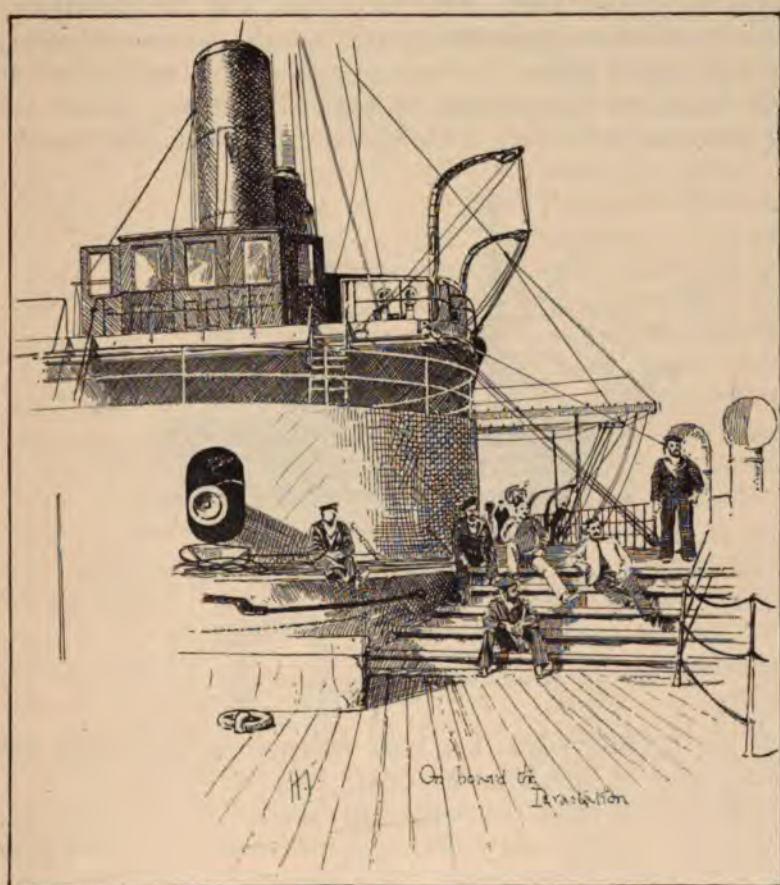
The Royal Dockyards are not usually associated with lovely views and picturesque associations, but, facing Mount Edgecumbe as it does, the beauty of the situation of Devonport Dockyard gives it a charm which no other naval establishment in England possesses. After a long cruise it is quite refreshing to land in this countrified-looking "yard," and be greeted by its pleasant trees, gardens, and flowers. Devonport Dockyard,* however, with its 70 acres of magnificent docks and enormous workshops, is a very stern reality, and, together with the Gun Wharf, and the great Steam Yard and Factory at Keyham (they are all connected by tunnels), ranks second only to Portsmouth in importance. Indeed, Keyham Steam Yard is of larger extent than that at the eastern port. At the time of our last visit Her Majesty's ships *Devastation*, *Hotspur*, and *Leander* were in the hands of the dockyard authorities. The *Devastation*, a huge, first-class, armoured, twin-screw turret-ship, of 9,330 tons and 6,650 h.p., was being refitted, and would soon return to her station, the River Forth, to watch over the safety of the good people at Leith and Edinburgh.

The *Hotspur*, also a twin-screw, armoured turret-ship, but of the second-class, and less than half the tonnage and horse-power of the *Devastation*, was shortly to proceed to Harwich, to resume her duties as guard ship of the East Coast Drill Ship of the Naval Reserve.

The *Leander*, a twin-screw cruiser of the second-class, and of 4,300 tons and 5,500 h.p., was in dry dock undergoing a searching overhaul after a long commission in the China Seas.

* It was founded in 1690. Will its bi-centenary be celebrated?

The *Devastation* was, not many years ago, the naval wonder of the world ; she has since been eclipsed by the *Victoria* (at present being brought forward at Chatham for flag-ship in the Mediterranean), of 10,470 tons and 12,000 h.p., and the *Victoria* in her turn has been put in the shade by the *Nile*, at Pembroke, of 11,940 tons and 12,000 h.p., and also by her sister-ship, the *Trafalgar*, built at Portsmouth. And now Lord George Hamilton



has promised us seven battle-ships of 14,000 tons and horse-power to match. Where will it end ? And how about the guns for these monsters ? And the men ?

For a contrast between modern and bygone war-ships, we have not far to look ; for between us and Mount Edgecumbe H.M.S. *Impregnable* (*née Bulwark*), a fine old wooden line-of-battle ship of 6,657 tons, is lying quietly at her moorings. But, anachronism as

she is in these days of mastless ironclads, we believe that her age is on the sunny side of thirty. The rapid revolution in the construction of war-ships overtook the *Bulwark* in her youth, and we believe that the only service this handsome line-of-battle has been employed in has been her present one of Devonport training-ship. A few years ago she succeeded to the name* and duties of the venerable three-decker, who, in her early days, had taken a leading part in the glorious battle of the 1st of June, and who, twenty-two years afterwards (August 27th, 1816), had the honour of bearing the flag of that gallant old seaman Admiral Sir David Milne at Lord Exmouth's bombardment of Algiers. And now, in her old age, this relic of the navy of George III., still bearing her honour-



OUR WOODEN WALLS.—THE "IMPREGNABLE."

able and fighting name, has been relegated to the useful but humble office of tender to the Guard Ship of Reserve.

Talking of old ships, the writer can recollect the *San Josef*, or, as she was more generally and most irreverently called, the *Holy Joe*, as flag-ship at Devonport. This ancient Spanish war vessel, of 112 guns, carried the flag of the brave Admiral Winthuysen at the battle of Cape St. Vincent, February 14th, 1797, and she was captured by boarding from the deck of the *St. Nicolas*, a Spanish 80-

* Certain stationary naval institutions carried on afloat are always known by the name of one ship, although the ships themselves may have been two or three times changed. Thus, the *Excellent* always means the Portsmouth, and the *Cambridge* the Plymouth, school of naval gunnery; the *Britannia*, the cadets' training-ship at Dartmouth, and so with the *Impregnable*, *Vernon*, &c.

gun ship, by Nelson and the crew of the *Captain*. And, up to not many years ago—say twenty—two *ci-devant* French two-deckers were doing duty in the Hamoaze: the *Canopus*, a beautiful and fast-sailing 84, captured at the battle of the Nile in 1798, and the *Implacable* (*née Duguay-Trouin*), neither beautiful nor fast-sailing, who escaped from Trafalgar, but was captured, with three other line-of-battle ships, a few days afterwards by Sir Richard Strachan.

People curious to see further specimens of the historic “wooden



walls ” that, in days of yore, carried our meteor flag triumphantly in every sea, should visit the waters of the upper Hamoaze. This can be done either by excursion steamer or by hiring a boat and boatmen at North Corner, or—and this is by far the most enjoyable and independent way—for three persons (a lady to steer and two men to pull) to hire a light boat at Stonehouse Hard and, taking the first of the flood-tide (making at 10 A.M., we will say), pulling round Mount Wise, with its frowning batteries and official residences of the Governor and of the Port Admiral,

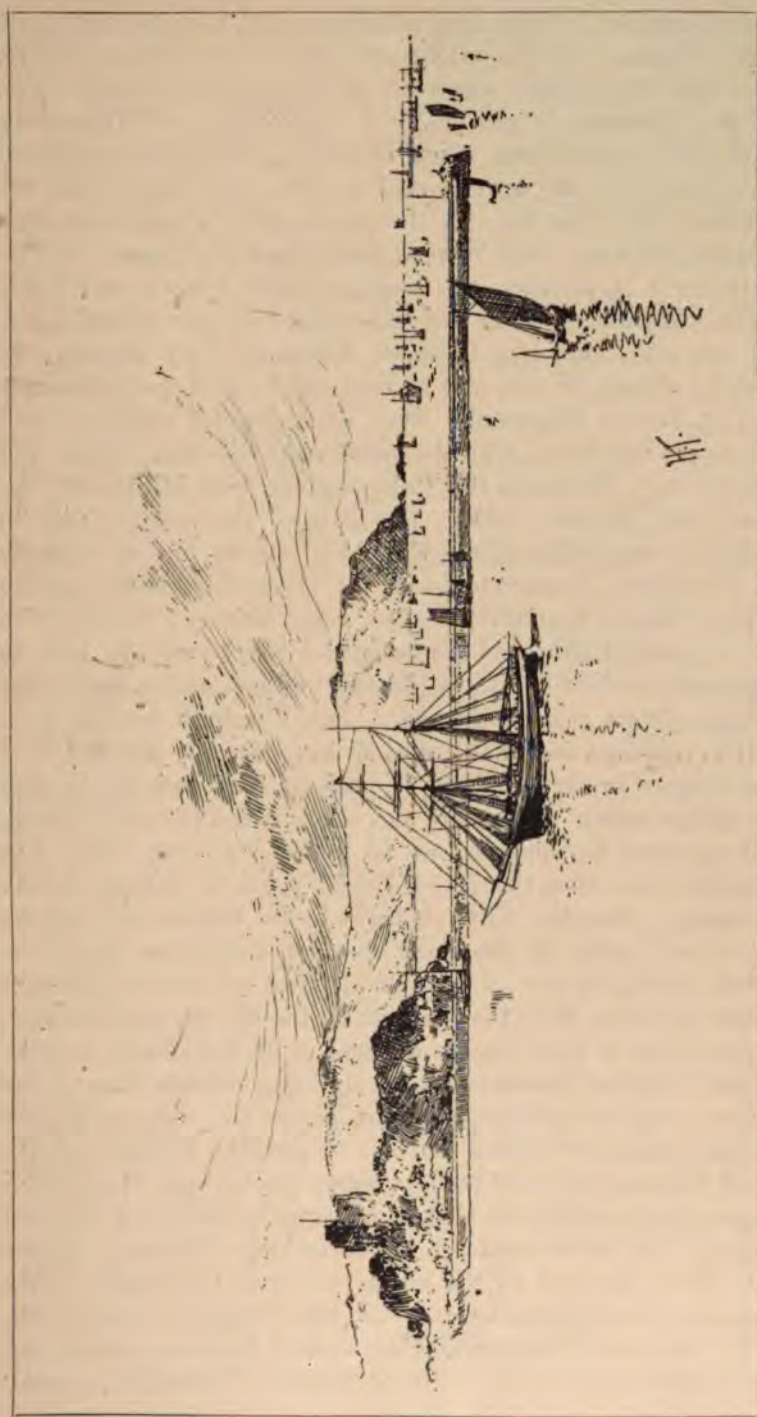
past the busy dockyard, past men-of-war, ancient and modern, of all descriptions and sizes, past the Gun Wharf, and the huge docks and noisy works at Keyham, past the pleasant grounds of Thankes and Gravesend, on through the lake-like waters of the Upper Hamoaze, and past many an old line-of-battle ship and frigate whose names are honourably recorded in James’s *Naval History*, past the sylvan banks of Mr. Pole Carew’s park, and then, leaving the ancient and quaint little Cornish borough town of Saltash (of “figgy duff” fame)

on our left, we shoot under Brunel's masterpiece, the Royal Albert Bridge. But, if time permits, it would be as well to land here, get tickets at the railway station, and walk across the bridge.* One will then better be able to realise this magnificent specimen of engineering art. On the return to the boat there will still be time (that is to say, if the party started with the first of the flood) to pull up the beautiful Tamar to Cotehill, the feudal mansion of the Earls of Mount Edgecumbe, and one of the most complete and unique specimens of a mediæval country-house existing in England. As it is now, so it was in the Wars of the Roses; and if anyone wishes to bring home to himself how the great landowners of those days lived, let him visit Cotehill. Cotehill having been satisfactorily "done," it will be prudent for our boating party to return with the first of the ebb. The row back will take a shorter time than the row up, and Stonehouse Hard should be reached in good time for a late dinner. Given fine weather and a long summer's day, it would be strange if each member of the boating party did not mark this day as a red letter one.

Another delightful trip is to pull up the Tavey, above Maristowe, "boil the kettle," and enjoy afternoon tea on the banks of this lovely and quiet stream. Great care must be taken, however, not to linger after the ebb tide has made.

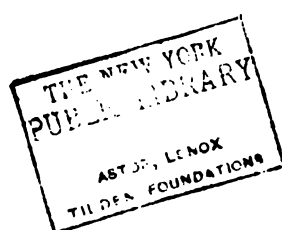
It is difficult to believe that on the site where the important parliamentary borough of Devonport, its populous suburb of Morice Town, the great Dockyard, the Gun Wharf, and the extensive Steam Yard now stand, two centuries ago there did not exist a single dwelling of any description. The Dockyard is the elder brother of the town. The first stone was laid in 1690, the second year of William and Mary; but, it is said, it was not until ten years after this historic event that the first house, a wooden one, appeared outside the Dockyard walls. Since then, yard and town have grown up side by side. From 1690 to 1824 Devonport was known as Plymouth Dock, but for some years before it was created a separate borough under its present name; and, indeed, until 1831, its population exceeded that of Plymouth. However, all that is changed, for Plymouth, thanks to its growing commercial importance, and to its almost unlimited area for building purposes, has for many years made great strides in wealth, size, and population, whilst Devonport, rigidly restricted in area by

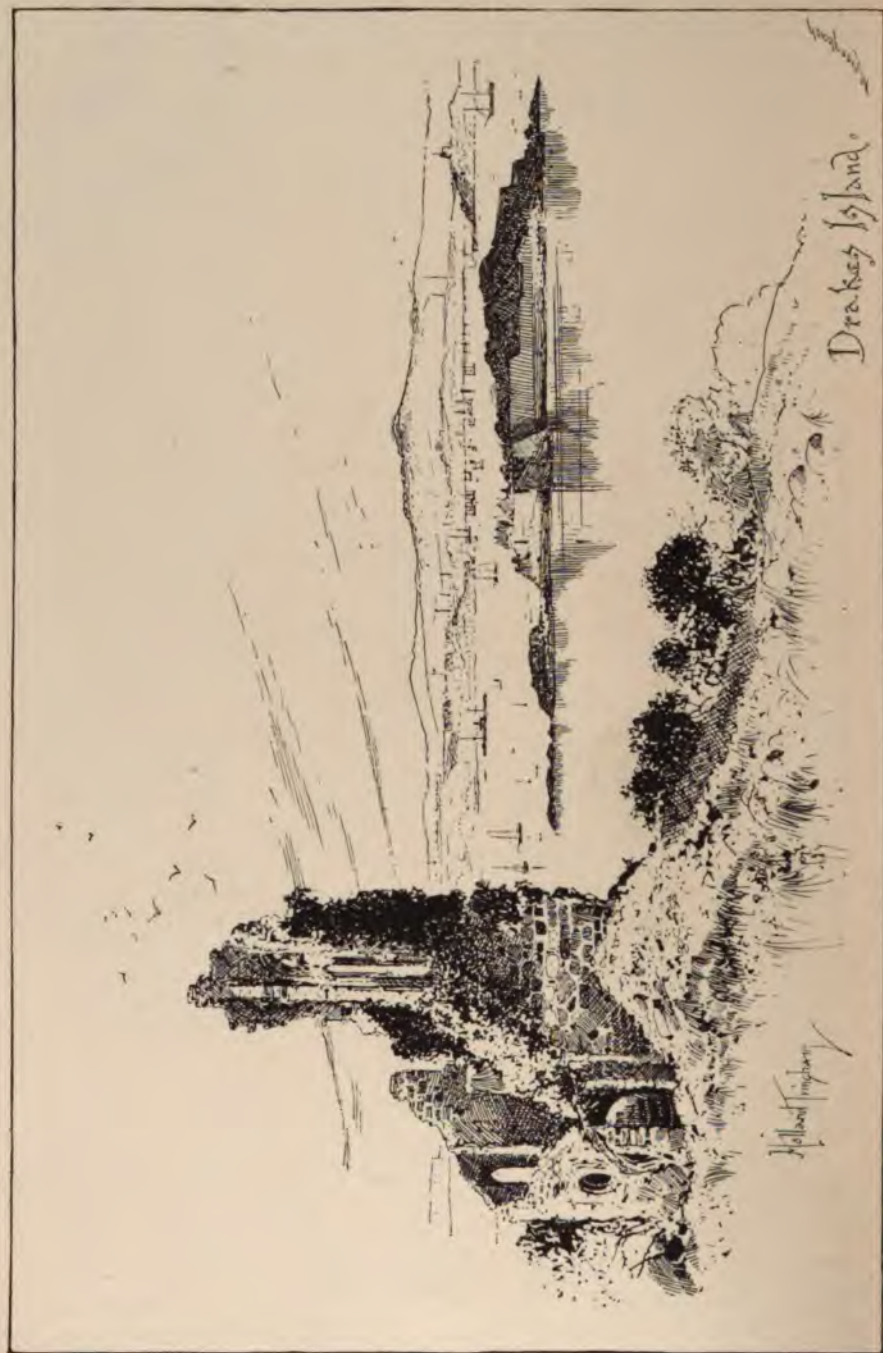
* This would also make a pleasant afternoon's outing by rail from Plymouth. The view from the bridge would alone be worth the trip.



BOVISAND POINT, FROM THE ROE

fortifications and Government establishments, has attained to its outside limits. But its bright and cheerful residential suburb, Stoke, with its beautiful views of the Sound, Mount Edgecumbe, and the Hamoaze, is practically a continuation of Devonport. The visitor who has been taken over the Government establishments, inspected an armour-clad or two, and one of the old "wooden walls," has done all the principal lions connected with this town, but some days can be very pleasantly passed at Plymouth, for it is, perhaps, the head-quarters of more varied and beautiful excursions than any other town in the United Kingdom, not even excepting Oban or Killarney. By steamer, by yacht, by wherry, by rail, and by road, the lover of the picturesque can visit Mount Edgecumbe with its unrivalled seascapes and landscapes; the Sound, with the breakwater, Bovisand Point, and Cawsand Bay; Whitsand Bay (take donkeys from Millbrook); the Tamar and Morwell rocks; the Tavey; the pretty Vale of Bickleigh; and, further afield, Tavistock, and its fine old Abbey; wild Dartmoor; Launceston and its interesting feudal castle; Torquay, with its beautiful sweep of coast scenery; Totnes, with Berry Pomeroy Castle, and the delightful run down the Dart to Dartmouth; and, in short, the pleasant outings within easy range of Plymouth are without number. But Plymouth herself, from the Hoe, possesses one of the most striking views of sea and land to be obtained in our island; it is, perhaps, only equalled by that from Arthur's seat. There are not many pleasanter public parks in Europe than the historic and far-famed Plymouth Hoe. The panoramic scene from this classic height is one of infinite beauty and variety. Standing with our backs to the towers and steeples of Plymouth, away to the north-east we discern the bleak, tor-covered, bracing upland of Dartmoor, father of many of Devon's romantic streams; then the eye rests on the fine woods of Saltram, next, and close at hand, on the bastions of the old citadel, built by Charles II. to awe his somewhat unruly Plymouthians, then on the busy scene in the Catwater, and next, across the water, it follows the high ground of Mount Batten, of Staddon Heights, of the cliffs of Bovisand (scene of many a happy picnic), with its massive fortifications protecting the eastern entrance to the Sound. Beyond Bovisand the rabbit-haunted, green-looking Mewstone shows itself. Still following to the right, we trace the length of the Cyclopean, mile-long breakwater, then away fourteen miles to the S.S.W., the new (Douglass's) Eddystone Lighthouse shows out clear against the sky-line. Its predecessor, Smeaton's graceful





Drake's Island.

Holland's engraving.

tower, which for more than 120 years withstood the wildest storms and heaviest seas, and was only replaced because the rock on which it was built was wearing away, stands close to us on the Hoe, and, useful to the last, is now a leading-mark for ships making the Sound.

Returning to our view, to the west of the Breakwater appears the picturesque fishing and, in old days, smuggling village of

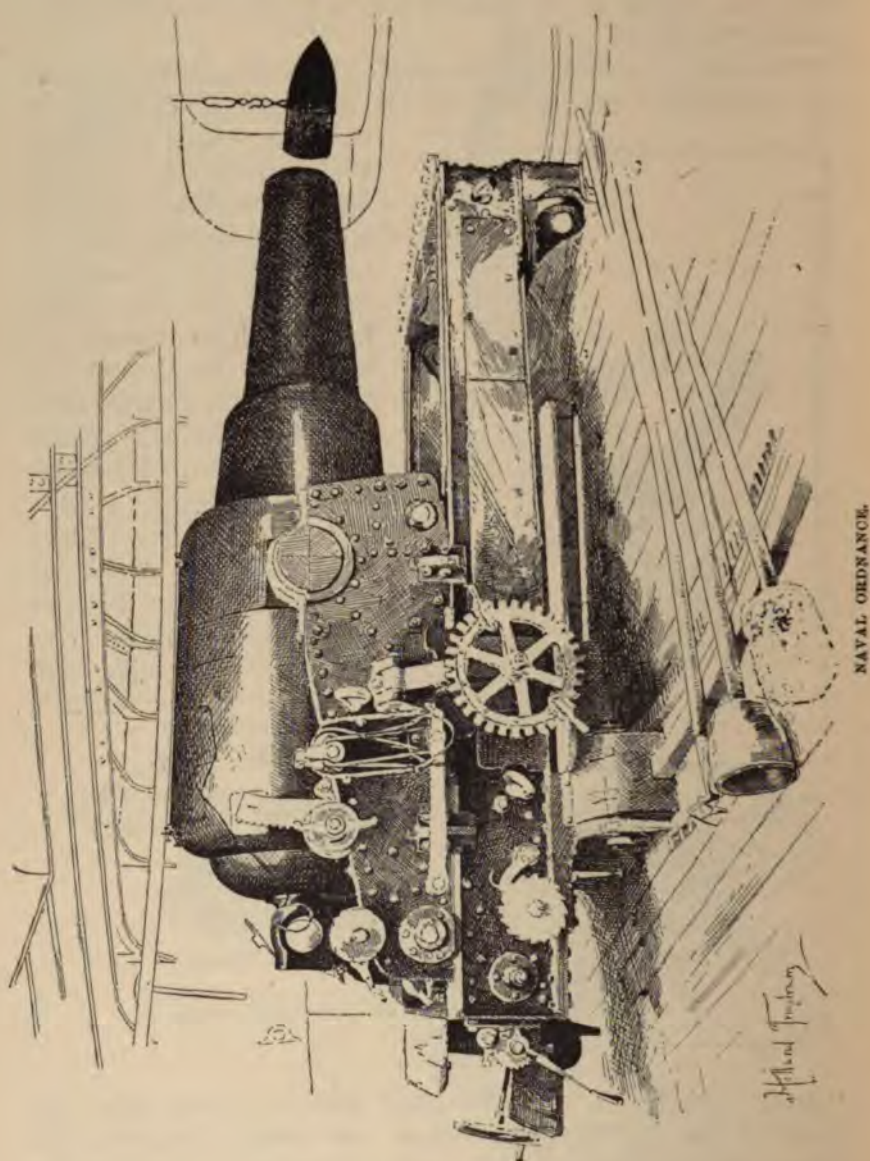
Cawsand, then sea-beaten Penlee Point (a pleasant afternoon's walk), matchless Mount Edgecumbe with its beautiful woods and glades; Barnpool, the old square tower of Maker Church, and then the entrance to the Hamoaze, the Cornish hills, and the pretty hilly suburb of Stoke, with its handsome terraces, complete a view that once seen is not likely to be forgotten. Under our feet, protecting the Catwater and Hamoaze, is the very strongly fortified Drake's



THE OLD EDDYSTONE LIGHT.

Island. Charles II. used this small islet as a State prison for some of the leading Cromwellians, and General Lambert died there being in captivity; while, during the reign of the same most religious and gracious king, many Nonconformist ministers were also sent to Drake's Island to expiate the crime of refusing to sacrifice their religious scruples. It is needless to say that the

island bears the name of the great west-country admiral, general, mayor, member of Parliament, and, according to the belief of many

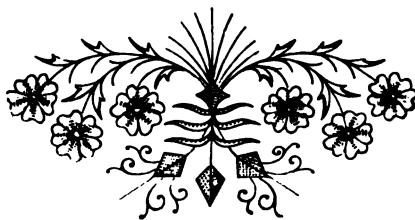


of his neighbours, magician. Plymouth contains many memorials to this heroic Englishman; amongst others, an original portrait of the patriotic fighting mayor is to be seen in the parlour at the

Guild Hall ; one of the windows also of this noble building contains a medallion portrait of Sir Francis Drake, and a fine statue of the public-spirited citizen "who with fresh streames refresht this town" decorates the gable of the council chamber ; but the most artistic monument to the immortal "pilote and magistrate" is undoubtedly Boehm's noble statue on the Hoe. The story of the famous game of bowls is much too well-known to repeat, particularly in the year immediately after the celebration of the tercentenary of the destruction of the Spanish Armada. But the following modern legend in connection with the Hoe may not be so generally known.

In the early spring of 1862 the dead walls and other convenient places in the Three Towns were placarded with conspicuous advertisements, announcing that Signor Soldino had, after many years' exhausting study, perfected a flying-machine, and that he would make his first essay in public on the following Tuesday morning, by flying from the Hoe to Mount Edgecumbe. The flight would take place punctually at 11.45 A.M. No charge would be made. This announcement created immense local excitement, and everyone in Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse was discussing the possibility and impossibility of the contemplated flight. Nothing was known locally of Signor Soldino, but it was said that he was to arrive from London on Monday night with his wonderful flying apparatus. As the day approached, the excitement grew more and more intense. Long before 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning, crowds were flocking in the direction of the Hoe from every quarter of the Three Towns. Grave citizens, young shopmen, ministers of religion of all denominations, officers in mufti and in uniform, blue-jackets, soldiers, dockyard mateys, truant schoolboys and schoolgirls, on foot, in cabs, and in omnibuses, were with eager excited faces making the best of their way to secure good positions for seeing Signor Soldino's sensational performance. By 11.15 one could have walked on the heads of the extraordinary mass of people that occupied every square inch of the Hoe ; and every available perch from which the contemplated flight could be seen had long been taken up. The windows of the houses commanding Mount Edgecumbe were filled with ladies who had been fortunate enough to secure these enviable points of view. Minute by minute the excitement grew deeper, but Signor Soldino had not yet appeared. However, it was rumoured that finding the crowd so dense, he had had to take his apparatus to the Barbican, and was coming round by boat. But when 11.30, and then 11.45, the

appointed time for the flight, was struck from the church-towers, and no signs of the Italian professor, several amongst that surging multitude began to feel uneasy and somewhat suspicious. The majority, however, believed that Signor Soldino had encountered difficulties, and that the delay was unavoidable, and they stood their ground patiently ; the Signor would doubtless show by noon. The Signor did not show at noon, and he has not shown to this day, but as the gun at Mount Wise announced 12 o'clock at Greenwich, a voice from the midst of the crowd was heard to say, " By Jove ! I believe we are all April fools." And so they were ; it was the 1st of April.



Wanderings of a War Artist.

NEW SERIES.

THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

By IRVING MONTAGU.

CHAPTER II.



LIFE on the ocean wave may have charms for some, though the eternal uncertainty of its wicked ways may do something, sometimes, to mar one's appreciation of it; if, indeed, I were called on to describe the most delightful life under the sun, I should, much as I personally like the briny, leave the sea out of the question, and hark back to those "pleasant old days of the past," when leaving that element behind me, well mounted and full of the brightest expectations, I rode up country in the direction of Erzeroum. I refer, be it understood, to those hours out of the twenty-four spent in the open, since I would erase for ever from my memory those would-be sleeping moments passed in Asiatic khans.

As far as one could judge, it seemed that the recent Russian victory at Ardahan had paralyzed for the moment the hand of Mukhtar Pasha, towards whose camp I was hastening, threatening as it did, indirectly, Erzeroum and even the base of operations, Trebizond itself, towards which, with his numerically speaking very inferior forces many thought Mukhtar would have retreated, leaving Kars and Erzeroum to their fate; but he was too good a player at the game of war not to hold this last card in reserve, and by a series of clever movements he drew on the foe, giving battle just where he had in each case decided—this, too, against great odds, not only as far as the numbers of the enemy were concerned, but the utter want of all order as to his reinforcements and supplies.

Being sent to take supreme command in Asia too late to go in for any systematic organization of his own, he at least hoped for support from the rear; indeed, for some time, he was absolutely without cavalry, save a few troopers, who were barely enough for orderly duty; while, on the other hand, the Russians had 15,000 cavalry on the frontier observing his movements, at a moment when Mukhtar had not the wherewithal to make an ordinary reconnaissance, though certainly he was afterwards reinforced by 500 Circassians and 50 Kurdish irregulars, who were soon busily occupied scouring the enemy's frontier.

In the meantime we were another day's march nearer camp, again ensconced, as I have said, in a dirty khan, foregathering as usual with sheep, buffaloes, goats, and oxen. On our third night up country we became so demoralized by the utter filth of our surroundings, that, having made what meal we could off youart, black bread, *pilaff* (rice boiled in grease from the tails of native sheep), we elected to sleep in the open, rather than submit to another night with the animalculæ of a khan.

Now it happened that Holmes had brought with him a curiously striped tent from Constantinople, which we found, at a pinch, would accommodate us all; so we erected it in the narrow village roadway, which it completely occupied, and, booted and spurred, lay down; and, though as yet new to campaigning in Asia Minor, we were soon all fast asleep.

It was early dawn when I was awakened suddenly by a horribly tickly-creepy sort of sensation all over me, and in a few seconds—far less time than I take to describe it—I found myself outside our tent vigorously shaking myself, which to those inside must have appeared most ludicrous; for now and again, I remember, I varied the shaking by a grotesque hop, fantastic skip, and idiotic jump, followed by a loud scrunch, and a still louder big, big “D,” which proclaimed that yet another black beetle had gone over to the majority. The tent I discovered was literally alive with them.

The heat of this little excitement over, I became suddenly aware of bustle and commotion all round me.

Surely the whole village were not aware of my great antipathy to black beetles, and had come out to see my most undignified expressions of horror!

Had I been mistaken for an acrobat? No; oh, dear no! a thing far more absurd than this had happened, I soon discovered; the jabber of hundreds of voices in many tongues was tremendous;

while, far above the babel of humanity came the braying of asses, snorting of camels, and the peculiar low grunt of buffaloes—in truth, a whole army corps of nondescript irregulars had halted just behind us on their way to the army of Ahmed Mukhtar Pasha. We found they had actually been waiting patiently there for many hours—poor things!—not having dared to disturb the most illustrious Pashas, who, sleeping so soundly, had thus blocked the way.

It was Holmes's tent that had done it. The stripes, we discovered, denoted a Pasha of high degree; a fact of which, though innocent till then, we did not fail to avail ourselves on many subsequent occasions, and so, assuming a virtue we did not possess, we struck our tent, magnanimously and graciously, as great Pashas should, and allowed the long, straggling contingent to defile past us, while we discussed our primitive breakfast.

I think, since our mode of life and surroundings, as far as our halts were concerned, were all more or less alike, I may describe, once for all, what sort of place an ordinary up-country Anatolian village is.

In the first place, you are never quite sure, coming from higher ground, if you are in a village street—or on its house-tops, which are made of mud and rough-hewn trees; and since these roofs are perfectly flat, having holes in the centre, which serve for chimneys, it is not at all an uncommon thing, when walking unsuspectingly along, to slip through some weak point, and suddenly find yourself on the floor of a khan; indeed, one correspondent, riding in hot haste from the heights above, actually went head over heels, horse, rider, and all, into one of these mud cabins, much to the danger of himself and its inmates.

There is no evidence of shops in these clusters of rough hovels, the great khan being the caravanserai at which all travellers stop, and where all supplies and information, such as they are, are to be found.

Big-eyed buffaloes wander at will through what I suppose, for want of a better name, one must call its main street; while the camels of the passing stranger pick up unconsidered trifles where they can.

The absence of a sufficient supply of water is much felt of course by Europeans, the nearest stream being, as a rule, at some considerable distance, though the natives have, I understand, never been heard to complain on that score, having no maudlin sentiment with reference to water, save perhaps for the purpose of

coffee making. We did occasionally find a primitive Turkish bath, which we invariably made our quarters for the night: a place, I assure you, which rough though it might be, considering our exceptional ablutions, was something to be sought after.

Curiously enough, few villages were without their idiot, or, as they in more complimentary terms put it—their Wise Man. Very much to be envied, too, is this village fool:

“He takes a side glance and looks down.
Beware!”

I always had a strong suspicion that he was not by any means such a fool as he looked. He was fed, clothed, and idolized, his parents if alive being thought specially favoured by Allah. He had a seat in every khan, and dreamed away a most negative existence at his own sweet will. The village idiot is supposed to exercise charms of every imaginable kind, and to make him presents of beads or tinsel finery, or to deck his long unkempt hair with grass or weeds is thought a special privilege.

The people in the villages keep very much within their mud hovels, which is, perhaps, just as well, for what with their faces, bedaubed with indigo, their nails tinted a bright saffron with henna, and their generally begrimed appearance, they do not improve the



THE VILLAGE IDIOT.

aspect of their miserable surroundings from a comfortable point of view; though, picturesquely speaking, dirty yashmacs, turbans, many coloured unmentionables, gaudy jackets, arms of every obsolete description, and pointed shoes have special attractions. Brigandage too, was, at the time of which I write, so much an institution in Asia Minor, that it would have been difficult to say which villages were or were not affected, though some were inhabited wholly and solely by gentlemen who devoted themselves to the desperate craft of “stand and deliver;” and marvellously picturesque some of these fellows were, with their brilliant belongings and formidable-looking weapons, as they galloped from ambush to try conclusions with the passing traveller.

Half way between Trebizond and Erzeroum lies Baiburt, a town small enough in itself but, by comparison with the tiny villages we had passed, of no little importance. We put up at the chief khan, which overlooked the market-place. Here we heard that two of the sons of Queen Victoria had recently passed through. It appeared that they were accorded a regal reception by those poor benighted people, at which they themselves expressed no little astonishment, which can be easily understood, as I afterwards learnt they were the two sons of Consul Zohrab of Erzeroum who had been thus glorified, as they were returning from school at Smyrna.

While partaking of what scant refreshment Baiburt afforded, we saw that no ordinary excitement was going on outside ; so, while our horses and men rested, we strolled out to ascertain its cause.

It appeared that two brigands had just been caught red-handed, having murdered a woman in the pass which we had presently to go through ; and, as a sort of lynch law exists in this part of the world, they were then and there executed—having been first blindfolded by the troops of the garrison (six in number), who sent them with one volley “to that bourne whence no traveller (or bandit) returns.”

We were implored by the Kaimakan, a sort of local governor, to remain till it should be ascertained that the band had dispersed, for we were assured there were nearly thirty lying in ambush in the Black Valley. Time, however, to us, was far too important to listen to this urgent appeal, especially since Williams, in whom we all most thoroughly believed, declared that two or three Britishers were more than a match for any number of such men. So we returned to the khan, where we informed our escort of the difficulties, at the same time assuring them that any show of cowardice would mean death at our hands. This was a precautionary step considered necessary by the dragoman. With many salaams and protestations of devotion, they went to the shed at the rear, first coming back with our horses, then returning for their own.

Now this shed was some little distance from where we were ; so, having mounted, we awaited their arrival, meanwhile accepting the repeated apologies of the Kaimakan for not adding a few soldiers to our number, since he required his little army of six for the defence of the town, should the brigands attack it, a difficulty which we perfectly understood.

We had perhaps waited thus for ten minutes, when I sent Wil-

liams to ascertain the cause of their delay. Imagine his astonishment, on entering, to find that our fickle followers had bolted by some back exit, and made for the mountains, galloping no doubt for dear life, so as to circumvent the brigands, from whom they were specially appointed to protect us. Nothing, then, was left to us but to make the best of it. So we started.

Our great difficulty was our araba; the horses, however, were fresh, and the arabagee too stupid to realize the danger of the situation till he found himself in it, when we trusted he would be too scared to do anything but whip up his bony steeds with a vigour begotten of sheer funk. It was a novel sensation, this of going out deliberately to cut our way through a band of marauders; but it had to be done somehow, supplemented, as it was, by a few general suggestions from our professional adventurer, Williams.

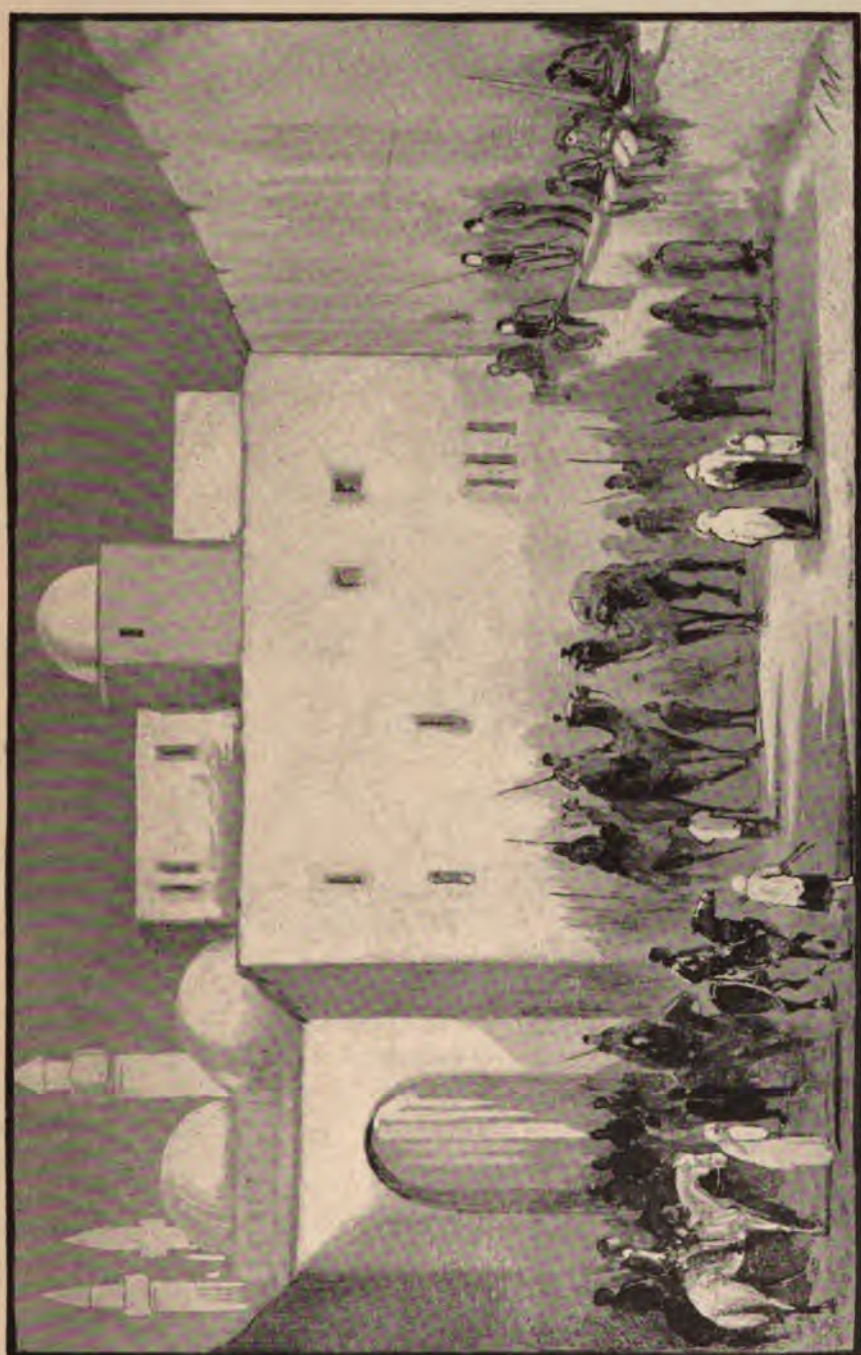
"Slowly, at first, gentlemen—slowly, at first. Wait till you come up with them, then put in your spurs; let fly with your revolvers, scream, yell, and hoot at the top of your voices, and they'll run like rabbits—take my word for it."

We had by this time cleared the town; indeed, had gone some distance, and were on the point of slowly descending into the dismal gorge below, when, in breathless haste, the youngest of our four guards came galloping from the rear to join us. It is pleasant to record the name of Memshe, for he was the *one* man with a conscience out of the four miserable wretches who had deserted us.

"Pasha, I bite the dust," he said, when he had regained breath. "I fall prostrate before you." He did neither of these things by the way. "But Allah be praised, I have come back in time to be with you; from henceforth *your* road shall be *my* road, *your* dangers *my* dangers, and with *you* will I fall, if need be, into the abyss of Al Sâhira" (hell). This, roughly speaking, was the gist of Memshe's high-flown address.

At a gentle jog-trot, followed closely by the araba, we descended that dark hollow, made more obscure at every yard by the intensely thick overhanging foliage. Suddenly, with a turn in the path, there sure enough, in the half light, could we see a formidable crowd of picturesque cut-throats awaiting us, their long Armenian guns peeping out from the overgrown roadside in every direction; nor had we gone many paces farther when several shots were sent as a sort of warning to "Bail up."

"Stop a bit; not yet," said Williams, as cool as the proverbial



ERZEROUH.

cucumber ; " not yet. Now ! Now put it on ; fire into them anyhow, and yell like devils ! "

And then it was that a sound re-echoed through those woods—a curious medley of revolver shots and demoniacal exclamations—which, while I write, comes vividly back to me, and which had the effect of scaring those ruffians as they were never scared before by mortal man. One of their number lay wounded at the bottom of the glen, and the rest were scampering away in every direction, terrified by sheer dint of well-timed " bogyism. " Not that I would have it supposed that these ruffians were, by any means, so contemptible as our hasty disposal of them may have led you to infer ; a large number of well-armed knaves, with a zest for murder, are not at any time to be disposed of with smiles which are " child-like and bland, " and thus with such trying odds against us, deserted as we were by three out of four of our escort, it was really only a sort of pasha panic amongst these rascallions which could save us from the clutches of those at whose hands our treatment at best would have been barbarous. We happily, however, had saved our supplies and ourselves, and though it was impossible to pursue them, we were not on that side of Erzeroum again interfered with, our reputation having gone before us, as being, what translated would be tantamount to the " White Demons. "

Ah ! yes, of course ; you want to know what became of the other three.

Well, two hours afterwards we found them bivouacked quietly by the hill side, awaiting our arrival, when they asked us, with absolute *sang-froid*, " How we got through, " and had the audacity to assure us that had they been there too they would have fought like lions ; that they were all with us in spirit—but why not in person, too ? They could not for the life of them make out, unless it was—indeed, it must have been—*Kismet*.

The country now becoming more mountainous, our difficulties daily increased ; besides the big guns, ammunition, and commissariat stores, which every now and then were being brought from the coast, often delayed our less important little cavalcade for hours. Perhaps the most difficult ascent we made was that of the Kop-dagh, 11,000 feet above sea level. Long before we reached the summit we found ourselves beyond the snow-line, which, after the heat of the lowlands we had not long left, was, I need hardly say, somewhat trying. I never in my life felt so utterly and completely overawed as I did here by the intensely weird silence of the surroundings. We were far above vegetation, save where a

sort of edelweiss here and there peeped up timidly from its snowy seclusion. The place had the appearance of being haunted by the very demon of solitude; even one's footfall on those snow-clad heights was noiseless. Here, too, we had to pass the night, with no better shelter than our tents afforded; but we had anticipated this, so had brought with us what wood we could gather by the way, and were thus able to start with that greatest of all considerations to campaigners—a good fire. Then our tents were pitched, and a savoury brew of hot tea, together with eatables of which we had sufficient in reserve in the araba, soon put a more cheerful aspect on affairs. We were worn out too with a long day's ride over difficult country, so after a pipe or two round the camp-fire, which we had lit midway between our tents, we turned in, and were soon fast asleep.

I was awoke early next morning by Williams shaking me vigorously.

"Get up, Sir; he's bolted. We shall be in for it if you're not quick."

"Bolted—in for it—who? What do you mean?"

"Why, the arabagee has left us in the lurch—struck for higher wages—knows we can never leave this place without a guide; and as he is the only man amongst us who knows the way to Erzeroum, I should like to know what we are to do."

It was all too true; the arabagee was the only one who knew the way over those mountain heights, so we were really at his mercy.

"One thing only can be done, Sir," Williams went on; "and that is for *you* to catch him, give him a sound hiding, bring him back by the scruff of his neck, and mount him again on the araba. That's the only thing to bring him to his senses. He will probably draw his knife; but don't, whatever you do, show your revolver *unless* you mean to shoot him. Let him see that you are quite superior to anything of the kind. If he becomes dangerous, knock him down. Were I to do it, the dose would have to be repeated every day till further notice; if you do it, it will be once for all. He will never forget it, any more than he will forget to ask for backsheesh on our sighting the minarets of Erzeroum."

I at once saw the advisability of following the arabagee, and was not long in catching him up. It struck me he would have looked (as he clumsily waddled away) not unlike some disconcerted bear, had not his quaint Asiatic gun negatived the idea. It was not a long chase; the Asiatic notion of pace is not an

exalted one. Knowing nothing of his language, I had to use arguments more forcible than words. Several good cuffs brought him to a standstill, and after gazing at me in a dazed sort of way, he permitted me to turn him right-about in the direction of our encampment, and, although the most stubborn mule never resisted more doggedly, I eventually, by dint of many blows and much frantic shouting, succeeded in getting him into our midst. Now, however, that he could make himself understood, he became a different man. He absolutely refused to budge an inch, unless fabulous sums were given him; but seeing that his threats at deserting were of no avail, and that we were about to lift him bodily into his seat, he turned on me as the leader of the attacking party with a look of savagery which I can to this day remember, and fumbling clumsily in his leathern girdle, drew



I. M.

AN UNWILLING GUIDE.

out a huge knife, with which he essayed to make a desperate lunge at me, just as prophetic Williams had predicted. This looked fearfully formidable; but with a man who hadn't the remotest idea of using his fists it was no very difficult matter to come to a satisfactory conclusion, and the next incident in that arabagee's otherwise uneventful life was to find himself rolling in the snow, out of which he presently crept ignominiously to pick up his bloodless knife, mount the waggon, and drive on in the direction of Erzeroum without more ado.

Several weary days of ordinary Eastern travel now elapsed, which, save for the necessary impedimenta of war which hourly closed in upon and passed us, were of no marked interest.

The heat too, in the lowlands, became unbearable, compared

with our recent semi-arctic experiences, and when, from a slight elevation, towards sundown one evening we saw the domes, mosques, and minarets of Erzeroum standing out in black relief against a saffron sky, we felt a thrill of delight which can only be appreciated by those who after many roving years again see the white cliffs of old England from the deck of a homeward-bound vessel.

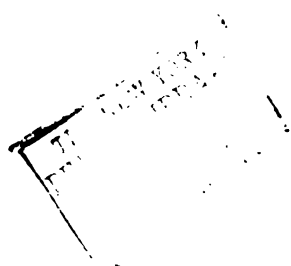
The reputation of Zohrab, the British Consul, had long since gone before him. There was a kindly welcome awaiting us there we knew, for we all felt that in Erzeroum we should find that pearl beyond price—a friend. This feeling, however, was unshared by the arabagee, whose one idea was to improve the shining hour by demanding backsheesh, it being a custom with native drivers to be paid on sighting the minarets of the town which is their destination. The hiding he had had produced the most wholesome result, and when with a cheery voice he asked for extra pay as compensation for it, I almost felt when giving it to him that I was rewarding him for special services.

No, certainly Eastern towns do not improve on close acquaintance; the effluvia which the exhalations of innumerable carcasses sent up as we entered Erzeroum by one of the narrow drawbridges which cross the fosse, into which every description of decomposing matter seems to be indiscriminately thrown, was, I assure you, anything but agreeable. This dry ditch in olden days, no doubt, was used for purposes of defence. It had now become a cordon of disease, more fruitful than the most promising open drain could ever pretend to be. The quick and the dead commingle here curiously; the jackal, wolf, and man-eater contest their right of occupation with vultures, bustards and carrion crows, *all* equally intent on the banquet which lies festering before them. Indeed, to these gourmandizers the natives feel they owe so great a debt of gratitude that to kill one is considered murderous to the last degree, and he whose unfortunate revolver does the deed is shunned as an uncanny thing by those who witnessed the act.

I remember being fascinated on one occasion, after an engagement near Zevin, by the huge proportions of a vulture, which had so overgorged itself on human flesh that it could only hop languidly about in a most absurdly intoxicated manner, and presented so favourable a mark that I dismounted, and had not my dragoman come to the rescue I should certainly have shot it with a view to preserving its skin, and thereby have incurred the hatred of all those with whom I afterwards came in contact, who would, I was



"THE QUICK AND THE DEAD."



informed, have at once been told to beware of the "Vulture Slayer."

I shall never forget that languid, lacklustre-eyed vulture. There was a sort of fat-boy-in-*Pickwick* peculiarity about that protruding, half-featherless paunch, that feeble tail—those limp wings, so innocent of flutter; there was an appealing look about him, as, with a sort of nervous, I might say drunken, uncertainty, he clung to the offal on which he was perched, his beak still reeking with the remains of a recent repast. Indeed, when I levelled my revolver at him, there was an eloquence in that orb, dimmed as it was by gluttony, which said plainly as words could ever do:

"If that which you present be food, mock me not by offering it me; or, if you would compass my end, then 'If 'twere well 'twere



"NO MORE, THANK YOU; I COULDN'T!"

done, 'twere well 'twere done quickly,' for surely death would be preferable to the indigestion from which I suffer." Oh, what a lesson to the over indulgent flesh-eater this was.

To return to Erzeroum however. It will be remembered that I mentioned just now the man-eater, and lest it be supposed by the uninitiated that I speak of the tiger (of which there are none in this part of the world), I may explain that I referred to a semi-wild dog, which finds his chief food in the graveyards, from which habit the name originates. The result of the grim courses in which he indulges being, that his hair, especially about his hind quarters, falls off, giving him a horribly hungry cadaverous appearance.

Having wended our tortuous way down several long and dirty

streets, we came upon a broader one, in which we were not long in finding the consulate, where, wearied with many days rough travel, we at once dismounted and sent in our names to Her Majesty's Representative. We had been waiting but a short time in the Great Stone Hall, when a sallow, squat, dwarf-like Asiatic, with a scimitar like a huge new moon, suddenly drew aside some heavy draperies, and there before us stood a man of middle height and soldierly bearing, with the kindest of kindly expressions on his handsome sunburnt face.

There was no occasion for Consul Zohrab to give us verbal welcome, for, to paraphrase the old song, "he spoke to us only with his eyes," and I think "we pledged with ours," as we returned his cordial greeting. After the usual salutations, he said "In the first place, follow me. I have one or two old friends to whom I wish to introduce you; the sight of them will, I am sure, be to you almost as refreshing as their more intimate acquaintance; and remember, whilst here, you must look on the Consulate as an oasis in the desert, where all Britishers are heartily welcomed." With this he led us into a small ante-room, where a few bottles of Allsopp were displayed, which our kind host had somehow secured that we weary sons of Albion might be refreshed thereby after our many long hours of hard dusty riding up country.

One should perhaps not think too much of creature comforts, and there may be those reading this record who might suggest I make too much of small events; let them, however, try living on sour milk and filthy water for a week or ten days, I fancy *then* we might be of the same opinion?

We were next taken by the cavasse—another magnificent combination of velvet, gold lace, and yatagans—to the old consulate, a semi-ruin round the corner, in one of the great bare rooms of which we were thus fortunately afforded quarters. During our short stay nothing was left undone which could be done to put the best possible complexion on affairs. Here we again devoted our time to working up our batches of rough sketches taken by the way, and our MS., respectively to be sent on by the first trusty consular messenger to the coast.

I need hardly say we made the consulate our head-quarters, as it was to all British subjects passing through, Sir Arnold Kemball and his staff being at that time of the number. The afternoon of the day of our departure we spent on the *Euphrates*, where, after indulging in such sport as wild fowl of every imaginable colour and size afforded our guns, we sat down to an *al-fresco* meal, at

which Mrs. Zohrab and her charming little daughter Irene presided, and to which we all, including the Consul's two manly boys—who had played the part of mystified princes at Baiburt—did full justice. Memories of this day are to me emphasized by the fact that while seated, Turkish fashion, discussing our supplies, we did so to the accompaniment of shell fire, which re-echoed round the hill-tops far away beyond the Deve-Boyun Pass, in the direction of which we were about to proceed.

* * * * *

It was seven o'clock when our little cavalcade marshalled themselves in front of the Consulate prior to departure. All that was likely to be specially useful to us during the campaign had been carefully stowed into our very capacious saddle bags; a lamb roasted whole—a most exceptional luxury, being amongst other things contributed to our stores by Mrs. Zohrab. The influence which true British hospitality had wrought in a very few days, as far as I was concerned, was truly remarkable. I say British hospitality advisedly, for Consul James Zohrab was a Britisher to the backbone. Having made all arrangements for the transmission to the rear of what despatches (artistic or literary) we were able to send back; we felt as we clattered down that stony street, we were leaving very old friends indeed, as, with much cordial handshaking, we bid them adieu, and their cheery voices resounded with a cordial "God speed," and when we had turned out through the city gates, and crossed one of the drawbridges which span that pestilent girdle by which Erzeroum is surrounded, we still dwelt in fancy on their last farewell.

We now came upon a rocky plain, studded irregularly with huge boulders, which seemed either to have been thrown up by volcanic action, or to have fallen from the precipitous heights of the Deve-Boyun (Camel's Back) range, by which we seemed hemmed in, and through the pass of which we presently had to defile. It was not till we had safely traversed this that we thoroughly realised how cut off we were from every vestige of ordinary civilization by the hundred and thirty miles of rugged, hostile country now before us, and we were thankful indeed, to reach Hassan Kali—a little village at the end of our first stage.

Here, in a miserable khan, we settled ourselves down for the night "to sleep, perchance to dream"—in the uncongenial company of filthy buffaloes, oxen, sheep, and goats—of the kindly Consul, whose recent welcome made our present condition all the more unendurable. Suffice it to say, we did sleep, and soundly,

too; for the sun rose long before we did, and after a breakfast of the eternal "youart," exceedingly black bread, and bitter coffee, helped a little by supplies from our araba, we prepared to continue our way to the forces of Gahzi Mukhtar Pasha, who was then manœuvring in the direction of Kars.

* * * * *

On, on, on we went, in what to us was a *terra incognita*—a rocky expanse of vast extent, terminating in a faint screen of blue-grey mountains, which seemed to form a barrier whichever direction we looked; whilst behind us lay the Camel's Back, the pass between the humps of which, as it were, we had come the previous day.

Gazing thus around at our position we suddenly espied with our field-glasses a horseman, galloping in hot haste towards us. We at once halted, and at the pace he was coming, the distance between us was soon rapidly decreased. He was the bearer of a letter from the Consul, which ran somewhat as follows:

"News has come in since you left, that, owing to a strong suspicion that English officers are directing the operations of the Turkish forces, a reward of 400 roubles has been offered for the head of any *Pith helmet* (another way of saying Englishman) which reconnoitring Cassocks may bring in. So beware of going out of the beaten track of the advancing Turks." Here was a pleasant prospect with which to start in quest of an army, the landmarks of which were curiously few and far between. However, sending back our thanks to the Consul for his timely warning, we proceeded.

About mid-day we stopped for a siesta under some trees, the shadow cast from these and our araba affording temporary shelter from the intense heat; a shade which, unhappily, was not to be enjoyed by a ghastly freight of wounded, which, while we rested, passed us. There were, I think, eight long, low-lying Asiatic waggons in all, drawn by oxen and driven by semi-savage Kurds, who, with spiked poles in their hands, walked by their sides and goaded them on. The poor unfortunate sufferers themselves seemed to be so fearfully jumbled together that all chance of living depended on the remaining muscular strength of those who were able to struggle to the surface, to the cost of the other unhappy wretches beneath them. Indeed, I afterwards heard that a large proportion of the wounded sent to the rear died by the way, being actually smothered; whilst, to give some idea of the utter callousness of these



A BRITISH CONSUL.

100

Kurd drivers, I would simply say that when the last of these waggons had passed some little distance from us, one of these poor mangled creatures fell, writhing with pain, with a thud to the ground; and although this was noticed by the driver, he went on as unconcernedly as though a turnip had dropped from a cart laden with vegetables—a life more or less was of no consequence to him—and it was not till I mounted, and galloping after him, threatened him with my revolver, that he took the trouble to lift, with my assistance, the wounded man back into the waggon.

Our rest over, and the hottest part of the day passed, we again proceeded on our way through a country curiously remarkable for the evidences which it bore of having been subjected at some probably very remote period to volcanic action. Silver in many places was commonly found by the natives on the surface, who, provided you gave them a model to work from, would execute the most elaborate designs for you with the rudest instruments, at a price so nominal that it at once suggested what was indeed a fact—that as they carried on all their small transactions by barter, they had little or no use for money, save to adorn the heads of their wives and daughters.

Then, again, coal in one district was so plentiful that we travelled for miles through absolute valleys of it, lying on the surface in huge blocks, where probably it had been for centuries, untouched. The natives knew its qualities well, but would rather far have died outright than have touched what they superstitiously called “The Devil’s fire-stone”—thus actually, in many cases, being starved to death with cold while succour was at the very doors of their mud-cabins.

The shades of evening were closing in, when one of our number dismounting, placed his ear to the ground, hoping to thus hear the distant barking of village dogs which might suggest quarters, when he was astonished to hear the distant but distinct galloping as of a horseman in hot haste, which broke the stillness of our surroundings. The Anatolian messenger has the scent of a bloodhound; he very seldom fails to find those in quest of whom he is sent. We were, I remember, not a little anxious, for we could only suppose that this was yet another and more serious message from the Consul to warn us of some later peril which hung over us.

Was the long-continued threat to cut off Mukhtar’s base of operations, by blocking the way to the coast, about to be put into

force? And should we, when at last on the point of joining the Turkish army, have to retire ignominiously to Erzeroum, there to remain, till further notice, as besieged residents; or, worse still—were the Cossacks actually within touch of us? The very idea made our heads sit uneasily on our shoulders, I can assure you; and so there we stood, till, in breathless haste, his turban



“BAKSHEESH!”

tabs fluttering in the wind, and his horse dead-beat, that second Consular messenger reined up and salaamed us.

“Mighty is the great White Pasha of Erzeroum,” said he, having recovered his breath with difficulty, “and mightier is the great Sultana of the country from which he comes; but mightiest is the kotona (wife) of the great Zohrab Pasha—for has she not

sent me hither in hot haste that you may enjoy, with *sweet herbs*, the dead lamb she gave unto thee?"

* * * *

It was even so. Mrs. Zohrab, who, in her kindest of hearts, had, it will be remembered, given us a roasted lamb, had at parting forgotten its most essential accompaniment, so sent on a special messenger, who reached us on our second day out, with a huge jar of *mint sauce*, which, with salaams innumerable, he now took from the pommel of his saddle, where it had been carefully tied.

It may at first glance seem odd in this relation that, having such a start, we should have been caught up at all; but on remembering that we had, of necessity, to save our horses for the campaign; while he, on the other hand, had only to ride back quietly to Erzeroum, there to rest as long as need be, it will be better understood.

Our next halt was outside a collection of low mud kraals, where, at the entrance of the main street, the headman of the village had stuck defiantly into a huge dung-heap his long black lance, as who should say, with Bombastes—

He who dare these boots displace
Shall meet Bombastes face to face,

substituting only a spear for a pair of boots, and some name far more unpronounceable for that of Bombastes.

As the leader of my little party, it fell to my lot to challenge the village patriarch, which I proceeded to do by striking this lance to the ground, whereupon I was at once accosted by a swarthy, grimy, savage-looking creature, who bowed low in submission before me. Having completed this little ceremony, I was now considered within the village lines, and consequently, as a guest, demanded every possible hospitality. We were soon surrounded, not only by those who were ready to assist us, but by many others whose curiosity was too much for them. Some volunteered to take our horses, and some, not without misgivings on our part, were anxious to look after our more portable etceteras. There is, however, a certain interest about domestic life in the wilds of Anatolia which may not be disposed of too briefly, even though the ordinary khan has, in the earlier part of this chapter, come in for our consideration. I will venture, therefore, to ask my readers to restrain their curiosity for yet another month, when I hope, in their *goodlie companie*, to spend a night in an odd Asiatic village, before proceeding farther in the direction of the Turkish headquarters.

(To be continued.)

The Tales of Ensign² Steel.

(From the Swedish of J. L. RUNEBERG.)



VII.

THE DYING WARRIOR.

A sanguinary day had passed,
 The fight was on the shore ;
 The victims had expired at last,
 Their groans were heard no more ;
 Night's shadows fell o'er land and wave,
 And all was silent as the grave.

Beside the darkling ocean's shore,
Which saw the conflict blaze,
There lay an aged warrior,
A man of Hogland's * days ;
With elbow propping up his head,
His cheek was pale, to death he bled.

No friend was there to catch the sighs,
His last words of farewell ;
The soil it was an enemy's
Whereon he bleeding fell.
His home was where the Volga streamed,
And here a hated foe he seemed.

At times he lifted up his eyes,
The lustreless and dim ;
Behold, upon the shore there lies,
Extended close to him,
A stiffening corpse ; and when he raised
His eyes upon that sight he gazed.

When bullets whistled, battle raged,
And their life-blood was warm,
They fiercely in the fight engaged,
And proved both sword and arm.
But now the youth from strife doth cease ;
The aged warrior is at peace.

But deeper as advanced the night,
The plash is heard of oars,
And, breaking from the clouds, her light
The moon on darkness pours ;
And close at hand her rays disclose
A skiff which a lone maiden rows.

A wandering spirit like, she went
Where thickest death appears ;
From corpse to corpse she passed and bent
O'er each with bitter tears.
The old man stared, aroused from trance,
With wonder on her still advance.

* Naval action between Russians and Swedes, 17th July 1788, i.e. twenty years before the campaign which furnished the incidents of these tales.

Yet gradually, as she drew near,
With every step she took,
More pensive did his brow appear,
More sorrowful his look ;
A dreadful thought his soul oppressed—
He knew the object of her quest.

He seemed expectant. She drew nigh
As had a summons sped ;
Her path was shaped as certainly
As if a spirit led.
She came, and by the moon's pale ray
Saw where the Swedish warrior lay.

She saw, and shrieked his name aloud ;
No answer could arise.
To his embrace her form she bowed ;
He could not grasp the prize.
His riven breast was icy cold,
And all was dumb and lifeless mould.

Then, saith the Muse, there fell a tear
Adown the old man's cheek ;
The breeze of night aloft did bear
A word that he did speak.
He gained his feet ; he took a stride,
And reached the maiden's feet and died.

What said the warrior's mournful look,
That word still unexplained ?
The teardrop from his eye which broke,
What might that tear portend ?
And when the maiden's feet he sought,
And sank and died, say what he thought !

Perchance, to set his heart at rest,
He raised his voice once more ;
Or from a mild, forgiving breast
He pardon would implore ;
Or wept he man's sad lot who still
Must woe inflict or suffer ill ?

To us an enemy he came,
An adverse weapon bore ;
Yet, comrades, grasp his hand the same,
Forget the wrongs of war.
Oh, hatred with our life must end—
Doth not beyond the grave extend.

H. S.



Captain and Detective.

By SIR LIONEL SMITH-GORDON, BART.

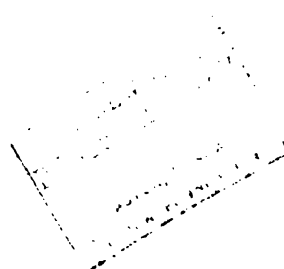


It was not long after the institution of the "Territorial System" that I was ordered to join the 150th Brigade Depot at Ramborough, the district head-quarters of the Hampshire Regiment. Long service in the 150th, in which I held the rank of captain, had endeared the old battalion, the Royal Flamingoes as we fondly styled ourselves, to me, and after a period of inactivity on the seconded list, I felt no small pleasure at the thought of rejoining my comrades.

But the 150th was, to my mind, sadly changed. It is true the humble designation of 150th Foot was a thing of the past, and that we had exchanged it for the high-sounding title of the "Royal Light Infantry Fusiliers, the Hampshire Regiment," but the halo of this ambitious cognomen did not seem to fit either my corps or the affiliated battalion. We had lost our individuality, our identity with the patient services, the glorious records of a hundred years. The old stagers "thought the more," as discipline forbade them "to say much," and in secret exercised the undoubted prerogative of the soldier to grumble. It was necessary to propitiate these ancient fogeys, the fogeys of Alma, Inkerman, Sevastopol, Lucknow, and Delhi, to throw a sop to Cerberus. Some ingenious military historian, searching amidst dusty tomes, had discovered that our amalgamated corps, in the Low Countries and elsewhere, had been engaged in conflicts the memories of which had long since died away. For example, the Grenadiers of the 150th, then de Buffer's Regiment, at the siege of Seidlitz had so plied the ramparts with their now obsolete missiles, that the commandant on delivering up his sword had exclaimed, weeping, "You make it so hot as von gridiron." We were graciously permitted therefore to bear "The Gridiron with the word Seidlitz" on our now discarded colours, together with "Pandora," and "Gotham," actions in which our



THE ORIGIN OF THE GRIDIRON.



sister corps, according to the newly found record, had borne a glorious part.

I do not know that this salve had much effect upon our wounded pride, but obedience is the first duty of the soldier; we accepted things as they were, and all went as well as could be expected at the Ramborough depôt centre.

The style and physique of the recruits that came slowly into my Company failed for a long time to give me any satisfaction, but at last a fine straight young fellow was posted to me, and took his place amongst the would-be warriors. Evidently of a superior class to his comrades, day by day he improved in appearance, picked up his drill rapidly, committed no military peccadilloes, and bid fair to be a smart soldier. I kept my eye on the man; let him see that I regarded his good conduct with favour, and already in imagination saw the stripes on the arm of my paragon. "What is that man James Abbott," I said to my colour-sergeant one day, "is he a tradesman's son?"

"A young photographer, I think, Sir, as did not succeed in business; his hands were all stained with chemicals, or some kind of acid, when he first came in. The men know he is better educated than themselves; they call him Mr. Abbott, in joke, in the barrack-rooms. He is well spoken, Sir, quiet and orderly."

Time passed, the recruit's conduct continued excellent, and owing to the dearth of reliable men at the depôt, he became a non-commissioned officer. Then, hey presto! the scene changed. Just eighteen months after his enlistment, one evening at Tattoo, the name of Lance-Corporal James Abbott appeared in the absentee report, and we never saw him more.

Winter came, and with it leave. I found myself in the gay metropolis. One evening I gladly formed the escort to two pretty cousins, and a certain Miss Clara Blyth, to the Lyceum, to see the popular piece of the period. For obvious reasons, it did not require much manœuvring on the part of my young but very intelligent relatives to place me beside Miss Clara as we took our seats in about the eighth row of the stalls. The overture commenced, and the ladies began, of course, to criticize the audience. They had just come to the conclusion that they knew no one in the stalls, but that the Fumbley Marshalls were in the box to the right, when a tall, cadaverous, but dignified clergyman entered, accompanied by his daughter, a very pretty but child-like looking girl, and a young man. I almost leaped from my seat; my astonishment nearly compelled me to cry out. There, with his hair parted down the

middle, with his white neck-tie and unruffled expanse of shirt front, a modest button-hole and undeniable sable garments, stood my late Lance-Corporal Abbott. Calmly he helped to give her a chair, and then began to take off his light overcoat.

Yes, that it was James Abbott for the instant I had no reasonable doubt. "Oh," exclaimed Clara, not perceiving that I was regarding the new arrivals with wonder, "there are the Meades—old Canon Meade and his daughter: he is one of papa's oldest friends, and Canon of Heyminster, our post town—immensely rich they say, and that pretty girl is his only child."

"And who is that with them?" I asked.

"Captain Neville," replied one of my cousins; "we know the Meades too, and we met him at lunch at their house one day. I think," she added, laughing, "he is smitten with little Nellie, the Canon's daughter."

"Neville, Neville!" I murmured to myself. "I never heard of him, or saw him before. What an extraordinary likeness to that man Abbott."

The curtain rose and all became interested; nevertheless, throughout the whole evening, I found my eyes constantly wandering towards Neville, who sat about four rows in front of us. His every gesture, his manner of speaking, face, figure, carriage, reminded me more than forcibly, as I watched him, of the deserter from Ramborough, whom I had known so well.

At the conclusion of the play, we met the Canon and his party in the crush going out. The girls conversed; Neville and I stood close together, but he betrayed not the slightest sign of recognition, nor did he seem in any way desirous of avoiding my scrutiny. On the contrary, he assisted me to convoy the ladies to their carriages, then, without a word, he lit a cigar and walked away. Irresistibly I was prompted to follow the man, why, I could not say, but follow I did. He turned up the Strand, I kept some thirty yards behind him. He must be quite unconscious, I thought, of anyone dogging his steps through the crowds that are surging from the closing theatres. My quarry walked quickly on, and I, of course, concluded he was about to pursue the usual course westward, through Leicester Square. Not so; he went at a rapid pace up St. Martin's Lane. I pursued on the opposite side of the street. At the top of this thoroughfare he crossed Long Acre, and plunged into Seven Dials, and though I thought I kept careful watch, he vanished from my sight. I went on, looked here and there, and then retraced my steps. "What can he have to do with Seven Dials?" I said to

myself. "But what a fool you are to follow a man about the streets of London at night, simply because he bears a strong resemblance to an obscure soldier chance once threw in your way," and laughing at my folly I paced homewards and went to bed.

Some days afterwards, I was again in the society of Clara and my cousins.

"You are to come with us to five o'clock tea at the Meades," said one.

I protested I was not acquainted with the Canon.

"Don't talk nonsense," returned Clara. "We are very old friends; we will introduce you."

That clenched the business, and I went. Behold, on our entry in the drawing-room, whispering sweet nothings to Miss Nellie Meade, sat Captain Neville. It might have been imagination, but I thought I saw a flash of annoyance on his face as I appeared; but he made himself very agreeable, and performed his light duties as a knight of the tea-table to perfection. All my suspicions, if ever I had any real suspicious, vanished. It was ridiculous to connect this polished man of the world with Abbott; henceforth I must treat him as a comrade, and we became quite friendly. At length Neville pleaded an engagement, and rose to leave; I, too, had friends to dine with me at the club, and we went downstairs together. The old butler presented himself in the hall, and shuffled about as he helped us to don our great coats. "Very grieved, Sir," he said, addressing Neville in the most apologetic manner, "very grieved; I wouldn't for the world have mentioned it, only I think you ought to know it, Sir. The present, Sir, you were so kind as to give me, saying you were so often at the house—is—is—not quite correct, Sir; in short, Sir, it is a bad sovereign."

Neville stamped his foot, and was evidently much chagrined and mortified.

"Very sorry, very, Jenkins," he replied. "Let me have it back; must get bitten in London sometimes, I suppose. Thank you; let me change it for another," and he searched his purse. "Bother!" he exclaimed, irritably, "I've got no gold," and turning to me he asked, smiling, "have you change for a fiver?"

I had the money; he handed Jenkins a sovereign, and we passed out.

"Nasty thing to happen in a friend's house," he broke out snappishly; "wouldn't have had it occur for anything. I'm off Bayswater way," and he disappeared rapidly.

"Oh, Cupid, Cupid!" I murmured. "Under your influence that

man is worming his way into the good graces of the servants by gold."

Next morning I too had a surprise at my Club. The steward came to the table as I sat at breakfast, and commenced a mysterious communication in a low tone. He also was grieved, very grieved, but the note I had given in payment for dinner last evening was a flash one. Disgusted, I carried the cause of my trouble to the nearest Bank.

"Forged note, Sir; not a doubt about it," explained the civil cashier. "Capitally executed though," and with this consolation I had to be content, but I vowed I'd tell Neville if we ever met again.

A few hours after this unpleasant episode, I was seated *tête-à-tête* with Clara before a blazing fire in my aunt's residence, where she was a guest.

"You went away with Captain Neville last evening," she said; "how do you like him?"

"I have scarcely had five minutes' conversation with him; I know nothing about him. He seems to be the ordinary kind of man one meets in town, living at his club, and occupying chambers or lodgings."

"Well, I don't like Captain Neville," continued Clara, plunging at once, womanlike, *in medias res*.

"Why?"

"He is so evasive."

"Evasive; what do you mean?"

"He talks of his club, and never says which it is; of his many friends, but never mentions names; of his old regiment, but gives no number or designation. I don't like him; I don't like the way he became acquainted with the Meades; I don't like his being allowed to steal away little Nellie's—my old schoolfellow—heart, before her father knows anything about him or his antecedents," and Clara gave point to her complaints by kicking over her footstool. I was beginning again to be impressed against Neville, aided perhaps by the knowledge that I had in my pocket a crumpled, useless note.

"How did he become acquainted with the Canon?" I asked.

"At the end of last season. A party, including the Canon and Nellie, went to the fireworks at the Crystal Palace; they had reserved seats, and all went well until at the conclusion the old man insisted on leaving at once. The consequence was they got entangled in the first rush, and among a very rough crowd, on

their way to the station. The Canon was of course helpless, and the ladies got frightened at being crushed and pushed about, when Captain Neville appeared, and partly by persuasion, and partly by force, put them all safely into a train. Nellie's father was profuse in his thanks, insisted on the chivalrous Captain travelling to London with them, and finding him a good listener, as he related anecdotes connected with the Hallucination Society, or some such hobby, he asked him to lunch next day. Henceforth he had the *entrée* of the house, and has availed himself of it to gain Nellie's affections. Now, you have heard of woman's wit; it is not a mere expression. I saw you start when that man came into the theatre; I saw you watch him the whole evening. Come, now; don't you know something about him?"

I was astounded; Clara had kept a leading question to the last; it was a case of the ladies' postscript.

"Yes, you are right," I answered; "I was struck by Captain Neville's remarkable likeness to a soldier who deserted from my regiment."

"There!" she cried, jumping up; "I knew there was a mystery behind the scenes. I am sure it is the same man; he is an adventurer. Now promise me you will find out all about this Captain Neville, his family, his friends, his residence in London, for little Nellie's sake, to save her from an unhappy marriage; for my sake, too. Your cousin Julia and I have been talking about him; he says he has just retired from the Service. We got an Army List of some months back, looked out W. Neville, but could make nothing of it."

"You are not the first who has required a key to that volume," I said; "but seriously, Clara, you are much too clever to allow yourself to jump to conclusions; you have no reason whatever to regard Neville as an adventurer. His likeness to a military defaulter proves nothing; but as you wish it, I will make inquiries about the Captain. I have six weeks' leave yet; I will turn detective," then feeling rather small at the recollection of my dismal failure in Seven Dials, I departed.

I kept my promise to Clara, and commenced investigations regarding the man she viewed with so much dislike. He was not a member of any of the military clubs, as far as I could ascertain. Surrounding myself with Army Lists, Harts, quarterlies, annuals, and monthlies, dating to two or three years back, even further, I consulted the indexes. There was Sir Walter Neville, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., a distinguished old "chutnee," commanding a division at

Damnuggur, on the Ganges; Walter Neville, a lieutenant in the Chocktaw Volunteers in Canada. No other Walter Neville graced the pages. I went down to Craig's Court, but could not trace my man even there. I inquired of everyone I knew in the three arms; questioned full-pay, half-pay, and retired; spent two whole days in my search, and on the evening of the second sought Clara to report progress, or rather failure. I confess I began to be very suspicious; our friend's connection with the service had become, to say the least, dubious. We talked the matter over, Clara, of course, becoming stronger and stronger on the adventurer theory, and I left, determining to try again, and leave no stone unturned. At the bottom of St. James's Street I met Dick Pelham, of the Hussars, an Aldershot chum.

"Haw do?" he said. "Just come up from Victoriaw Street; nice business they had at the Stoaws yesterday."

"What do you mean—fire?" I asked.

"No fiaw, no; a swindle, a precious clewaw swindle. Young fellow came in, went to jewellery and all that sort of thing department, quoted membaw's ticket; bought lot of things easy to carry, you know, lady's diamond wing, bwoaches, pins, so on; paid to tune of £170—seventeen £10 notes. In the evening, when they looked things up, every note was flash. Assistant couldn't describe the fellow, 'Just like hundreds of other gentlemen that come here ewewy day; nevaw saw him before,' and he'll nevaw see him again," said the Hussar, as he climbed the steps of his club to "dinnaw."

I halted in the street, and mused.

"A young fellow, regarding whom little or nothing could be ascertained, had handed Jenkins a bad sovereign, given me a forged note. A young fellow had committed an audacious robbery by means of false paper. It might be a coincidence, but was worth looking into."

I hailed a hansom, and drove to Scotland Yard. Twiggitt of the Detective Department "had charge of the case."

"We have no description, Sir, of the man who committed the swindle at the Stores," he said.

I gave him an accurate account of Neville's personal appearance and general style of dress.

"This Captain Neville, Sir, may be the man we want. Your story is, of course, suggestive, but practically, at present, there is nothing to connect him with the Victoria Street fraud. I will get on his track from the house you say he visits at.

Please keep me informed where and when you meet him again."

Clara and I were on very pleasant terms, but as yet Mrs. Grundy would not have considered it correct that we should correspond. I wrote to her *confidante*, my cousin Julia. "Find out if Captain Neville has been with the Meades during the last two days." The answer came back next morning. "Met the Canon in a great state of mind this evening. He informed us that he had invited his very intelligent young friend Captain Neville, to attend a lecture at the Hallucination Society, and had received a note to say important business had called him to the country." I carried the news to the detective.

"It may be, as you think, that the prospect of the lecture drove him away," he said, with a grim smile. "Still, suspected man makes himself scarce; it's a link. Can you find out where note to old clergyman was written from, and date of post-mark?"

There was little chance of obtaining this information, but I owed a visit to the Canon's house, and I called. Miss Meade was out, but I saw her father.

Casually I asked: "Do you know where Neville lives, Canon—where his chambers are?"

"Stay," he answered, fumbling in the pockets of his long coat, "I heard from him recently. He has been obliged to leave town." And he produced the note. "There is no date or address," he added, as he put on his spectacles and dropped the envelope; "no address."

I read the post-mark as I lifted the cover and returned it to my old friend. It was Charing Cross, December 6, the day of the robbery. Mr. Twiggitt was duly informed of this. Days and weeks passed, but we heard no more of Neville. Nellie Meade seemed to miss the attentions of her lover; the Canon constantly bewailed his absence. It was impossible on such slight grounds as we had to suggest our suspicions to either of them.

My leave expired, and bidding an affectionate adieu to Clara, I again became an inmate of Ramborough Barracks, those hideous new red-brick buildings, echoing to the perpetual bugle, and the hoarse cry from stentorian lungs: "At the word 'tow,' let the right arum fall smartly to the side."

The winter passed, then spring; summer came, but I never heard that Neville had again sought Nellie, or the Canon recovered his lost favourite.

One morning at the end of July, just after parade, a telegram

was put into my hand. It ran thus: "Please come; important. Clara." Evidently there was something wrong at Heyminster. How was I to get leave at this season? The chief was an old Flamingo. I showed him the telegram; he telegraphed to the head-quarters of the district, and I got fourteen days' leave. Next day Clara's papa's dog-cart met me at the station, and the groom handed me a little note in the well-known handwriting: "Canon Meade is in residence now at Heyminster. Captain Neville has appeared, and is never absent from the cloisters; he is staying at the 'Rockington Arms.' Would it not be best to send for the detective?"

"I must see Clara," I thought, "before I too jump at conclusions. After all, this man may be as innocent as I am." And I pondered the matter as I drove to Heatherlee.

The affair was not yet sufficiently ripe to take "the governor" into our confidence regarding Neville, but Clara and I decided that she should lunch at the cloisters on the morrow, see how "the land lay"; ascertain if possible whether Neville had given intelligible information as to his position, his parentage, and friends; and if all this had still been withheld, meet me at 3 o'clock at the Cathedral, and that we should at once despatch a message for Mr. Twiggitt.

How pleasant it is to be in alliance with a sympathetic pretty girl in unravelling a mystery! I entered heartily once more upon the rôle of detective, and longed for the hour to dip deeper into the work we had in hand.

In consonance with our plan, Clara drove into Heyminster the following day, and I walked leisurely into the town an hour or two afterwards. I had scarcely gained the High Street, when I saw Neville some yards before me on the opposite side. He went briskly on, turned down a narrow lane that led to the Cathedral Close, crossed it, and entered the cloisters; doubtless he was on his way to the Canon's.

There is nothing more hopelessly dreary in the universe than an English country town, but I had had some experience of Ram-borough, and managed to kill time strolling listlessly about, until a quarter to three struck and I entered the Cathedral. All was silent, dusty, gloomy, and neglected, the only occupant of the nave being a red-nosed verger in a tattered black gown, who wandered to and fro amongst the grand old Norman pillars, and eyed me suspiciously. A bell began to toll, then ceased; a dozen slip-shod boys in dirty surplices came grinning and laughing round a corner

followed by the Canon and a youthful curate, the organ gave a spasmodic groan or two and the verger shut me out. I looked at my watch, a light step came tripping up, and Clara joined me.

"We must come to some conclusion at once in this matter," she cried in an agitated tone, sitting down on the stone bench beneath the mutilated sculpture that had once adorned the porch. "This so-called Captain Neville is now *tête-à-tête* with my little Nellie; they still know nothing about him, positively nothing. All the morning have I been trying to find out something about this man. In vain I hinted to the Canon and Nellie that his antecedents were unknown; they were open to no suspicions. Now, you say, I always keep the most important information to the last—listen. Papa told us to bring him money from the bank. Mr. Watermark, the manager, handed the notes himself to mamma. 'Mrs. Blyth,' he said, 'we must be careful not to give you any bad ones. During the last week we have had two forged notes in our possession, and at present cannot trace them home to anyone. Such a thing has not happened at Heyminster within my recollection.' Now, Captain Neville has been in the town about a week."

"Say no more, Clara," I answered, "we must telegraph to Mr. Twiggitt: he can easily reach Heyminster this evening, and if Neville is the proper man, we will surely catch him this time, and save Nellie."

"There is not an instant to be lost," continued Clara. "To-morrow we give a garden-party; the next day, you know, we start for Paris, *en route* to the Italian Lakes. The Canon's eyes must be opened before we leave."

Twiggitt was sent for, and as she went home Clara related the whole story to her mother, who rather threw cold water on our proceedings; but her father on being told entered fully into the matter, and promised as a magistrate to assist Mr. Twiggitt if required, and to do all in his power to avert misfortune from his old friend the Canon.

That evening we had an interview with the detective.

"I communicated with the local men before I came out to Heatherlee," he said, "and they tell me that when the Bank first put the matter of the forged notes into their hands, they thought of this Neville at the Rockington Arms, he being a stranger; but finding him on such good terms in the cloisters, they abandoned the suspicions, and I was silent on the subject until I had seen you. My plan now is to commence early to-morrow and endeavour to bring the false paper home to the utterer. In a small place

like Heyminster this should not be a difficult task. By the afternoon, or evening at the latest, I ought to have my hand on Neville if he is the culprit." We approved Mr. Twiggitt's idea, and exhorting us to "keep quiet" until we saw him again, he retired.

The ensuing day Clara and I were in a state of restless inquietude all morning, looking for a message from the policeman. The afternoon came, and with it the guests. The Blyths had collected all the notabilities of the neighbourhood; Sir Thomas Rockington, the High Sheriff; Lady Rockington, a blooming match-making matron, well versed in the mysteries of Mayfair, and the Miss Rockingtons, pale and languid after the exertions of the past season, dignified the throng. — Rangler, M.P., for the Heyminster division, proudly presented himself to his constituents. The Bishop of Bango Land, a returned empty from the Colonies who had settled down in a snug adjacent rectory, smiled affably at the tea-tables. Colonel Bullseye of the volunteer battalion of the county regiment kindly patronized me as "a man of the regulars," while a host of local golden youth in spotless flannels exhibited considerable agility on the lawn-tennis courts. The Meades brought Neville; rectors and vicars from the surrounding parishes, their wives and daughters, poured in, and the third sex, in the persons of curates, was not wanting.

I was becoming rather bored. Clara had just whispered to me "it won't last long"; I had just abruptly closed a discussion on some "ology" or other with Miss Cerulea Fogg, sole remaining representative of the well-known old county family of the Fogg, who was a member of the Heyminster School Board, and held "views" diametrically opposed to the clergy; the bishop had just informed a neighbour that the wide spreading deodara under which he sat eating thin bread and butter reminded him of the banyan trees of his late diocese, thus demonstrating a keen imagination, but sad lack of arboreal science, when a footman requested me to speak to "a gentleman" in the stable-yard. My heart bounded; I slipped away. It was Twiggitt.

"It's all right, Sir," he whispered, beckoning me into a loose box, and shutting the stable door; "it's all right. I tracked one note from the bank straight to the shop where it was changed, and another to the bar of the Rockington Arms, both presented by our gentleman, be-utiful specimens they are. You have a third; that's three in evidence. He's here, Sir, you know," continued Mr. Twiggitt, jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction

of the garden, with a grin. "I have the needfuls," and he slapped his pocket and produced a jingling sound.

"Look, Twiggitt," I said, "we can't well arrest the fellow on Mr. Blyth's lawn, and create a scandal amongst all the people. Take him as he returns to Heyminster; I will help you to watch him."

"Very good, Sir; from the clump of laurels on the drive I can see my man and all that goes on in the garden. You return to your friends now, and when the company's gone if you can lead him up my way so much the better."

I hastened back to my post and wandered to and fro, looking eagerly for Neville amongst the crowd. Clara joined me for an instant.

"It's traced home to him," I whispered hurriedly; "the policeman's here. Where is *he*?"

"Three minutes ago, I saw him standing looking on at the tennis, close to the path that leads through the shrubbery into the orchard."

I cast a quick glance at the tennis-courts and the guests sitting round, turned into the plantation and ran swiftly to the orchard gate. The ground sloped away from the trim rows of apple trees to a wide expanse of corn and meadow, and as I threw anxious glances around, I saw a man dash hastily along a right-of-way through a wheat-field, climb a stile and disappear. It was Neville. My mind was made up in an instant.

"He has seen Twiggitt," I cried aloud in my excitement; "knows him, and is off," and leaping into the orchard I waved my hand towards the copse on the avenue, pointed the direction the fugitive had taken, and started in pursuit. Constant exercise had kept me in good condition. I quickly cleared several fields but could not get a glimpse of my quarry. Then I came upon rising ground where three paths diverged, and halted to gain breath and reconnoitre. Suddenly from a wide covert at my feet I heard the whirr of pheasants' wings. Up, up they came, rocketting in all directions, towering high above the trees, and sailing off to distant brakes. Hares, too, bounded forth from the thick hedge, and ran pell-mell across the surrounding meadows.

"He's in that wood, you bet," I panted, and plunged forward on the chase. I struggled and fought desperately through the thick coppice, regardless of my "go-to-meeting garments" and a "tall hat," but I quickly "made daylight" upon the other side, mounted the bank and jumped into the field below.

"No you don't," roared a rough voice, and I found myself rudely seized by an unmistakable keeper in velveteens and gaiters. "No, you don't go no further," he exclaimed savagely; "running amuck 'ere through the best cover on the Rockington 'state, Sir Tummasses favrit 'ot corner. Whativer hare you thinkin' on, a trespassing, and you a genilman too. Whoy," he added, pointing to a youth with him, "'Arry and I's bin seein' the birds go away loike mad these foive minutes."

"It's all right, my man," I said, when I recovered from my embarrassment, "I'm after a London sharper, a swindler and forger, who is on in front; he was the first to break into your wood. I am staying with Squire Blyth, and will explain the matter to Sir Thomas, with whom I am acquainted."

"Quite correct," yelled Mr. Twiggitt, as he came crashing through the brambles, and rolled down the bank, waving off the hobbledehoy who advanced to arrest him majestically; "quite correct. We are after a thief. This gentleman's a friend of your master's, I'm a police sergeant; the law never trespasses. There's my ticket."

The astounded keeper relaxed his hold of me and seemed inclined to touch his hat.

"Very sorry, genilmen," he muttered, "but they pheasints I've 'ad the reasin' of——"

"Never mind the pheasants," broke in Mr. Twiggitt.

"But before we goes on, Sir," he said to me, mopping his face with an exaggerated scarlet bandana, "let me tell you what our chap's up to. He's making for Hanford Junction. Express is due there 4.55, Waterloo 6.30. If he gets that he's pretty safe, telegrams notwithstanding. We must put our best legs foremost. A little over half an hour to do three miles; I'm stout, and we've wasted ten minutes in this discourse. Good-bye, old gunpowder," he cried to the wondering rustic, and before 'Sir Tummasses' faithful servitor had at all grasped the situation, we had scaled a gate and were making play along the Hanford Road. On we ran, straining our eyes along the hard white track, buoyed up by the hope of catching a sight of the object of the chase, but nothing was to be seen, not even a farmer jogging along on his tax cart, or a labouring man whom we might stop and question. Twiggitt kept up wonderfully well considering his years and bulk, but at length, overtaken, he dropped into a walk and I pressed on alone. Another mile and the solitary junction station rose up before me amidst the fields at the end of a long vista of road, and I redoubled.



"NO, YOU DON'T," ROARED A ROUGH VOICE.

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my efforts. Then came the rattle of a train ; it rushed along a low embankment, and pulled up. Only a few hundred yards ; I might catch the impostor yet if there was a delay. No ; a shriek, thick puffs of steam shot up into the air, the express had started. Neville for a space was safe once more. I waited for the detective. He came up, heated and cross.

"Nothing for it now, Sir, but to wire ; and he'll have thought of that, too," and we entered the station.

"Aye," replied the booking clerk, in answer to our inquiries, "tall gentleman, good-looking, took first-class ticket to Waterloo, paid with five-pound note."

"Let me see that bit of paper, young man," said Twiggitt. "I'm a police officer ; I've reason to believe you've been done."

We were taken into the office ; the note was handed Twiggitt, and producing a magnifying glass, he examined it.

"The same, to a flourish !" he exclaimed. "That's the fourth of them, and the Railway Company's in the prosecution now. What cheek, with the hand of the law almost on him."

Then an accurate description of Neville was sent to Scotland Yard, with orders to arrest him at Waterloo, and we returned crest-fallen to Heyminster.

That evening we had the satisfaction of "waking up" the Canon to a sense of his folly in admitting a man he knew nothing about to his house, and the friendship of his daughter. With Nellie it was different. She pouted, and refused to hear aught against her lover, although Clara pertinently remarked "How can you account for his leaving the garden-party so suddenly without rhyme or reason ?"

The Blyths started for Paris, and I accompanied them to Dover, waved my adieux to Clara from the pier, and then returned disconsolate to London. My pet policeman had heard no more of Neville ; no such person had been in the train on its arrival in London. It was the silly season, the club was empty ; I was depressed and melancholy, and had I been quartered in any other locality than Ramborough, I would have thrown up my remaining leave and returned to duty.

Three days passed, and as I ate my solitary dinner at my club one evening a page rushed in and laid a telegram beside me. "Paris. Our friend here. Bring Twiggitt. Edward Blyth."

Such were the winged words, and in an hour the detective and I were in consultation at my lodgings.

"Not at all an unlikely place to meet him ; hope he hasn't seen

them; he's a sharp lad that, Sir; must have a warrant to take him there. Telegraph we come by Calais; 7.30 sharp to-morrow morning, Charing Cross," and Twiggitt left me to sleep if I could.

True to time we left London, and I found the detective an excellent companion, and a hardy sailor during a somewhat rough passage across the Straits; indeed he seemed thoroughly to enjoy his outing, and informed me he had often voyaged on such errands. Scarcely had we run alongside the pier at Calais, when a messenger with a letter in his hand sprang on board, and began inquiring for me by name amongst the crowd of passengers. I claimed the note, it was from Clara, dated the evening before, and ran thus:—

"We met Captain Neville in the Champs Elysées yesterday; but do not think that he observed us. Papa, at my request, pointed him out to a sergent-de-ville, told him he was an English swindler, and desired he might be watched, in order that the London policeman we were about to telegraph for might arrest him at once on arrival. The man promised to follow these instructions; and one of the police has just called at our hotel to say the rogue can be found whenever wanted."

"That's business-like, excellent," said Mr. Twiggitt; "sharp practice, Sir, couldn't have done better myself," and we took our seats in the Paris express. On sped the train, my companion diverting me with professional anecdotes, until we slackened speed and rolled into the station at Amiens. At the same moment a train from Paris pulled up beside us. Twiggitt occupied a seat next the window, and scarcely had the train from the metropolis ceased to move than a window was put down in the carriage opposite to us and a red-nosed but well-moustached Frenchman shouted frantically to my comrade. "Mon ami, my fren," he said; "vat, you here!" and, descending, he leapt upon our footboard, seizing Twiggitt's hand with many gesticulations of delight. "Aha, eet is long since we meet," he cried. "Ees eet that you are on servis, or to yourself amuse?"

"Business, Monsieur Ponceau, business," replied my friend, with great dignity; and he introduced the new arrival as "Monsieur Ponceau of the John Dongs, an officer as useful to me in Paris as I am to him in London. We have often," he added, "international complications to unravel."

"Ha, beesnees, beesnees; I see," said the gendarme, suddenly becoming grave and thoughtful. "Ees eet a yong Ingleish gentleman, handsome, tall, moustache light? He ees in dees train. I follow him for Monsieur Blyth, an Ingleish man in Paris."

I started to my feet with astonishment, but Mr. Twiggitt retained his composure. "That is the man for whom I have a warrant in my pocket, Ponceau. Show him to me; it will save my time and a journey to Paris."

"You shall see him, my fren, soon; he has gone to refresh. He ees a gay dog. My chief put me on him yesterday. He seem to get uneasy last evening; he leave Paris this morning. Now," he whispered, as we descended at his request into the six-foot between the rails, "you stand here. I go upon de platform and tell you when he regain his carriage; den climb de shains between de waggons, and seize him. Dat's your way, Monsieur Tweegeet."

Our active ally departed but we had not long to wait. Suddenly, standing on the buffers, he put his head round a carriage and beckoned the detective. "First-class von ordered and seex he ees in. I shall stand at dees door now," and Monsieur Ponceau joined me. We walked down the length of three or four compartments. In a minute a well-gloved hand was thrust out of a window above us, and attempted to grasp the handle of the door. Monsieur Ponceau sprang forward but the hand and arm were hastily withdrawn. A tremendous struggle seemed to be carried on in the carriage; a side window was smashed to atoms, several women shrieked on the platform, and above the jingle of the falling glass I heard the click of hand-cuffs; then all was quiet. Captain Neville was in safe custody. The tall gendarme mounted up, and looked into the compartment, "Vive l'Empereur!—I mean la République," he cried, jumping down; "he has gote him. Eet was excellent; Tweegeet ees a strong man." Then we clambered between the carriages, and joined the English officer and his prisoner on the down platform. Neville and I exchanged glances. There was no misunderstanding his look of recognition now. In the battered, dejected, manacled prisoner before me, I had no difficulty in tracing the features of the quondam recruit of Ramborough. Once captured, he was shorn of all the glories of the assumed position.

Twiggitt marched his captive through the hurrying crowds returning to the trains amidst the jeers of some, the sympathy of others, in the excitable Gallic multitude, until, led by Monsieur Ponceau, we entered an empty *salle*, where Neville was permitted to seat himself upon a bench.

"I shall return to London with the prisoner this afternoon, Sir," said Twiggitt.

"Well, I shall visit my friends, the Blyths, in Paris," I replied

"Eef you veeish, gentilman, to vat you call lonch," interrupted Monsieur Ponceau with great politeness, "I vill vatch de man."

The detective looked keenly at the prisoner, then at the gendarme.

"Aha!" cried Ponceau, with considerable hauteur, interpreting the glance at once, and drawing himself to his full height, "Vive l'Empereur!—I mean la République, I am in ceeveel dress now, but I am old Grenadier of the Guard. Der ees no Exshatter Hall here; eef my preesonair tri to ron, I vat you call weeng him, weedout fear of howl from Eeslinton or Clapham," and he drew a highly burnished revolver from his ample coat tails.

Mr. Twiggitt seemed highly to appreciate the Frenchman's knowledge of British eccentricity, and withdrew to "lonch" and to make inquiries regarding his return. I remained, wishing to interrogate the *détenu* in his absence.

"You know me," I said; "you are James Abbott."

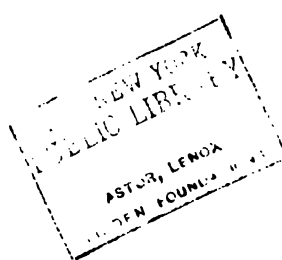
"That is not my real name," he answered, sulkily; "but you meant well by me, I will tell you what you want to know. My game is played out. I am a gentleman's son, kicked out of my father's house for misconduct. I was with a gang of coiners at Birmingham. The detectives were hot upon us; I enlisted. My companions evaded the law, and resumed operations in London; then I rejoined them. It was my business to pass the false coin and the forged notes. While thus engaged I fell in with your friends, the Meades. I did not care a bit about the silly little doll; but I found out she was rich and made up my mind to marry Nellie, and reinstate myself in my former position. I saw you half recognized me at the theatre; I knew you followed me, but I had no difficulty in giving you the slip. Afterwards I brazened it out and did you with a note. Again, the day of the garden party, when I saw Twiggitt come down the drive it flashed upon me you were at the bottom of it. I ran to Hanford Junction, intending to go to town, but remembering the wires I took a ticket, slipped out of the station and walked to Hanford, thence by rail to Bristol and Paddington, while your men watched Waterloo. Coming at once to Paris, I met Mrs. and Miss Blyth last evening face to face, in the Bois du Boulogne. I saw they did not wish to see me. That told a tale; I left Paris this morning—you know the rest."

After his remarks about Miss Meade, I was heartily glad to see this fellow in custody at last. My compatriot returned, and in a couple of hours James Abbott, *alias* Neville, was whirled away to well-merited punishment.

"How it will astonish the sleepy old Canon!" exclaimed Clara,



"TREGEET IS A STRONG MAN."



as we talked the matter over ; “and how clever that man Neville is. Mamma and I didn’t even look at him yesterday evening ; yet you see Monsieur Ponceau declared he got uneasy, and he ran away this morning. Now Nellie will believe us.”

Notwithstanding Clara’s prophecy, we had some little difficulties with Miss Meade ; indeed, she even followed ‘ the Captain’s ’ trial with undeniable sympathy for him ; but in the following winter chance enabled me to introduce her to Dick Pelham. He fell desperately in love with her, they were married ; and now she may be seen any day on a gallant chesnut in the Phoenix Park, riding beside her husband, that excellent officer’s “Hussaws” being quartered at Island Bridge.

I have not since been upon “ the war-path ” in the capacity of a detective, but should it again be necessary, I do not think I could do better than call to my assistance my little wife Clara, *née* Blyth.



Reminiscences of the Siege of Delhi.

By MAJOR-GENERAL WEBBER D. HARRIS,
LATE 104TH BENGAL FUSILIERS.

I.



HAD been absent from my regiment since 1855, on "sick leave" to the Straits and north of China, returning to India in May 1857. I must here premise that I cannot give exact dates, but the months I mention will be near enough to guide any one who may chance to read these notes.

While in Calcutta, I lived with an old brother officer who was, at the time, fort adjutant of Fort William. He told me some curious stories about "chuppaties," of which much was afterwards made, and of a very uneasy feeling amongst the troops at Barrackpoor. I found my regiment at Umballa, on the point of moving into its quarters at Subathoo, in the hills, and, obtaining permission of the commanding officer, proceeded in advance of it to settle myself down and look after the regimental mess, &c. As far as I can remember there was no uneasiness felt by the officers of the regiment about the state of things in the native army, which was the constant theme of various correspondents in the local papers. Much was afterwards made about the feelings of the sepoys who had attended the School of Musketry, which had been formed that winter at Umballa. One or two of our officers had gone through the course there, but they never mentioned any extraordinary occurrence. In fact, we, as a body, gave no thought to the question of the feeling of the native army, and settled down for the regular cantonment life in the hills, which is a very jolly one. Boyd and self were one day ordered up to Dugshaye on duty. The 1st Fusiliers were there, and we were hospitably entertained, meeting and

having a talk with Hodson, who had just been ordered to rejoin his regiment from staff employment for some peccadillo. I notice this, as I shall hereafter have a great deal to write about this officer: one of the most gallant fellows I ever saw, a firm friend, though I should not care to have so determined a man as an enemy.

So little heed did we pay to the reports that were about, that Boyd, his wife, and self, took a few days' leave and started to a place about thirty miles from Subathoo on a shooting and fishing trip. This must have been about the first week in June.

On going to the mess to breakfast one morning early in June, we heard that Plowden, C.S., had ridden through the station *in his shirt sleeves*, en route to Simlah, with a telegram from Meerut for the commander-in-chief—had only stopped to take a "peg," and said that there had been an outbreak at Meerut, and the wire was cut. That afternoon we received orders to move down to Umballah, and we started about sunset, sleeping the night at Kussowlie, which had been vacated that morning by the 75th, who had pushed on ahead of us. Our commanding officer was absent on leave, and the temporary commanding officer had a good deal of bother to reconcile conflicting claims of officers for various posts. Some had, of course, to remain with the sick, and all wanted to go to the front. The next morning we moved down to the plains, the men marching in their shirt sleeves, and in excellent spirits. We found that the officials had provided conveyances of sorts for us and our men, so we went on that evening half way to Umballah, remaining all the next day under trees. It was a sudden and unpleasant change from the climate of the hills, as a scorching hot wind blew all the day; but we were jolly enough. An officer, who afterwards did good service, but was at that time a terrible alarmist, drove through our bivouac, declaring that the Ghoorka regiment had mutinied, and was plundering and burning Simlah. This report was, of course, exaggerated; but those little men had shown a very mutinous spirit, and dreadfully alarmed some of the officers residing at that sanatorium, who, it was said, behaved badly under the influence of panic. I forgot to mention that the morning we were at Kussowlie, the Commander-in-Chief passed us with his Staff, carried in a chair, and looking much worn. The Staff reported things as looking bad, and told of the sad doings at Meerut.

On the third day we reached Umballah, where we found the 75th and 1st Fusiliers had preceded us. Much confusion pre-

vailed, and the cholera broke out. Here there was a great delay, which we regimental officers couldn't understand; but it was afterwards explained that the Commissariat could do nothing for us in the matter of carriage. There was no medicine nor money chests; altogether things must have been in a bad state, although we didn't know it. There were in Umballah a light field-battery, manned by natives, and three regiments of natives; one cavalry and two infantry, 5th Lancers, 4th Native Infantry, 60th Native Infantry. A new commanding officer, a Colonel Seaton, was appointed to the regiment, and commenced his reign, which was a short one, by re-swearing all the sepoy under the colours, and over their most sacred objects. That night there was an alarm, and the English regiments stood to their arms. It proved to be a panic on the part of the English sergeant-major of this regiment, who, with his family, ran through the lines, declaring that the sepoy had risen and were killing their officers. He was a little in advance of their intentions, which they carried out three days afterwards; rising in a body and driving their officers out of camp by volleys they poured into the mess tent during the dinner, and then moved on to Delhi, which city, we now heard, was the centre towards which all the mutineers were tending. We, however, never anticipated their giving much trouble, and when the advance of our force commenced and I was detailed with four companies to remain behind, to keep the city quiet and the communications open, I was rather envied than otherwise, as I was to escape a very hot and unpleasant march.

The day previous to the general forward move, a "Council of War" was called at the residence of the Commander-in-Chief, and I was directed to attend, as a member, in virtue of my position as commanding officer of the British portion of the force detailed to remain behind. It was a most absurd scene. General Barnard presided in lieu of the chief who, he said, was very ill (he died of cholera the next day). Members dropped in, and talked; a map of the cantonment was on the table, and each and every one gave his opinion on the proper way the place ought to be defended. "A gun was to be fired (a big one) at noon to overawe the natives." "The church was to be entrenched as a refuge for the English and their families and valuables." "The commissariat store was to be in rear of the Native Infantry lines," which were between it and my men. Having the Cabool disaster in my mind, I mildly protested against this arrangement, and was very severely taken to task by the President for the word "pro-

test." I should have "suggested," he said; but my protest had effect, for I found that it was ordered that provisions for the English troops should be placed in the church, which was also to be the "alarm post." During the halt of the troops at Umballah all officers who had no friends to put them up lived in a large mess house, but as soon as the force moved on I put my traps into a staff-sergeant's house, close to the barracks, occupied by my man, and to show how little I thought of the business, or the likelihood of my being called on to move, I sent to Subathoo for all my goods and chattels and endeavoured to make myself comfortable. I had several cases of cholera in the detachment, so passed a good portion of my time in the barracks. I had with me four or five officers, who also made their arrangements for a long stay, one even sending for his wife.

Three events happened during our short stay at this place, which will serve to show in how very queer a state everything was. An outbreak had taken place, at Ferozepore I think, and some sepoy getting off with their arms were peacefully engaged in plundering their compatriots, who at last objected, and taking heart of grace, rose and made sixteen of the fellows prisoners, bringing them into the civil authorities, who regularly tried and sentenced them to death, making them over to the military with a request that the execution be carried out so as to make an example. This the commanding officer did by blowing them from guns manned by gunners, themselves sepoy, who actually protested, through their captain, when it was proposed to relieve them of the disagreeable duty. It was rather nervous work. My men, 250 only, constituted the sole English force, the guns being in the hands of the sepoy, with a strong regiment of native cavalry and one of infantry in support. All went off comfortably, except that some of the men were very sick, and the cholera being about I (after the execution) marched the detachment to the canteen and there served out to each man a glass of rum as a preventive. Some refused it, and after dismissing the men we officers returned to the scene of the execution. The gunners were engaged in removing the legs and arms of the criminals, who had been tied to the gun wheels. Nothing was left of the trunks, but the heads all lay in close proximity, and we noticed that, with few exceptions, there was a ghastly smile on each face.

The execution took place on the esplanade outside the church, towards which the guns were fired. The church compound had been very curiously entrenched by an improvised engineer, who

had thrown up an entrenchment thirty yards from the wall of the church, with walls about eight feet high. As there were no banquettes, it was of course impossible for any soldier to use his musket to fire over, so the question was how it was to be defended. On the first occasion of alarm, which luckily occurred in the daytime, I asked the engineer how my men were to manage to look over his wall, when he said we were to utilize the church benches (two for a base, with one on them) for the men to stand on. We tried it, and got some men on the structure, who soon brought it and themselves down together. The whole thing was a *fiasco*, and the work of the same man who, to stop the advance of the Ghoorka regiment on Kussowlie, when the Simlah panic took place, put up a number of hurdles, making with them "zig-zag approaches" along the high road, which the little hill-men could turn by walking along the side of the road. I was told that these absurd structures were left there, and a few days after excited the laughter of the men they were supposed to be able to stop. The church itself was a curious sight. The pavement in many places was taken up, and the ground underneath excavated to receive stores. The space railed off for the communion table was fitted up with screens, between which the women were to go in case of our being driven into the entrenchment; the vestry held our rum, and the body of the church was filled with what people chose to think their valuables, which, in most instances, consisted of old furniture. Could any of the insurgents have brought a single gun to bear upon the church, the walls would have "caved in," and the *débris* have prevented all who escaped being smashed from moving. The church tower was, during the day, the "look-out," where a number of nervous people almost lived, and on two occasions gave unnecessary alarm by seeing (?) parties of the rebels coming down on us, who proved to be Putialla men coming in with money and supplies. Thieves had a rare time of it, and many curious robberies took place which native thieves had nothing to do with. The officer commanding the station got alarmed about incendiaries, and ordered a party to patrol the lines nightly. It consisted of fifty of my men, a troop of native cavalry, and two guns. What good this force could have effected I never understood, as on still nights our advance could be heard miles off, and either avoided or proceeded against, which a very few men could have done effectually; but as no fires broke out and no rebels appeared, we had a three hours' hot march for nothing. I was brought on the roster as field officer, and had to go round my guards with two native

lancers behind. As I was mounted on my pony and they on their chargers, and we had to go sometimes for miles through deserted roads, I used to think what would be the best way to receive their charge, and concluded to ask them to "let me off this time."

A few days after the execution, the commanding officer of the 4th Native Infantry wrote to say he intended to disarm his regiment. It was 1,000 strong, and he had previously informed his native officers of what he was going to do. The situation was curious. My small detachment was paraded near the church, to which we could have retreated in case of accident; in our front was a large building, formerly a hospital, now occupied by the English officers of the Native Infantry regiments; behind this were the tents of the regiment to be disarmed. I paraded my men at the time appointed, and shortly after the commanding officer rode up and asked me to lend him a bugler, telling me that in the event of the "alarm" sounding I was to send my detachment in two parties round the building in front, with orders to act as they should think fit. He then started round by the right, where I saw a number of ammunition carts collected. It was an anxious time, but he shortly returned, saying that he had got all the arms and had put them in the carts without any resistance on the part of the men; who, however, scowled at him, and the native commissioned officers kept close to him all the time, evidently with a view to protecting him. A number of the arms were found to be loaded. Even the soldiers of my party thought there would be resistance, and were heard discussing the matter amongst themselves, and eventually concluded that it was our bugler who did the business: he was a particularly ugly boy, and they declared his looks had frightened the sepoys.

Shortly after this, a report came in that a regiment of sepoys from some station up country had mutinied, and were marching in a body to Delhi. I was directed to put myself with 150 men under the orders of a magistrate, and to join him at a place called Munimajra. I started one afternoon with my men in carts and on elephants, the distance being about thirty-five miles. I myself and the officers occupied one cart and brought up the rear to prevent loiterers. Soon after dark a horseman rode up asking for me, and handed me a letter which proved to be from the magistrate, urging me to come on quickly as the mutineers were said to be near him. I at once put as many men as I could on the elephants, and pushed on. When I arrived at the staging-house I found the magistrate had retired to rest, but going into his room

I reported myself. He told me that his letter to me was in consequence of one he had received from his subordinate, who was occupying a position some five miles off, and who said that the mutineers were marching down on him, but that with only a few police under his orders he could not attack them, and begging that the English soldiers might be sent on. I at once said that I and my men were ready. He declared they must be too tired, and directed me to call him in two hours. That two hours enabled the mutineers to escape, and had we gone on we must have caught them all, as they passed within a stone's throw of the subordinate alluded to, but he dare not commence hostilities. He was mad with rage when I told him of our needless delay. He asked to be allowed to go in pursuit; fifty men and two officers were wanted, but the whole detachment volunteered, so we selected fifty likely men, and mounting them on camels, they started. So determined was the pursuit that, finding they would be caught if they attempted to cross the river, the foe scattered. We returned to Umballah, and the next day there arrived a detachment of the 8th Foot, who had also been in pursuit of them. It numbered almost to a man the same strength as my command, and had left the cantonment (Jullundar) with only their arms, ammunition, and clothes on their backs.

I should here mention that I had had letters from my brother officers in advance. They had fought one battle (Badlee-ka-serai), and although the sepoys were well thrashed, and driven into the city of Delhi, yet they were described as being in overwhelming numbers, and likely to give much more trouble. Of course I wanted to be in at it, and now saw my opportunity; so, going to the officer commanding the station, I pointed out that "now this detachment had arrived I could be spared. They had nothing, I had everything; that a whole regiment at head-quarters would be better than portions of two, &c. &c." It was objected that some of my men were still away. I said boldly they would be back that day, although I really did not know where they were. I was told that there were urgent calls for reinforcements from the chief's camp; but that if I could march out my men, fully equipped, by midnight, I might go. I started men on camels to find the missing party and was delighted at soon hearing they were near the cantonments. I then warned all the men to be ready and found them as eager as myself to get on. The Commissariat officer told me that if I would sit in his office and fill in "indents" for all my wants, he could, he thought, supply them. The difficulty was

that the general insisted that, as Delhi was to be reached in four days, all the men must be carried. All was soon arranged, and I was directed to make over my quarters to the 8th Foot, and join a regiment of Sikhs, and a battery of Native Artillery who were to continue their march that night. I now found my own personal property an incumbrance, but as several of my men were to remain behind, sick, and to be attached to the 8th, I put all my things into an empty sergeant's room, which I was told would not be wanted, and getting a sergeant of mine to see after them, fastened the door with double locks. I also made over some casks of beer to the same detachment. All this was done towards midnight, and I had previously directed my officers to see the men off. They had that evening messed in the tents, so as to see that they had everything handy. About 1 A.M. I had done all I could with the officers of the 8th, and was delighted on going back to my camp to find that all were off except one officer, whose wife roundly abused me for volunteering without consulting the other officers. As I knew he was well mounted, I quieted her by giving him leave to join us the next day. This first march was quite a comedy. As I rode along, at every step I found some mishap, carts breaking down, men to whom ponies had been issued tumbling off every hundred yards; but all came right, and, barring a few bruises, I had the satisfaction of getting all under canvas before sunrise the next morning. And now came a very serious question. We all know that the Sikhs worship the cow. My men had to be provided with a pound of beef daily, and for that purpose a herd of cattle had been sent with the camp, under charge of a Commissariat butcher who, soon after the camp was pitched, reported that whenever he attempted to make preparations for killing a cow the men of the Sikh regiment threatened him. I went at once to their commanding officer, who, in an intense state of alarm, said it would never do to interfere with the prejudices of his men, on whom alone we could now depend. I pointed out that my men must and should be fed, and requesting him to direct that none of his men came into my camp, and posting some of mine to turn all back who might attempt it, I ordered the animal to be killed and cut up outside my own tent, and the offal to be buried. I heard nothing more about it, but noticed that the English officers of the Sikh regiment had beef at their meals, which they sometimes took with us, joining messes. Several officers of the regiment which was disarmed, as before described, volunteered and were allowed to accompany me, and an aide-de-camp of the deceased commander-

in-chief, who had been out shooting when the latter started, asked me to get him to the front. This I willingly did, and gave him a shake-down in my own tent.

At our last camping ground before reaching Delhi, we were joined by an enormous convoy of ammunition, some hundreds of native carts under charge of a captain and a company of H.M. 75th Regt., with whom we marched on Delhi next morning.

Our line of march was now very much extended, and as we neared the scene of operations, necessary precautions were taken. As we advanced, we first heard the distant roar of guns, and soon saw from some low hills in front of us many flashes and much smoke. These, we afterwards learned, were our guns on the ridge, playing on the rebels, who were coming out of the city in large numbers. It appears that this day was the centenary of the battle of Plassey, and the sepoys, having made up their minds that 100 years of our rule was quite enough, had determined to make a clean sweep of us, and also to capture the convoy our party was bringing in, of which, being principally shot and shell, they were much in want. About sunrise we were joined by some of the staff from Delhi, who told us that a large body of the rebels were moving to our right flank; that a party had been sent to oppose them, but that it might require reinforcing. The captain of the 75th, who was senior officer, immediately gave directions for the troop of Horse Artillery, and Rothney's Sikhs, with his own men to move to the right flank, and assist in keeping off these fellows, while I was to march on with the convoy. Soon after moving on we heard firing on our right front, and came to two roads, both equally good. I was puzzled; but as I had previously seen the smoke on our left front, on the high ground, and knowing that the city lay under and beyond some hills, I luckily took the road which went to the left. I had often been in Delhi, and had some remembrance of the site of our camp. As I advanced the fire got hotter, and I could then see that the guns were directed to the other side of the hill, and I soon made out the camp. An officer of artillery joined me, and took charge of the convoy close to camp, and he directed me to where I should find the camp of the regiment, on reaching which I was surprised to hear that every officer and man of the regiment, with the exception of the officer on duty for the day, and a small guard, had gone to the front. I dismissed my men, and went myself to the mess tent, and while getting some lunch a mounted officer rode up and asked for me. I went out. He told me that our whole force was engaged, and that we were very hard

pressed in the "Subzeemundee," that I must immediately parade my men, and reinforce that portion of the attack, or rather defence. I said my men had been marching all night, but that as soon as they were refreshed I would move them down. He said it was so urgent that I must go at once, and that he would show the way. He was, he said, the Assistant Adjutant-General, and had been sent by the commander-in-chief.

I got my men together and told them what was wanted. They were all eagerness to start, but asked if a glass of rum could be served out. I consented, much to the disgust of the Staff officer, and after it was issued we started for the front. The firing was very heavy, and, as we got on, the musketry very sharp. At about a distance of half a mile we passed a mound to our right, which was covered with officers in groups, and an occasional shot was fired from guns on its summit. My officer here left me, first pointing out some troops in front which I should join. Just then a few bullets began to fly about us, which quickened us up, and on joining the party pointed out to me, I found it to consist of our own men. It was huddled behind a house, and looked anything but comfortable.

After shaking hands with the officer, and asking what they were about, I ascertained that they had been sent on from the aforesaid mound without any particular instructions and, finding the firing heavy, had taken shelter. I took command of the whole, and getting them in order, moved out. I found the ground in front intersected by walls in every direction, from behind which came an occasional shot. I extended my men and advanced, till we got in line with some troops on our left, who were under a wall and firing at nothing that I could see. As I had no instructions, I put my men under the continuation of this wall, and halted.

The heat was intense; several of the men were struck down, and there was no water. As I knew our water carriers had left camp with us, they could not be far off, so I went back a few yards, and there found them under cover. They were frightened, but telling them I must have water, induced them to come to the front, which they did, covering themselves behind me. The supply was most welcome, as I found one officer struck down by the sun, whom nothing could have saved but a timely dash of water over his head. The poor fellow could not move, and earnestly entreated me not to think he was afraid. Just then some bugles sounded the "Advance." I called on the men, but very few answered, as they were completely done up. Many tried, but were

too weak to climb the well, those who did were received with a very sharp fire, which made us get under cover again. The bugles still kept sounding "Advance," and it was some time before I found out that it was the sepoy buglers, who were calling on us to come on, so that they might get a shot at us. After satisfying myself of this I told the men to remain quiet, and as I could get no orders or information, resolved to hold my own where I was.

Just then, a sepoy fully accoutred, started from his hiding-place within ten yards of us. We saw him at once, and he had about thirty yards to run before he could reach cover. I suppose two-thirds of my men, besides several from other regiments, who had joined me, fired at this fellow, without any apparent effect. Two of my sergeants followed him, and I shortly saw them on the roof of a house to my right front. I called them back, and they told me we were close to the high road on which they could not see a soul, but that bullets flew thickly about them.

Presently a mounted officer rode up and joined me. I asked him what he was doing, and was told that we had attempted to drive the rebels out of the Subzeemundee, but had failed, and that an officer of my regiment had been killed, and his body left on the ground. "Who was in command?" He did not know. "What were the orders?" He did not know. "Any troops to my right?" No. "To my left?" Half the force had been, but he did not know where they had gone. "Where was the Chief?" On that hill.

Firing had now got slack, so I said it would be better to get the men under shelter, and await orders. On which he asked me who I was, and the date of my commission; and on my giving him the desired information he declared I must be senior to any one near, and that he put himself under my orders. I found out afterwards that he was doing duty with my regiment, but that having a horse had been acting as Staff to Colonel Welchman of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, who was directing that part of the attack. Welchman had been badly hit, and had not made over his instructions, if he had any, to anyone. I told him to ride to the General and report that I should quietly retire my men under cover of a few trees about 100 yards to the rear, and there await orders. I soon got the men there, and he came back to say that the General approved.

It was now about 1 P.M. Firing had almost ceased, so I sent off men to bring the dinners, which soon arrived. About 3 or 4 P.M. Rothney's Sikhs, looking clean and smart, headed

by our Colonel Showers, passed us going to the front. I asked if we could assist, but the Colonel said they were merely going to bring in an officer's body, and occupy a serai on the road. Previous to this, an officer asked my permission to call for volunteers to fetch this body, but I refused. He, however, went, and I believe was met by this force as he was bringing poor Jackson in. The sepoys had retired, and no opposition was offered to the colonel, who took possession of two serais covering the road, which afterwards became our right pickets, and which I held for many a long and anxious day. I cannot remember by whose orders I returned to camp, but I did so about sunset, to find my tent pitched, and a cup of tea ready.

After my bath the officers began to collect round me, discussing events, and amongst them was the Colonel who had sworn the 60th Native Infantry on their sacred objects at Umballah; as before mentioned, they had mutinied a few days after. The Colonel still, however, believed, or pretended believe, in the sepoy generally, staking, he said, his life, were it necessary, on the fidelity of his own regiment, the 35th Native Light Infantry. I remember the argument was very warm, and he was told that he was the only one in camp who had any faith in them. While waiting for the mess bugle, the litters came by with the dead and wounded from the front. I lifted up the covering as they passed, and spoke words of encouragement to the latter. One of the former had a most extraordinary expression of face; he had had his entire stomach taken out by a round shot, which must have killed him instantaneously. His face had a mixed expression of astonishment and horror.

At dinner that night we had a full account of the day's proceedings, as the Staff were members of our mess, and I concluded that it had been rather of the Donnybrook fair order of fight. After first getting under fire every one fought for himself, and "wherever he saw a head, hit it." I soon got *au courant* on all events that had taken place since I parted from Regimental Headquarters, and, from all accounts, things seemed to be in no little confusion. The General Commander-in-Chief, though brave as a lion, seems to have been thought a very nervous man, and as it proved afterwards, was indeed so. A few days before I joined the force, it was only a chance that it had not been driven from its position, which would have been fatal. Late one evening some round shot came bowling into the rear of the camp, and on the troops getting under arms, it was found that a large

force of the rebels had managed to form in our rear, and were advancing to attack very confidently. The fight that ensued was unique. Every commanding officer acting on his own responsibility, and without orders, attacking that body of the enemy nearest him. I believe, from what I heard, that it was only the coming on of night that saved us from a catastrophe. I cannot say for certain, but it is my impression that some of our guns were captured by the rebels but not taken away. My own commanding officer told me that an afterwards celebrated commander took on himself to direct him to follow some flying sepoys, and on his calling attention to the heaviness of the ground, which would prevent his men from going over fast, and also that a strong force of cavalry was close at hand and could easily catch up the enemy, that officer replied that as they did not know the nature of the ground ahead it would be very dangerous to send cavalry.

I now found myself second in command of my regiment, which position I held during the whole of the subsequent operations. The commanding officer and myself were the only captains of the regiment present, but we had two captains of Native regiments doing duty with us, and right good soldiers they were. The commanding officer had, however, a very curious idiosyncrasy, which was, that he would not allow a party of 100 men and upwards to be detailed from the regiment for any duty without a captain of the regiment being in command. This was not a little inconvenient for me, as it brought me on duty perpetually, and I often came off one duty merely to be sent on another. I consequently saw as much of outpost work as I liked, and perhaps more, as, when there was no actual fighting going on, the pickets were dull and uncomfortable places. These pickets were all more than a mile from our camp, and were relieved irregularly, so that we were obliged to make our arrangements for a lengthened stay; our servants behaving very well, often bringing our food and clothes to the pickets under a smart fire. Had not these servants proved faithful, goodness only knows what we should have done. My own regiment was very favourably situated as regards its mess. We had a fine large tent, a good supply of liquor, a flock of sheep, and what was of most consequence, an excellent khansamah, or butler. I was put in charge, and made arrangements to have constant supplies from Subathoo, where we had a good stock.

My first turn of picket duty came a few days after I joined, and one morning I started after breakfast with eighty men, bag and baggage, for the Subzeemundee picket—two caravanserais right and

left of the Grand Trunk road, equidistant between the city and camp. On nearing my post, heavy firing became audible, so we hurried on, and on reaching it, found the party we were to relieve hotly engaged. Thousands of sepoys were round the place, and on the low hills in the bushes—in fact, everywhere. They evidently meant mischief, and seemed to me to be trying to force the road. I took command of the whole, and soon made my dispositions, one of which was to throw a breastwork across the road, between the two buildings (serais) occupied by our men. This I did with the men's bedding. Every two men have a large canvas bag, in which they pack their bedding and spare clothes when moving about; these put two deep on the ground, fastened together, and a third on the top of and between the two, made admirable shelters from the bullets. I was moving about from place to place, and several times took shelter behind this work, against which the balls rattled like hail. The men afterwards complained to the commanding officer of the damage done to their things by the bullets, thankless for the probable salvation of their lives.

We made a few holes in the walls of the serai, to enable us to return the fire of the sepoys, as otherwise the only place we could have fired at them from was the tops of the huts which formed three sides of the serai. To get up these was by a staircase, the opening of which faced the line of attack, so that everyone who showed himself at the top was a mark for a hundred muskets. There was a slight parapet on the outer side of the roof, but it afforded little protection, and as all who reached it had to remain in a recumbent position, little could be done in the way of returning the heavy fire. Now I think of it, the building on the left of the road was a Hindoo temple, not a serai, and it had curious minarets and balconies about it which were soon utilised.

About 11 A.M. a native officer, with some men of Rothney's Sikhs, came to our post for ammunition, telling me that his regiment was fighting in the jungle, or rather gardens, to our right, and had lost several officers. He was a fine old soldier, but dreadfully excited, and had been slightly wounded. Shortly after, Rothney himself came up with several officers. He said he could do nothing with the rebels, who skirmished wonderfully and could never be seen—that the ground was very good for cover, and, of course, well known to the rebels. He had lost two or three English officers, wounded, one of whom died. The sun was so overpowering that he had put his men under cover of rocks and trees, with orders to hold themselves on the defensive.

About 1 P.M. the rebels withdrew, as they generally did, to get their dinners. We immediately set to work to put our post in a state of defence, and, for that purpose, and also because I did not then know but that the sepoys had only withdrawn to make preparations for a fresh attack, detained the party we had been sent to relieve. In the square of the serai was found a quantity of timber brought in for sale, some for building purposes, other for fire-wood. This I caused to be carried up to the top of the houses, and with it built breastworks towards the city, and at right angles to the road, up which the sepoys tried to advance. In the temple I had sandbags filled, and put up along the top of the wall and in the verandahs. These defences, when completed, enabled us to withdraw my entrenchment of beds.

Towards evening the rebels came out again, but finding us so much better prepared soon left us alone, and at dusk I permitted the relieved party to return to camp.

The rebels attacked us daily for the first month, but could make no impression on our post. The 60th Rifles had a small picket just above, and in front of, my temple picket, and called the "Crow's Nest," in which were a couple of small cannon. They threw shells towards the enemy, but with what effect we never knew. Above this, and about sixty yards more to the left, was our right battery of heavy guns, whose firing was almost incessant.

One very heavy and determined attack was made on my picket during this first turn, and I have cause to remember it, owing to a circumstance which had liked to have proved rather serious to me, although myself scarcely responsible for it. Heavy firing had been the rule all day, which slackened towards evening. Several sepoys, captured as spies, had been executed, when one man was brought into the post, declared to be another sepoy, and said to have been caught on the road in front, where he was picking up ammunition. He was nearly naked, with a haversack over his shoulders, which contained a number of bullets and some tobacco. The men were clamorous to have him shot as a spy, but the fellow looked so unlike a sepoy, and was in such an abject state of terror, quite unable to answer a question, that I told the men he was no spy, and that he was to be let go. In a minute afterwards three shots were fired, and on my inquiring about them, was told that "the spy had been shot." I was very angry, and ordered the whole picket to remain under arms while I inquired into the matter. Just then a Sikh sepoy came up to me with a paper

which he said the wounded man had given him. It was a very small letter, addressed to the Commissioner from the Lieutenant-Governor at Agra! We had shot one of our own spies, who, at the risk of his life, was taking intelligence between our two principal civil authorities. I had the poor fellow put into a doolie, but he was unable to speak, being wounded in the neck and shoulder. I sent him into camp with a note to our surgeon, telling him what I knew about the man and the cause of his wound. On inquiry, I found that, as I had directed, the poor fellow had been conducted to the gate of the serai and told to be off. His state of terror was such that he at once took to his heels, running towards the city. My sentries on the watch seeing a native bolting in that direction, as they had seen many others, fired and brought him down. They really were not to blame, as the rebels, in all sorts of costumes, constantly crept up to within a few yards of our posts, and hiding themselves in a most wonderful manner, shot down our sentries, who were somewhat exposed, and then, when they saw a chance, bolting to more distant cover. However, the matter had to be explained, so I went up to the officer commanding the right attack, who read the letter, which was calling for assistance to the garrison at Agra, and took a very serious view of the affair. Next day the sepoys gave us a most vigorous attack, and, before it began, I received an official from the adjutant, calling on me, by direction of the Chief, to explain how a faithful spy had been shot, &c. Before I could reply, and while thinking what I could say in excuse for my men, the attack was given; so I hastily scrawled a line to say that we were seriously engaged, but that I would reply when I had opportunity. This said opportunity did not occur for some days, when, during a lull, I went into camp to consult my commanding officer, who advised my not taking any further notice of it. I followed his counsel, and heard no more about it. The man recovered, and came to thank me for the trouble I had taken about him. I asked why he had not given me the paper when brought before me first. He said he did not know I was an officer, and that there being so many natives about (officers' servants and cook boys), had he shown them he was a spy his occupation was gone.

During one of these days, an officer of ours was wounded in a most extraordinary way and place. I found that many of my men were hit on arriving at the top of the stairs which led to my breastwork on the roof, and one day, standing at the doorway, a

ball struck the door frame within two inches of my head ; so I posted a sentry a little below the top of the staircase, with directions to order everyone to stoop as he came to the top, and run behind the breastwork. The officer alluded to refused to do this, and received a ball, which went through his liver, and out at his back, close to his spine. I wrote to the surgeon about him, and his reply was that his wound was mortal, but I am happy to say he was wrong. The recovery was a most wonderful one.

On another occasion when I was in command of this picket (which, for reasons before mentioned, I was almost permanently, and when not so of the left picket, to be hereafter described) I was taken so unwell that I was obliged to ask to be relieved, and one of the captains "doing duty" was sent down. As is usual, I went round the post to show and tell him all about it, and coming to this staircase explained the object of the sentry. I should mention that while firing was going on, all officers were busy directing their men, so I, as having no particular post, but general superintendence, was in the habit of going from one to the other, and taking with me spare ammunition, which was constantly called for. I told the captain all this, and advised him to be careful to stoop as he went up to the breastwork. He laughed, and said he didn't think it at all a dignified position for an officer to assume before the men ; and, acting on this, was brought into camp about two hours afterwards severely wounded through the thigh and thumb, and placed *hors de combat* for the remainder of the siege.

For some time we had been much annoyed by the sepoys squibbing at us all day from the orange gardens which surrounded our post ; so I determined to cut down the trees. This we did at night, calling for volunteers, and promising each man who worked an extra dram of grog. The men worked willingly, and officers set a good example. In two nights they cleared a space of 100 yards in front of our picket, destroying thousands of beautiful fruit trees.

One afternoon a small force passed to the front under command of Tombs, our finest artillery officer, consisting of a battery of Horse Artillery and the 1st Bengal Fusiliers. They said they were going to attack a battery of heavy guns which the rebels had opened at the Eadghur, about a mile to our right front, and which had been annoying us. Shortly after they had gone, the Chief, General Barnard, came to my post, and telling me to leave sentries standing, to move out my whole force, three companies. He went

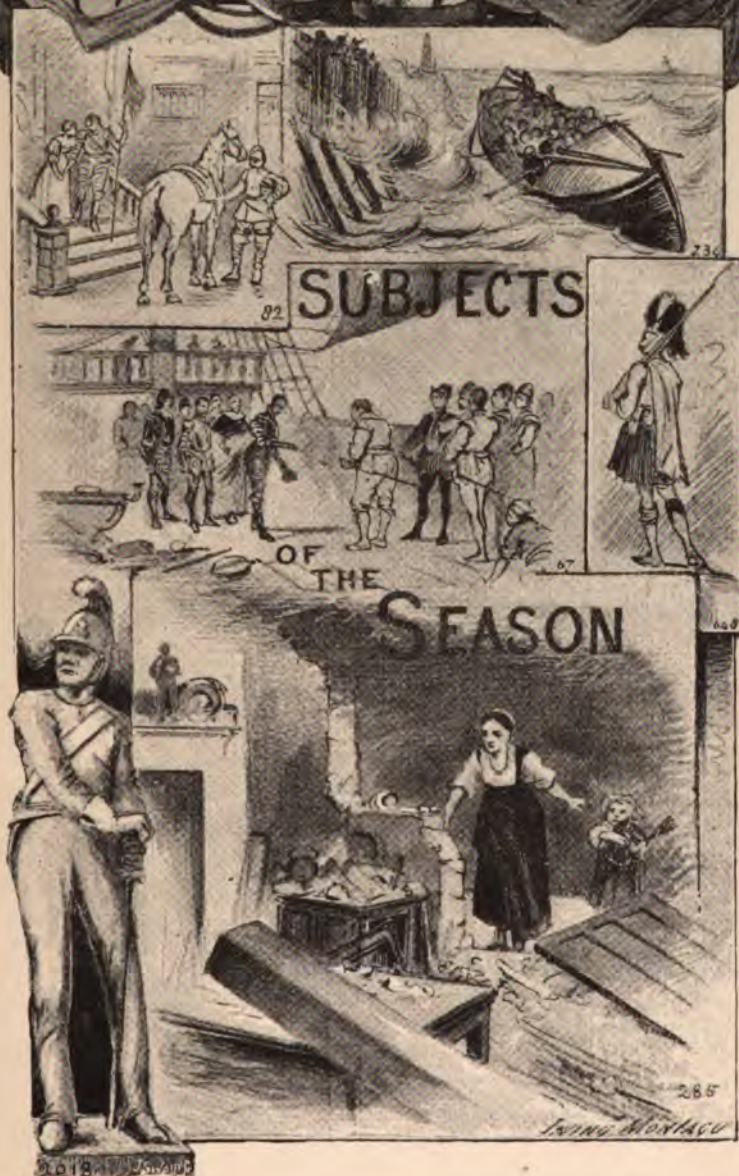
with us to a walled enclosure, about 180 yards to our front, the entrance to which was through a small door. Into this he directed me to throw one company. I looked in and found it was a dense garden with walls ten feet high, and no possibility of looking over them; this I pointed out, but was told to order the subaltern in command to hold this position. Had he been attacked, he and his company must have been caught like rats in a trap. The Chief then directed me to take the rest of my force on a road to the right, where I should meet an officer of the Adjutant-General's department, who would give me further directions. About 400 yards further on I found the officer, who told me to take up a position in a serai to my then front, the entrance to which we should find a short distance on. On getting there we discovered that we were on a hill, within 400 yards of the city walls, with an enclosure underneath us, filled with natives, who, on seeing us, made efforts to escape; but I sent a party to intercept them, fearing that they would alarm the rebels on the walls, who could soon make our post too hot for us. Here we remained till dusk, without any orders, seeing no one, but hearing some firing on our right. I began to be alarmed at the chance of being left all night so far in front of our lines, as the ground over which we had marched to get to our present post, and over which we must return to reach our picket, had hitherto been occupied by the sepoys in force. I was on the point of detailing a party to return and keep our rear open, when a native orderly told me there was an officer who wished to see me. I found him outside the serai, and he told me that I had been "quite forgotten," that the whole of the force had returned to camp, and that he wondered I had not been attacked. It was wonderful, so I thankfully returned to my post, where I found that the object of this movement had been to secure a large quantity of saltpetre which the rebels had got hold of, as they were short of powder—not that it appeared so, for their artillery fire was almost incessant. I found this saltpetre had been left at my post, some forty large sacks of it, which we afterwards found very useful in cooling our drinks.

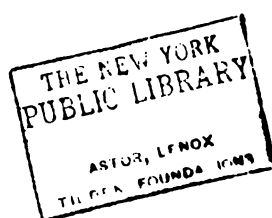
I am now relating all that I can remember of events which happened at this post during the different times I occupied it. One day we were attacked on all sides except the road, so I had to put men on the roofs opposite my breastwork. This caused me some loss, as balls aimed at one side sometimes hit the men on the opposite. I placed ladders for the men to get up to the other roof,

and while climbing up one, was myself grazed in the chest by a ball which made a tremendous noise as it travelled. I picked it up, and found a cone of lead with two pieces of tin fastened to it, and a base of lead like a cheese, the whole about the length of an Enfield bullet. It appeared that the rebels had run short of lead, and thinking that the right thing in the Enfield bullet was its length, had hit upon this curious dodge. Of course this missile, immediately it left the barrel, turned lengthways, making a most infernal noise as it travelled.

(To be continued.)









ALTHOUGH "the naval and military subjects of the season" do not this year present any special attractions such as those which, in the past, were associated with "The Roll Call," "Quatre Bras," "At the Front," "Plevna," and

"Rorke's Drift," which occupied special galleries with hushed crowds of interested visitors, still that same warlike spirit has this year covered a wider field, and if it has not taken so bellicose a form it may be attributed to the recently quiescent



state of Europe. Of the war painter of to-day, however, much more is to be expected than of those who, artistic geniuses though they in many cases were, produced such works a decade ago. In France the painter of realistic battle subjects, who has followed the fortunes of the army in the field, has for many years held his own; while in England, experienced only in

his own art, he knew nothing of the stern realities of war. Those of Ansdell's "Fight for the Standard" and Sir Edwin

Landseer's "War" are illustrations of what we say. They are powerful pictures, which appeal to the general public but *not* to those who know.

Now, however, that our pictorial press teems with incidents which come direct from the front, a more intimate knowledge of the minor surroundings of the battle-field, which play so important a part in giving the hall-mark of truth to such pictures, has been gained, and the painter of to-day who makes war subjects his speciality must not, if he would win his spurs, omit anything which a veteran campaigner would miss.

* * * *

285. "Home." This picture, by Philip Calderon, R.A., appeals only to a certain extent to the sympathies. An excellently-painted, well thought-out work from an artistic point of view, it is utterly unlike any similar incidents which have come under



our personal observation on the war-path. The story, that of the return of a mother and child to the site of their wrecked home, is feebly told; the woman is concerned, but not horror-stricken, and, moreover, she is as spick and span as she might have been on *fête* day. The cherub child, fresh from the bath, her golden ringlets dancing in the breeze, may well look happy—not, as is generally the case, in her innocence of the nature of the devastation round her, but in the possession of an apparently brand new shako, which she has picked up on the spot where some well-fought fight has taken place, which she fondly nurses in her chubby arms. Then, again, the broken walls of that pleasant home have been most systematically taken to pieces, and not blown to splinters by shell-fire; the clean-cut beam in the fore-ground, the equally clean-cut masonry, tell no more the story of the dire ravages of war than the *dramatis personæ*. There is none of that nervous tension and utter weariness about "Marie" which makes one feel, as one should do, that



the little home she loved so well has been razed to the ground, her dear ones gone, and nothing left to live for; and there is none of that amused curiosity about toddling "Toinette," which seems to say, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

It is war as it emanates from the artist's studio, *not* as it exists in fact at the front.

No. 82. "The Knight's Farewell," by Ernest Crofts, A., represents, as its title conveys, the departure of a knight for the tented field. His charger awaits him; his troop, "booted and spurred," are as impatient for the fray as their leader, whose separation from the Lady Alice is his only care. She has wrought him a silken banner with her own fair hands; indeed

Mournful was the smile which o'er those lovely features ran,
As she said "It is your lady's gift; unfurl it in the van."

No carpet knight this, who bids the Lady Alice farewell. Indeed, the vigorous style of the painter is best expressed by the energetic humanity he depicts.



No. 234. "Out of the Jaws of Death," comes on one with all the force of reality.

Dashing through the roaring, foaming billows comes a life-boat, heavily laden with a freight of terror-stricken humanity; with a long pull, a strong, pull, and a pull all together, do those sturdy tars bring the rescued into port. I once witnessed such a rescue, and, as I looked on this, seemed to know that the painter must have had a similar experience. The picture was hung considerably above the line, but its height did not prevent one discovering certain discrepancies. A heavy sea—and this assuredly was one—need not, we take it, be heavily painted; but though we felt for a moment, in passing, that this was the case, the impression, take it all in all, was that it was one of the most powerful works of the season.

67. "The Surrender," by Seymour Lucas, A.R.A. The quiet

dignity of men who have painful duties to perform is here magnificently expressed. Don Pedro Valdez is in the act of delivering up his sword to Sir Francis Drake, to whom, with Spanish courtesy,



he suggests, so great is his valour and prowess, that Mars and Neptune must attend his efforts.

It has been said of Dr. Arnold that when at the fag end of his brilliant career at

Rugby, a presentation was made him by old fellows, the assembled crowd of his admirers were breathless, in expectation of the response, which they knew he was so capable of making in classic terms. His heart, however, unnerved his tongue. "Gentlemen," said the old Doctor, "this is something to think about rather than talk about," and then, overwhelmed by his feelings he sat down and said no more. This may be said equally to apply to Seymour Lucas's picture, full of incisive touch and masterly conception; it is, as a subject, something to think about rather than talk about.

No. 108. "Icebound," by L. Holst.* Away from the deck of the *Revenge* let us take a "journey due north," even to the Arctic regions, where, under the icebergs the bones of many a British explorer have long since whitened. Locked in that cold embrace lies a vessel weathering out the long northern winter. The idea of utter desolation is very vividly conveyed,



* Page 1095.

one's heart seeming to go out to those sufferers who have won for the British navy laurels as brilliant as those which were gathered at Trafalgar. One thing struck us as remarkable in Mr. Holst's picture, and that was that, whatever the northern light be which suffuses the background, admirably atmospheric as it is, it fails to shed its radiance on the subject. This may be an arctic peculiarity; let us hasten to the land of the midnight sun, and see.

No. 231., "Of a Fool and His Folly there is no End,"* by Briton Riviere, R.A., is a charming picture, and powerfully painted; a bit



of humour which may well come under the heading of military subjects.

A goodly company of rollicking knights, having lagged behind the main body, are hastening to join it, when a jester, frittering away his idle moments on the outskirts of a wood hard by, espies them. Shouting lustily, and beating the air the while



with the bladders on his fool's staff, he goads the braying ass he sits into a jog-trot in time to intercept the laggards as they urge their prancing, burly chargers forward. "Marry come up, gentles; marry come up," and the bells round that parti-coloured fool's cap ring a right merry peal, the ass he-haws his loudest, the bladders do their worst, and confusion reigns supreme.

Sir Marmaduke has all his work to keep his saddle at all, while Sir Digby, Sir Hugh, and Sir Geoffrey, the two young Falconbridges and dyspepsical Sir Gregory, all swear by St. Bridget and the Angels that if they can but once lay hands on that fooling knave it shall go ill with his motley hide, and that he shall atone for

* Page 1085.

those grimaces with a vengeance; but the beauty of it is, they can't; they have more than enough to do with their refractory steeds, and feel, if they do not express themselves in so many words, that "Of a fool and his folly there is no end." We feel that Briton Riviere has scored an artistic triumph.

A genial, jovial fellow is "A Royal Guard" (898), by Seymour Lucas,* as happy go-lucky a court soldier as ever attended royal pageant or shouted "God save the King!" A very different type of individual, however, is "A Mercenary" (897), the companion picture by the same artist, a gentleman "Whose nose doth show how oft the black jack to his lips doth go"; a swash-buckler with a merry eye and a cruel lip, the one as suggestive of cutting a caper as the other is of cutting a throttle. The broad flat masses in which the light falls on the hireling's ill-kept armour are cleverly expressed,



and "with all his faults we love him still" from an artistic standpoint better than his more virtuous brother-in-arms.

Probably to the recent tercentenary of the Armada we are indebted for yet another canvas which commemorates the event, Vicat Cole's great picture (343)† "The Summons to Surrender." In the distance is the great galleon of Don Pedro Valdez, who is hailed by Sir Francis Drake to capitulate. He replies that it stands not well with his honour, or that of his Dons, that he, Don Pedro, should parley. "I replied," said Sir Francis, "for my part, that I was Drake, and my matches burning." The *Revenge*, to which the pinnace has just returned with a message from the Don, is labouring in a heavy sea, which has been most crisply and freshly rendered by the painter, an idea of the lumbering magnificence of those huge war-ships being most realistically conveyed.

* Page 1086.

† Page 1087.

While on the subject of the sea, let us not omit to mention "The Homeward bound Pennant" (394),* by W. Wyllie. There is a something about this picture which savours strongly of brine, and though you could not exactly say the reason why—for it is impossible, at the distance she is at, to be in touch with them—you somehow seem to feel with those on board, and rejoice with them that they are homeward bound, for the painter can put a sentiment in masts and stays, and sea and sky, as well as human faces.

No. 458. "Incident in the Charge of the Light Brigade, Balaklava," by John Charlton, is, as his pictures always are, full of reality. The incident—that of Lord George Paget going into action with the second line, and being joined by the riderless horses of the first line, which, impelled, as it were, by the spirits of those troopers who have already fallen at the front, dash into the thick of the fray—has been so put on the canvas as to make



one at once feel the stern reality of war. At the same time there is a good deal one would seriously criticize in this picture. It may seem, on the surface, a curious suggestion, but it will be found true that in some instances the positions of the horses' legs are such that, had not instantaneous photography proved them correct, they would have been dubbed unnatural. In this relation, I may say that I feel the recent impressionist movement may do some good, as in the case in point. A galloping horse should, we take it, be painted so as to convey an idea of his appearance to the human eye when galloping, and not as he appears in the camera.

The charge of Balaklava naturally brings one to "Military Honours" (No. 648), by Eyre Crowe, which have been paid by a Highland regiment to the remains of one of their comrades, on whose grave in the foreground a wreath of summer flowers has been placed.

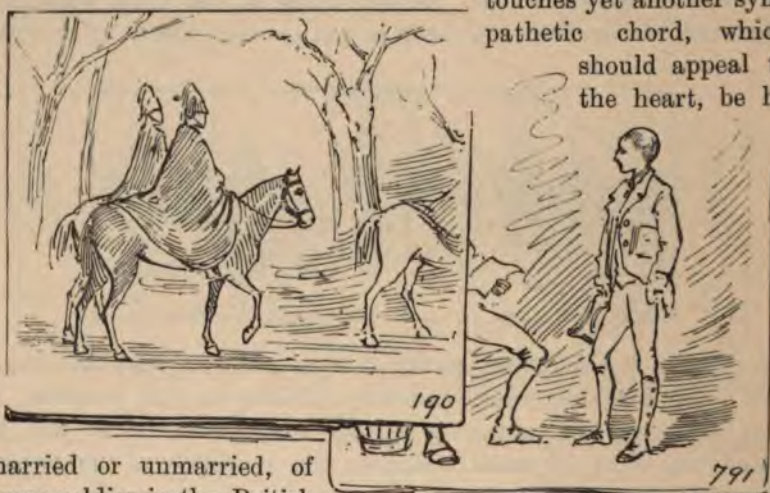
We do not bind ourselves in this criticism to pick out only those

* Page 1085.

naval and military subjects of the season which we like, and are disposed to glorify; hence it is that we candidly confess that there is much in this picture which strikes us as bad in composition and crude in colour. The base of the monument in the middle, too, breaking the line of march as it conveniently, from an artistic point of view, does, nevertheless interferes to our mind considerably with the continuity of motion.

651. "For God and the King," by Stanley Berkeley. "On, Stanley, on," say we, "and win more laurels far and wide." There is a devilry in that charge which makes one feel, when looking at the picture, as if in a sort of vortex, converging to the rescue of that heroic standard-bearer, who "for God and King" still holds his own.

No. 1243. "With the Regiment," by Gemmell Hutchinson, touches yet another sympathetic chord, which should appeal to the heart, be he



married or unmarried, of every soldier in the British

service. The sad grey tone of the picture seems admirably in accord with the nature of the subject, sad in the sense that, although going "with the Regiment," old ties must now be broken and new ones made; old friends be shaken by the hand, some for the last time, and life be fuller yet of memories. The children sitting round their anxious mother have a very naturally tired, bored look, as if events of which they knew so little wearied them. The father's bear-skin is on the floor, and a couple of rifles are leaning against a chair in the back-ground, each helping to show, as instruments of their craft, the professions of those who are mustering in the barrack yard below.

In some cases, in this essay, we have dropped in pen-and-ink

jottings of odd corners in pictures, specially in cases where, if a complete sketch were made, the nature of the subject would require far more space than we could afford. Thus one Highlander represents Eyre Crowe's "Military Honours," whose soldierly swing and bearing may worthily do duty for the rest of the regiment. Similarly have we picked out *one* of the French cavalry regiment, No. 578, "To the Front," by Lady Butler, which does not appear to us to have won the commendations it should. True, the colouring is rather vivid, and the city gates, out of which the troops are coming are rather sharply and crudely painted, but the whole subject is alive. There is not a horse which is not in touch with its rider, or, either, which is not in touch with oneself. This was, at least, how we were impressed when we made an artistic shorthand note of the perfect motion of one particular horse as full of that "go" which Lady Butler so well depicts.

Yet another fragment is a clipping from 1085, "Gauls on the



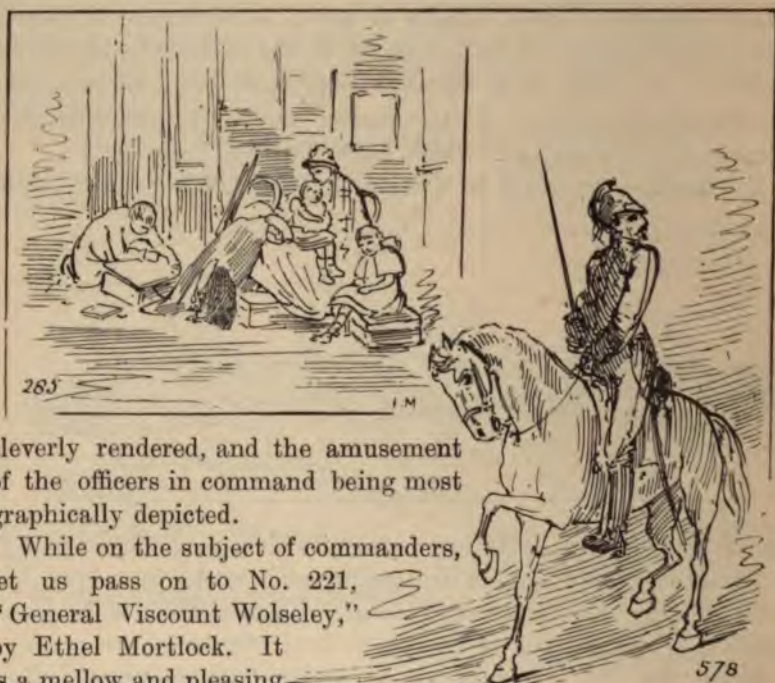
Roman Campagna," by Arthur Lemon,* which, good subject though it be, is curiously flat in treatment, and crude in colour, the grass striking us as being exceptionally green; the ponies, however, which they ride are full of life.

Again, for 791, "Wellington at Angers," by George W. Joy, we have found but scant space, and knowing him to be a host in himself, we introduced the future hero of Waterloo, and left out very reluctantly the grim sergeant, so powerfully painted, who is in the real picture interrogating him. We were glad to find that just as geologists from a bone infer the whole animal, so we, on looking at the boy, could see suggestions in that aquiline nose, &c. of the coming man; and could the picture have been placed beside the statue of the Iron Duke at Hyde Park Corner, the resemblance would have been at once traceable. By the way, the base of that statue is supported by four soldiers, replicas of two of which appear in this year's Academy. One of them, No. 2,018,

* Page 1088.

"The Enniskillen Dragoon of 1818," is in our opinion infinitely the most spirited we have made note of, and on it we would specially congratulate that talented sculptor, J. E. Boehm, R.A., to whom of late so much monumental work has been given.

A capital picture is No. 586, "In the Camp of the Enemy," by A. Dixon.* The subject is an incident, not probably an uncommon one in the last American War; a wee bairn has lost her way, and found herself in the camp of the enemy, the grim humour with which they are interrogating the little prisoner being most



cleverly rendered, and the amusement of the officers in command being most graphically depicted.

While on the subject of commanders, let us pass on to No. 221, "General Viscount Wolseley," by Ethel Mortlock. It is a mellow and pleasing

picture, the fore-shortening of the left arm giving to the pose, as a portrait, a character at once original and expressive of that determination of which no doubt the General possesses his full share.

Again dashing off at a tangent to high latitudes, we find at "The New Gallery" that J. Nettleship, in his picture, 133, "In the uttermost parts of the Sea,"† is as vigorous as ever; a tribute to the heroism of the explorer, this picture may be looked on in the light of fact or fancy. Simply as a symbolic subject, it might point a moral and adorn a tale, yet is it equally possible that that Polar bear may have disposed himself to sleep upon those relics of

* Page 1091.

† Page 1089.

British occupation. We do not confine ourselves in these notes to the Royal Academy alone ; indeed, had we more space to give, the naval and military subjects of this season might occupy much of it, for many there are which, because unfinished at the time, or for other good reasons, have not been sent to the shows of the season ; they see the light so far only in the artists' studios, where the favoured few get glimpses of works which may next year astonish artistic London, and among which there are many subjects of interest to the sister services. For instance, we may quote two, one of an old Chelsea pensioner, who "Fights his battles o'er again," as he sits at the gates of that historic hospital which we associate with heroes, and yet another of a veteran who hails from the same abode. This, a life-sized head, is a great deal more a picture than



a portrait, conveying as it does with every touch of this young painter's facile brush, a suggestion of that "Bubble reputation, even at the cannon's mouth," which our veteran has



won. This lady, or we are greatly mistaken, has a brilliant artistic future before her, and from what little we saw of her when recently going the rounds of the studios, it struck us that if ever, behind an unassuming presence the fire of genius lay hid, it did so in this case.

The next of these glimpses behind the scenes of artistic life was at the studio of Mr. D. Chadwick, whose picture, admirable in conception, treatment, and title, "A Military Engagement at Sea," was, in our opinion, likely to win golden opinions in the immediate future. The subject, that of a Seaforth Highlander flirting with a pretty girl in a boat pulled by a stoical boatman, showed how fit were title and treatment. We might even go farther, and refer in detail to an interesting little collection of "peaceable

battle fields," which we saw in the studio of Walter Reynolds, a landscape painter whose Berkett-Fosterish cottages and glimpses of Surrey and Kentish woodland scenery cover the sites of many a well fought field.

"The Queen's Guard,"* at the Grosvenor Gallery (190), painted by J. P. Beadle, is a subject which certainly might have been made more of by the artist, whose colouring is admirable and touch effective. So often do we, all of us who live in this great city, come across the Queen's Guard, that their presentment on canvas challenges special criticism; though in this case, as far as they go, they are satisfactory enough, but they don't go half far enough.

At his most charming Gallery in Bond Street, Mr. Macallum



reigns supreme. The air of brightness on entering is most remarkable. There is a sort of sparkling effect produced by the brilliancy, not only of his pastels, but the white and gold frames in which he has placed them, which compares very well and curiously with ordinary art galleries. He, too, has gathered military inspirations, in some cases from his peaceable rambles. "Nero at the Burning of Rome"† (No. 207 in the catalogue) being an instance of this, which comes upon one all the more forcibly after the delicate pastels and water-colours one has seen, since it is vigorously painted in oils. Indeed, medium seems no consideration to Mr. Andrew Macallum, one picture being executed in oil, water-colour, and pastel. As for "Marathon" (No. 13), the

* Page 1092.

† Page 1088.

classic tale has been too often told for me to touch on it.* Suffice it to say, as a bit of delicate colouring it is delightful ; indeed, we prefer it to a companion picture, " Rustchuck " (53), which, however, is very full nevertheless of that sparkling effectiveness which seems to fit this painter so well for depicting those Southern-European and Eastern subjects he loves. And now, reader, with a final glimpse at the Royal Academy, in which our eye rests on a charming bit of statuary, will we bring to a conclusion our pen and pencil sketches of pictures of the period. Seldom, indeed, have we been more struck than by this triumph of plastic art (No. 2,023), which will be found by reference to our final sketch to be a fitting termination to these criticisms.

* Page 1086.



Volunteer Notes.



THE past month has been fraught with developments of unusual interest and importance, in the eyes of careful students of the Volunteer movement. Not only have Whitsuntide and the approach of the Wimbledon meeting given many members of the Force a sufficiency both to do and to discuss, but the entire body of Volunteers throughout the kingdom has found itself somewhat suddenly at a stage which, if it is not too much to say, will one day be regarded as a distinct historical landmark. The *fons et origo* of the disturbance leading to this result was a letter, dated the 27th May, and addressed by Lord Wolseley, in his official capacity, to general officers commanding divisions, the subject being the much talked-of question of Volunteer equipment. This communication laid down that the equipment was to consist (in addition to arms and ammunition supplied by Government, and the uniform found by the corps) of accoutrements complete, including pouch to carry seventy rounds, great coat, havresack, water-bottle, and mess-tin. It also laid down, with engaging frankness, that in future Volunteer corps not producing this equipment at inspection would forfeit the capitation grant; in other words, would practically have to be disbanded.

Obviously such a Jovian thunderbolt as this, dropping from an almost clear sky, created a mighty sensation, and there were not wanting the usual complaints as to the inability of the War Office to understand the Volunteers, not to speak of its inexpressible meanness in passing over without comment the all-important question as to the method by which the necessary equipment was to be provided. But more thoughtful critics perceived in the letter a determination to bring the matter to a clear issue, and noted without difficulty the alternatives on which the future of Volunteering now depended. These alternatives were, as Lord Wantage, the well-known brigadier-general commanding the Home Counties Volunteer Brigade, has since clearly pointed out, firstly,

either Volunteers would themselves have to procure the necessary articles, paying for them by instalments as the capitation grant and other allowances became due—a process which the experience of thirty years has proved to be well-nigh impossible; or, secondly, that the Government would have to grant a special equipment fund, “a consummation devoutly to be wished,” but outside the region of practical politics; or, thirdly, the equipment must be provided by public subscription, on the lines followed by the Lord Mayor of London in his collection on behalf of the Metropolitan corps, to which we had occasion to refer last month.

To this latter enterprise the letter of Lord Wolseley was a fillip, the importance of which the Lord Mayor was not slow to appreciate. Having set forth at length his views as to the desirability of a Patriotic Volunteer Fund in the *Contemporary Review* for June, Lord Mayor Whitehead proceeded at once to enlist the sympathies of the Press, and before the first week of the month was over, the papers were full of his letter and of editorial and outside comment. In addition to the £20,000 already collected, subscriptions poured in, and the complete equipment of the Metropolitan Volunteers, at an estimated cost of £85,000, became a practically assured result.

In the meantime, provincial Volunteers were left out in the cold, perhaps, in some cases, even wondering whether Lord Wolseley's letter had not terminated their careers as possible defenders of their country in time of need. At any rate, little or no action was taken until about the middle of the month, it being thought by many that the Lord Mayor would see his way to making his Fund a national instead of a purely local one. This pleasant delusion being rudely dispelled by the announcement that the Lord Mayor and his Committee were not disposed to assist corps outside the Metropolitan area, the provinces set about making their own arrangements, Lord Wantage being early in the field with a letter to the Service weeklies, in which he pointed out that the recent formation of Volunteer Brigades seemed to indicate the lines which this proposed national effort should take. By the time these Notes are in print committees, following, we trust, Lord Wantage's sensible suggestion, will probably have been formed all over the country, and considerable headway made towards averting the consequences which are alluded to with no uncertain voice in Lord Wolseley's drastic memorandum.

Taken as a whole, the episode may be looked upon as an eminently satisfactory one, both from a national point of

view and from that taken by the Volunteers themselves. The latter can now look forward, at no distant date, to getting a really fair start, while the former should be naturally gratified at the prospect of retaining its valuable citizen army in a condition of increased efficiency without having recourse to increased general taxation. That the amount required will be forthcoming, there seems little if any doubt, and when once it has been collected it is generally admitted that no further or future appeal will be necessary. On this latter point the Lord Mayor speaks very confidently in his article in the *Contemporary Review*, having been assured that, as regards at any rate the Metropolitan area, the capitation grant and other resources will enable commanding officers, when once their men have been fully equipped, to meet all the current expenses, repair the equipment when necessary, and to renew it gradually as circumstances require.

From a critical point of view, putting sentimental objections to "sending round the hat" on one side, two reflections suggest themselves. The first is that the Metropolitan Volunteers have scored decisively, a little, it may be said, at the expense of their provincial brethren. The Lord Mayor unquestionably did a good work in taking up their case and putting it before the public with clearness and vigour, but his action would have been far more praiseworthy, far more just, if he had lent the weight of his great official influence and personal energy to the movement as a national one. In the matter of home defence, the metropolis is not a little self-contained position, capable of maintaining a resistance solely on its own account with its 31,000 enrolled Volunteers. In the event of an invasion, it might well be that the fate of the Metropolis would depend not at all on these local corps, but on the conduct of provincial regiments bearing the brunt of the attack, in whose equipment the Lord Mayor and his Committee decline to share. Again, as has been somewhat caustically noted by a Service contemporary, the Lord Mayor, by calling his local fund a "Patriotic" one, which, in a sense, it cannot claim to be any more than a vestry meeting is a patriotic assembly, has captured subscriptions which assuredly should not be confined to equipping London Volunteers. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has, for instance, contributed £100 to the Fund, but he can hardly be expected to send cheques of a proportionate amount to all the provincial committees, in the operations of which he is, of course, as the future head of the Army, equally interested.

The Whitsuntide holidays have been made the occasion of an interesting experiment as to the feasibility of Volunteer Brigade Camps under canvas. At Easter, it will be remembered that the London corps were mobilized in brigades, and satisfactorily accommodated either in barracks or billets at Portsmouth, Eastbourne, and other places at which a landing might be attempted by an invading force. As far as can be judged at present, the later experiment has proved equally successful. Three considerable brigades have been collected in camp: the West Yorkshire, to the extent of four battalions; the Mersey, to the extent of eight battalions; and the Manchester, to the extent of three battalions, at Blackpool, Conway, and Skegness respectively; and, taken all round, the results are certainly such as to warrant a continuance of the brigade system as applied to camping for the future, and a gradual discouragement of the pleasant but not, so far as real instruction is concerned, profitable system of camping by battalions. In the case of the West Yorkshire Brigade, containing some of the finest Volunteer battalions in the country, peculiar success was achieved, especially in the direction of that friendly emulation among battalions which is such an important feature of the brigade principle under any conditions, more especially those of active service. At the same time, this brigade can hardly be said to have been fortunate in its choice of a camping-ground, the locality being by no means adapted to brigade movements of an extended and really instructive character.

Talking of large camps, it seems likely that Scotland will soon be able to give the Southron a lesson in this respect. During the month the citizens of Glasgow, at the instance of Sir William Cuninghame, V.C., the Brigadier-General commanding the Clyde Brigade, and of the Lord Provost, have been contemplating a fund to cover the extraordinary expenses of a brigade camp which, as the brigade numbers seventeen battalions and some 15,000 men, should indeed be a mighty gathering of the clans. As these extraordinary expenses are held to cover the matter of proper equipment, it will be seen that the west of Scotland men are very much to the fore as partisans of the War Office in two respects, namely, as colossal exponents of the beauties of brigading, and as dutifully acquiescing in the principle that Volunteers, to exist at all, must be efficient, and, to compass efficiency, must make their own arrangements, except so far as the capitation grant will help them.

We are on the eve of the last Wimbledon meeting of the

National Rifle Association, which is advertised to commence on Monday, the 8th instant, the camp being ready for occupation on the 6th. Colonel Eaton, of the Grenadier Guards, has been appointed Camp Commandant, and a notable gathering may be confidently expected. Indeed, it is to be hoped that the Meeting may be an unusually brilliant one, not only as terminating the connection of the National Rifle Association with Wimbledon, but as serving to somewhat soften the minds of many Volunteers in regard to the new site which, from year to year, is to witness this notable function. One cannot disguise the fact that, difficult as was the task which confronted the National Rifle Association when their tenure of Wimbledon became a precarious one, that body neither displayed the vigour which the public looks for in the settlement of public questions, nor that appreciation of its representative character which Volunteers, living at a distance from London, considered ought to have been displayed in their interests, as the interests of, at any rate, a potential majority.

Be this as it may, the National Rifle Association have before them a very hard nut to crack in the shape of Cannock Chase, and the resolute determination of the dwellers in those parts to make that magnificent expanse of moorland useful in some shape to the Volunteers. Dim projects are hinted at for reorganizing the National Rifle Association, and associating it with the Volunteer Equipment question by the formation of two great camps, of which one would be localised at Cannock. In the meantime, the folk round about Stafford and Rugeley have intimated their determination to cap the inauguration of the new camp at Brookwood next year by a popular meeting on Cannock Chase, open to all Volunteers, and conducted on strictly representative principles. The project is a grand one, and the writer, who has had exceptional opportunities of studying the New Wimbledon question, cordially wishes it every success.

The Metropolitan Volunteer Sergeants' Tactical Association is to be highly congratulated on the series of twelve "meets," which it has arranged for the past and two succeeding months. The object is to enable members to obtain instruction in sketching and reconnaissance, studies which Volunteer non-commissioned officers are acting most sensibly in taking up. Indeed, practical work of this kind may be set down as far more to the point for Volunteer sergeants than the practice of the war game, except as an occasional recreation and aid to the intelligent appreciation of the general work of an important field day.

The Naval Volunteers are having rather an uphill struggle against the view taken by the Government, and it would seem rightly taken, that as on emergency they would only be available for harbour duty, they must not expect to be looked upon or treated as possible sea-going defenders of the country. It is to be hoped that an early discovery will be made of some *via media*, such as that which connects military Volunteers with our regular army as a definitely useful force under certain definite conditions. That the Naval Volunteers are both willing and efficient seems clearly established, but their relation to the naval defence of the country is unquestionably obscure. The natural consequence is that their opportunities for acquiring even sea legs are few and far between, not all brigades having commandants like the Marquis of Ailsa, who has placed his fine yacht at the disposal of his command, the Clyde Brigade, to be used for such pleasant purposes as visiting the Paris Exhibition by detachments, in addition to the usual Saturday to Monday cruises.

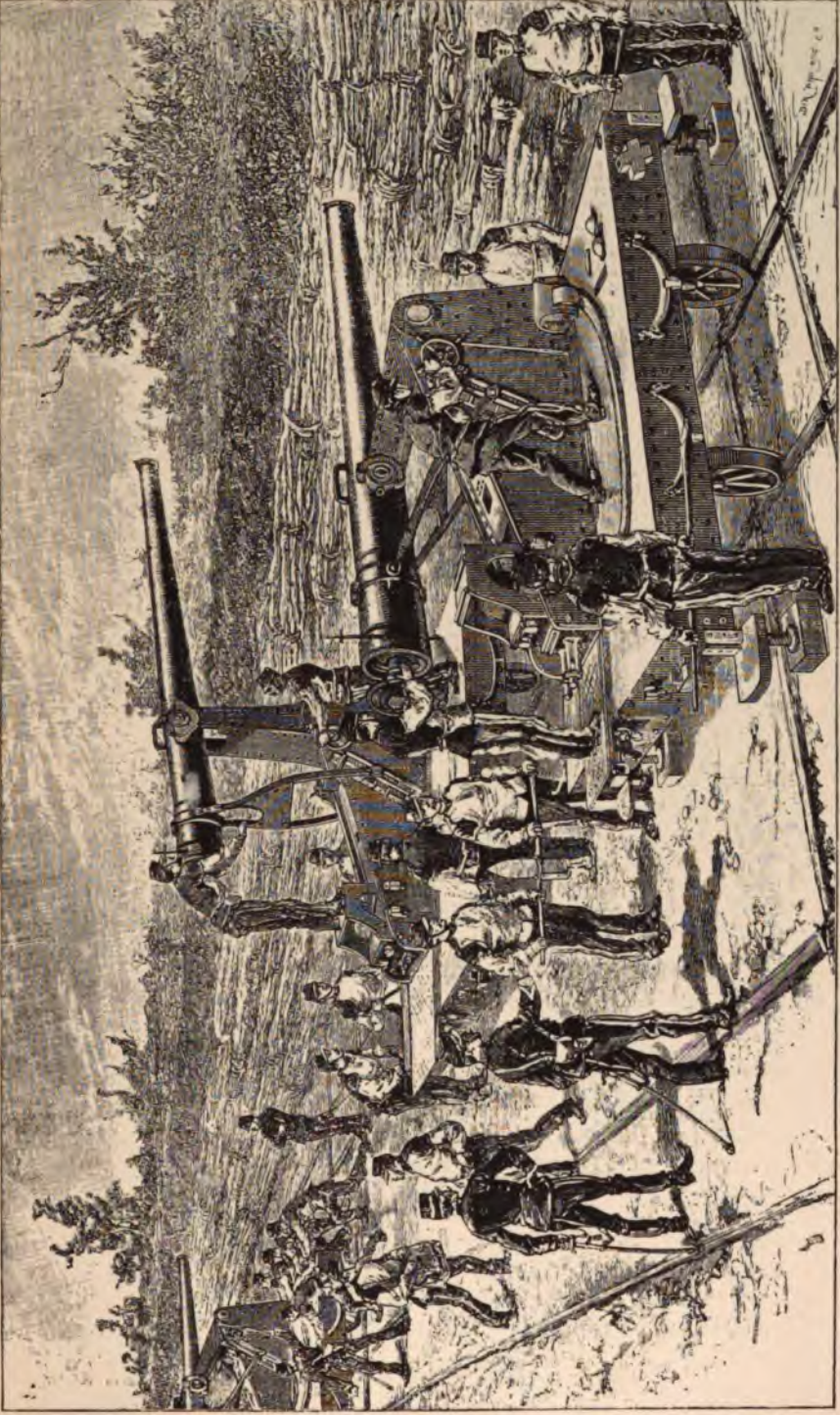
Want of space prevents our more than mentioning Colonel Brackenbury's thoughtful article on "A Real Volunteer Army," in the *Contemporary Review* for June, as well as the Volunteer Musketry Returns, which have just appeared for the first time in a collective and tabulated form. The latter, which have been carefully dealt with by the weekly papers, reveal the fact that in the whole of the Infantry Volunteers the marksmen number 10,383, or 7·88 per cent.; first-class shots, 18,890, or 14·34 per cent.; third-class, 4,089, or 3·10 per cent.

French Movable Batteries.



WO years ago we were able to give a short description of a system of movable batteries, invented, or rather perhaps elaborated, by Commandant Mougin.* In this system, it may be remembered, the platform on which the gun rested was composed of four iron bars, joined two by two with angle irons. The gun, placed in the centre, moved upon a turn-table, resting on five friction rollers; and the whole apparatus, mounted on a strong railway truck, was protected by heavy armour plating. This system has now to a great extent been discarded by French engineers; and, at a recent session of the Council of War, the question of transforming the fortifications of the French frontier on a wholly new principle was debated at length. It was generally acknowledged that the recent experiments at Chalons and St. Chamond proved the comparative uselessness of armoured batteries as opposed to the most recently invented projectiles. At the suggestion of General de la Jaille, the President of the Artillery Committee, the Council decided to substitute, as far as possible, for these armoured batteries, movable batteries mounted on carriages running on a system of rails very ingeniously constructed, and recently tried with success at Toul. The accompanying illustration gives a sufficiently good idea of the system. The inventors propose that a line of permanent forts should be provided with a circular railway, running at a distance of about 100 yards behind each fort, and protected by a parapet such as is generally used for field fortifications—earth thrown up to sufficient height to cover the guns, without extending beyond them. Along this line the siege guns would be placed, each mounted on a movable platform, with a disappearing carriage, such as is shown in our illustration. So soon as the enemy, by the opening of the first parallel, and the construction of his first batteries, has outlined his attack, the guns

* See *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine*, Jan. 1887.



FRENCH MOVABLE BATTERIES (from the *Illustration*)

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would be concentrated, by locomotives running on a system of rails, on those points more immediately threatened; and this arrangement would at the same time insure a mobility which would enable the gunners of the besieged to attack the enemy's batteries in any desired position. The guns, loaded and trained while eclipsed, would appear only for a few seconds above the parapet at the moment of fire. Should the enemy's fire become hot at any particular point, the gun threatened could, without changing its aim, be shifted either to the right or to the left, to a distance of say 20, 30, or 100 yards, and could then resume firing without losing the benefit of its previous training, thanks to an extremely simple mathematical correction.

The besieger, who would have to fire at an object perhaps several miles in extent, could rely only on chance hits to dismount here and there one of these movable guns; and even assuming that he succeeded in so doing, the damaged gun could easily be withdrawn from its park, without disturbing the firing of the other pieces, and removed from the scene of action by means of transverse lines of rails provided at intervals of a few yards for this purpose. The advantage which such a system would give the besieged over the besiegers is sufficiently obvious. It is, of course, admitted that the new explosives might produce very considerable breaches in the railway parapet; but these breaches could, in any case, be repaired in a few hours.

In the same way, the railway, if injured by the explosion of the enemy's shell, could quickly be repaired by a gang of trained railway troops; and the fire of the movable guns would not be seriously interrupted. The carriages and the system of rails adopted in this latest modification of the art of fortification were constructed in the factory of St. Chamond. They are due for the most part to Commandant Mougin, and form, in fact, the natural development of his now almost obsolete scheme for movable armoured batteries. He has stripped his platforms of the armour which made them comparatively unwieldy and necessitated the use of strong traction power; while he has at the same time mounted his guns on carriages which render them practically invisible to the opposing gunners.

The River Zambesi.

By CAPTAIN H. BERKELEY, R.N.

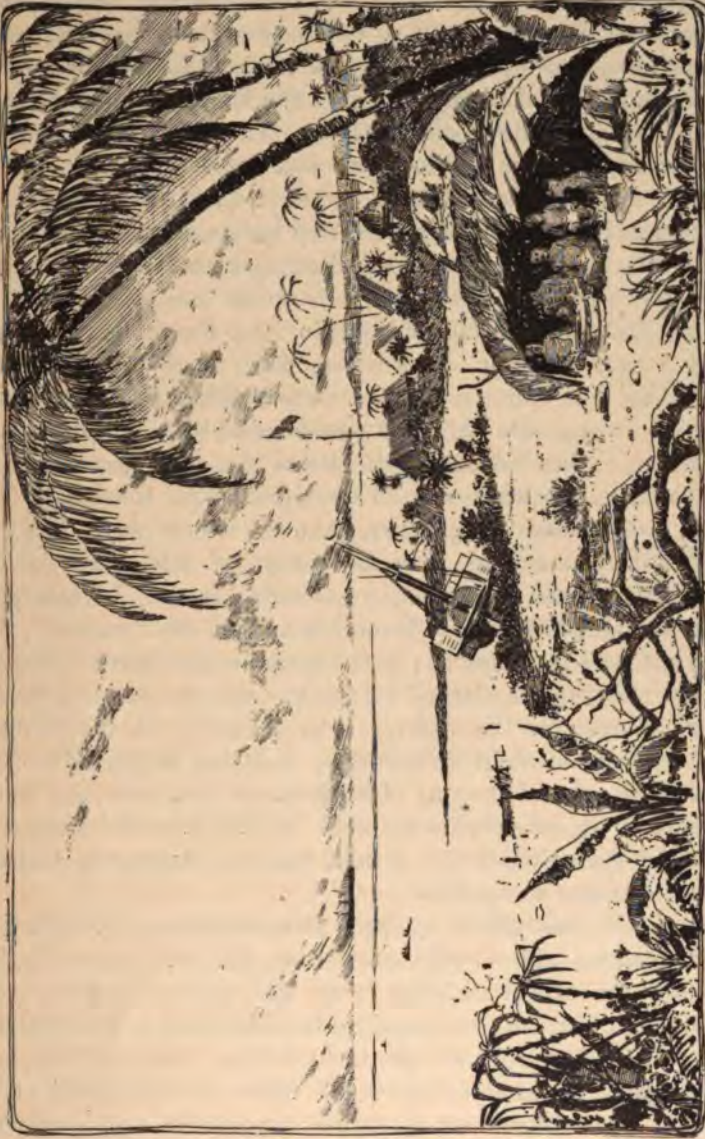


THE Leambye or Zambesi river, the great water highway of South-Eastern Africa, is once more attracting attention, and it is to be hoped with more favourable results than has hitherto attended the mention of this noble commercial highway into the interior of what is very properly called the Dark Continent—certainly no misnomer as regards our present knowledge of the land this river flows through.

The two principal causes of our want of knowledge are the Portuguese on the littoral, and the hordes of migratory and plundering Boers in the interior. The Portuguese in times past have always placed a perfectly prohibitory tariff on goods coming into their territory in foreign bottoms, while at the same time they import next to nothing in their own ships into the waters of the Zambesi, if we except Quilimane, which is in reality a confluent of the great river. Moreover, they require ships with goods for the Zambesi delta to clear their goods at the custom houses of Mozambique or Quilimane, thus paying these port dues as well as the imposts upon the cargoes. Here, it may be remarked, that the bar of Quilimane is the most dangerous and treacherous bar of all that part of the coast, and the town itself is particularly unwholesome to Europeans. Thus, in addition to the extortionate dues levied on the cargoes, the adventurer who enters Quilimane runs a considerable risk not only with his ship but with his own life and the lives of his crew as well.

It is a fact that English and American goods landed at Zanzibar can be sold cheaper in the market at Quilimane than the same class of goods can be that have crossed the bar some sixteen

miles away. The land transport from Zanzibar cannot be less than 800 miles. This fact speaks trumpet tongued against the iniquities of the Portuguese customs house; and to anyone else



MOUTH OF THE ZAMBESI.

it must be perfectly obvious that this prohibitory tariff is acting directly against the importers, and they are actually keeping money out of the country. Why these things are so, the reason is not

far to seek. In the good old times of slavery—that is to say, good for the slavers but bad for everybody else concerned in it—the main object was to keep all strangers out of Portuguese territory, except they came there for slaves or ivory; for the slave markets of Brazil and Havannah paid so well as to drive nearly all really legitimate business out of the market, whilst the Zanzibaris and Angoxha Arabs acted as middlemen to the Portuguese and brought caravans of slaves and goods to them. There is but one market open now, and that is the Red Sea and Coast of Arabia, according to the monsoon, and trade is carried on in native dhows.

The Boers have, from their predatory habits, reduced the inhabitants of the upper waters of the Leambye to a state of abject terror and subjugation, so that it is worth no man's while to cultivate that magnificent and fertile land for more than their "daily bread," for the chances are that the hand that sowed will not be that which reaps, the same holding good with cattle and stock in general. All this was foretold by Livingstone, who had incurred the hatred of the Boers for having warned the Makololo tribe of what was in store for them from their predatory and restless neighbours, who in those days had not over-run the country as they have done of late. The sketch which is herewith appended represents Doctor Livingstone's station at the mouth of the Korgoni branch of the Zambesi, called by the natives Inhamissengo; in the centre is the Doctor's steamer *Ma Robert* (not at all adapted for the business she was on), hauled up for repairs; on the right is the "kraal" of the Doctor's Makololo's, who at night used to sleep on stages in the tops of the highest trees, out of the way of snakes and, what are even worse, mosquitoes; the ship in the distance is H.M.S. *Lynx*, then commanded by the writer of this article, who was deputed to find and relieve the Doctor's expedition.

The sketch was taken by Mr. Thomas Baines, the artist of the expedition, who shortly afterwards left it. Ordered again to relieve the expedition, the boats had to be detached as far as the mouth of the Shire branch of the Zambesi, under command of Mr. M. R. Medlycott, sub-lieutenant R.N., who took charge of and safely navigated the steamer *Ma Robert* to the mouth of the Korgoni; and whilst there a rather remarkable event occurred. We had captured a couple of dhows with slaves on board, and the doctor wishing to know from whence they came had two sent on shore to him, as we were lying outside the bar at the time, and from an intelligent old woman and a young man called Fumah

Serang the doctor learnt that they had come from the Longwa country, which is watered by a branch of the Leambye, and that they had been on the journey nearly a year, but that they had heard of the "White Traveller" from the Makololo, which was the adjacent country. They were perfectly conversant with the "Victoria Falls," though, of course, not by that name. The doctor, who was a most admirable linguist, and whose knowledge of native dialects was unsurpassed, gained a great deal of information from these two people. A word as to the appearance of the land of the Zambesi delta. It may be said to be of a uniform low appearance, with very few hummocks to break the low-lying outline. Vessels wishing to make the entrance of any of the mouths of the rivers had better depend upon their latitude and longitude rather than upon the appearance of the land, and, having verified their position, close with the shore, and look out for the gap in the same which will denote the river sought for, together with the clear space in the everlasting breakers, which guard this coast at an average distance of two miles from the shore. At full and change of moon the water rises to the level of the river banks, and the only objects that the eye can rest upon as points for recognition are trees and clumps of trees of different appearance, and even these are most fallacious, changing as the vessel changes her position. The mast-head is the only position from which anything like an approximate idea of the coast-line inside the line of breakers can be obtained. Added to all this, the charts that we had in our possession to go by were laid down in dotted lines as often as not, that is to say, the author did not vouch for the coast-line as the true one; in point of fact, the dotted line meant "unreliable." Pleasant circumstances these under which to undertake the relief of the Livingstone Expedition, and the price we paid for it was the loss of the coxswain and most of the hands of the cutter's crew, capsized in the surf; the remnants were picked up after having been twelve hours in the water, clinging to the overturned boat. However, to return, a vessel bound to the Korgoni may enter at half flood (spring tides), carrying not less than 12 feet water over the bar, the surf on either side indicating the deep water. This, however, does not say much for large tonnage entering this river; but where there exists a strong stream and a soft bottom, judicious "piling" can always make and maintain a channel by directing the "scour." Timber there is plenty, and of adaptable size. Labour there is none worth mentioning; therefore the "almighty dollar" will be freely called into requisi-

tion if ships of fairly deep draught are to enter the waters. Captain Hyde Parker, of H.M. brig *Pantaloön*, was the first officer who made a survey of the Muselio; then Admiral A. H. Hoskins, in the boats of H.M.S. *Castor*, added to our knowledge. H.M.S. *Lynx* was the first English man-of-war that crossed the bar of the Korgoni, and such knowledge as we now possess of these regions we owe to the survey of Captain F. Skead, R.N., harbour-master of Algoa Bay, in which he was assisted by Lieutenant Suther, R.M.A.

In October last year, Daniel J. Rankin, Esq., M.R.A.S., Ex-Consul of Mozambique, made a capital plan of the Kongoni entrance, showing the light, &c.

Dr. Livingstone always predicted that one day the value of the great Zambesi highway into the most fertile portion of South-East Africa would be acknowledged. Let us hope that it is at hand.



Reviews.

Torpedoes and Torpedo Warfare. By C. SLEEMAN, Esq., late Lieutenant R.N., and late Commander Imperial Ottoman Navy. Second Edition. (Portsmouth: Griffin & Co. 1889).

There are special difficulties in the way of writing a really good book on torpedoes and torpedo warfare, owing to the confidential nature of the records and experiments in all countries and the secrecy which surrounds all the experiments. Probably Mr. Sleeman's connection with the Turkish navy in an official position enabled him, in some measure, to get behind the scenes; but he must have worked carefully and indefatigably to get together the mass of information with which he presents us in this second edition. It is really most excellently done, and if those whose position enables them to read between the lines see much in the book which is verging on the obsolete description of inventions and contrivances which have been more or less superseded after long continued experiment, the many who are not so favoured may usefully accept the work as their standard source of information. The whole subject naturally divides itself into three sections, which are classified by the author as "The Defence of Harbours by Submarine Mines," "Torpedoes," and "Torpedo-Boats." And illustrative of the text on these divisions, we have no less than seventy-nine plates, and twenty-eight tables. Beginning with a capital introductory chapter, tracing the history of the torpedo from the earliest times down to the present, with useful comments on the tendencies of naval warfare of this character, the author proceeds to offer some general remarks and definitions of terms which it is necessary the student should carefully master before proceeding further. He then proceeds directly and systematically with his subject, the submarine mine. These are either self-acting or controlled; and the author is of opinion that the self-acting mine "must enter largely into any system of harbour defence by submarine mines, because of the impracticability of covering the whole space to be protected by controlled mines alone, owing to the great expense that would thereby be entailed both in regard to the first cost and the maintenance; while there are many positions in every harbour which are inaccessible to any but small vessels and boats, and therefore would not be worth the trouble and expense of planting with controlled mines, but which must, nevertheless, be in some manner blocked to the passage of an enemy's

small craft, and this can be more easily and effectually secured by the use of self-acting mines than of any other means, notwithstanding the numerous and serious disadvantages." We do not know how far official opinion may coincide with this view; but we are disposed to think that the danger—equal to friend or foe, as the author frankly confesses—inherent in this class of mine must taboo it, in spite of its comparative cheapness. There is a full description of all natures of these mines and there is a very fairly exhaustive chapter on controlled mines, followed by a practical treatise on a variety of instruments for generating electricity and for measuring its force and capacity. Then follows full description of the apparatus for directing the electrical currents for firing the different mines or series of mines, and a further chapter on the all important matter of testing. The chapter on the general principles of submarine defence which closes this first section is peculiarly interesting, and the subject is, we think, well and fairly treated.

The section which deals with uncontrollable torpedoes may be considered perhaps less full than the former one, and this may proceed from the difficulties we have already adverted to. But still there is a fund of information brought together, and in the case of the little known instruments, the Brennan and the Howell torpedo, what is embodied in these chapters will be new to most readers. The philosophical way in which the author treats the question of the submarine torpedo-boat strikes us as a little amusing; he looks well forward to the battle under water, and thinks practically that it will be "nothing when you are used to it." Yet he does not say how we shall get on when Greek meets Greek a few fathoms under water. Altogether, we think Mr. Sleeman has produced this standard work with considerable judgment, skill, and perseverance, and we trust that both author and publisher may reap their reward in a good circulation.

Four Famous Soldiers. By T. R. E. HOLMES. (London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1889.)

The author of *A History of the Indian Mutiny* has again presented the public with a work the interest of which—and the interest is great—centres upon our Indian Empire.

The four famous soldiers of whom he treats are the two famous brothers, Charles and William Napier, Herbert Edwardes, and Hodson of Hodson's Horse.

By far the larger portion of this valuable book is naturally and of right devoted to the conqueror of Scinde, and it is impossible to avoid admiring the judicial and impartial spirit in which the author deals with the character of this great soldier; he has known how to do justice to the brilliancy of his hero's achievements, and to justify the honesty of his motives without doing injustice to the character of those with whom Napier came into conflict. In short, Mr. Holmes has not fallen into the error so common among

biographers of attempting to paint a picture without the inseparable shadows.

When he writes of Sir William Napier, less distinguished in the profession of arms, but probably to be long remembered as an accomplished narrator of its feats, he knows how to enlist our sympathy for what must have been a singularly lovable and impulsive nature, prone to error as such natures are, but ready to acknowledge its faults with a noble frankness. As an example, we would cite his letter to the mother of Outram. The story of Sir William's refusal of an invitation to meet a friend whom he particularly desired to see, that he might not disappoint a child whom he had promised to meet and succour, is an example of the best kind of chivalrous feeling, and the sacrifice of "the manly growth that fringed his lip" to still the alarm of his little daughter is fit to put against the removal of his helmet, with its nodding awful plume, by the greatest of the Trojans on a similar occasion.

While we have nothing but praise to bestow upon the clear and unobtrusive style of Mr. Holmes generally, we regret the occasional lapse into such verbal eccentricities as "aloofness," which we think, and sincerely hope, is not English or even American.

In Hodson we find an example of an entirely different and much inferior order of nature; and while we appreciate the physical courage and energy of the man, and recognize the value of such instruments at certain epochs, such as that great convulsion we call the Mutiny, we can scarcely look upon him as worthy to fill a place beside the Christian soldier Edwardes and the brilliant and chivalrous Napiers; and, indeed, it is evident that Mr. Holmes is himself of that opinion, as he excuses himself in a graceful and efficient manner for this conjunction.

Sir Herbert Edwardes, one of the most distinguished of that band of heroes who saved the Indian Empire from lapsing out of our hands, appears, by his strong religious sentiments and exacting sense of duty, to have had strong points of resemblance to the late General Gordon.

When an administrator succeeds in preserving for his Government such a province as the Punjaub, and in establishing among its lawless tribes a reign of peace and order, and at the same time in gaining the affection of its people, there needs no monument to commemorate his worth, although we may be pleased that we have honoured ourselves by erecting a memorial to him in Westminster Abbey.

In conclusion, we beg to thank Mr. Holmes for his interesting record of four lives, three of which may well serve as examples and one as a warning to Englishmen in the public service.

At the Play.

AT the COURT, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have produced Mr. Sidney Grundy's "A White Lie" before taking it to America with them. The play is well-constructed, with one important exception; the main spring is weak, and one feels that the drawing of the chief character is inconsistent with the chief incident; the happy wife and mother, as shown both by the author and actress, would never have told the "white lie" in question without a much more powerful motive than any which is brought forward in the play. Notwithstanding this blemish, however, Mr. Grundy has produced a fairly interesting play, and, above all, has provided Mrs. Kendal with a part which shows her to great advantage—greater, perhaps, than any in which we have lately seen her. In making this statement, we must confess to a decided preference for Mrs. Kendal's comedy as compared with her tragedy, and for more than half of "A White Lie" her comedy is in the ascendant. We have seldom seen anything more charming than her little touches in the first act, and her unexaggerated pathos at the end of it, when she breaks down in her endeavour to keep up her spirits before her child, was equally charming. In the other characters there is very little originality, and it is impossible not to compare the parts filled by Mr. Kendal, Miss O. Brandon, and Mr. Dacre with those of Mildmay, Mrs. Mildmay, and Hawksley in "Still Waters Run Deep." Whatever may be said as to the impossibility of not plagiarising from *somebody*, we must own to thinking this resemblance too striking, especially as regards Sir John Molyneux. Mr. Kendal made the most of his opportunities, and so did Mr. Dacre—though he has few; but there is something about Miss Brandon which grates upon one, a certain roughness, both in diction, gait, and manner, which suited well enough in the part of the uncouth girl in "The Weaker Sex," but is out of place in Lady Molyneux. The comedy is preceded by a *lever de rideau*, called "In the Corridor," in which there is little point, though that little is well brought out by Miss Annie Hughes, Miss F. Coleman, and that excellent actor, Mr. Eric Lewis.

The NOVELTY has been occupied for a short time by an experiment—namely, the production of "The Doll's House," a translation by Mr. W. Archer from Ibsen's play. One can scarcely fail to be interested in this painful and didactic domestic drama, but we

cannot say that we agree with the lesson inculcated by its author, or feel any sympathy with the eminently unpleasant people who are brought together. Dr. Frank, indeed, is the only person one can like, and his "case" is so evidently thrust into the play, and has so little to do with the plot, that the spectator is provoked into withholding his sympathy. Miss Janet Achurch is a rising actress, who thinks for herself, and, perhaps, makes the provoking wife as tolerable as she can be made; but her playful antics in the first act strike one as almost as unnatural as the "property" stove which is so prominent and unreal a feature in the scene. The dancing of the *tarantella* and the forced excitement accompanying it were well worked up, and brought the second act to an effective close. Mr. Waring was to be pitied for having to present such a prig and poor creature as the husband, but did his best with the ungrateful rôle; and both Mr. Royce Carleton and Miss G. Warden played their parts with moderation and restraint.

At the CRITERION the successful reproduction of "Still Waters Run Deep" is to give way to a further revival of "David Garrick," in which Mr. Wyndham has been as successful as Mr. Sothorn himself.

At the GLOBE "Richard III." has been withdrawn, and Mr. Edwardes has taken the theatre to house "Faust up to Date," which was driven out of the GAIETY by the French plays, but was running too steadily to be stopped.

At the LYCEUM "Macbeth" has come to an end for the present, and Mr. Mayer is to have a brief season for the production of Verdi's "Otello"; after which Madame Sara Bernhardt appears in several of her well-known parts, including "La Tosca," as well as that of "Lena," in the French version of "As in a Looking Glass."

The PRINCESS's keeps steadily to its one stock piece with an occasional change of name, a little (very little) shuffling of the characters, and a new sensation scene. This time the name is "True Heart," and the sensation scene is the launch of a life-boat and the consequent rescue of the hero, otherwise everything is as usual, unless, indeed, the introduction of a falling balcony as an instrument of slaughter be reckoned as a departure from precedent which demands special mention. Miss Grace Hawthorne takes the part of the heroine, supported by Mr. Leonard Boyne, Mr. Yorke Stephens (the best actor in the cast), Mr. Julian Cross, Mr. Garden, and Miss Helen Leyton.

The re-opening of the SHAFTESBURY is a matter for congratulation all round. The theatre itself is a good one, the position is excellent, the play chosen for the re-opening is well worth seeing again, and the company contains many excellent actors. "Jim the Penman" owed much of its success at the HAYMARKET to Lady Monckton, and she appears in her original part (as does also Miss Lindley). Mr. Willard (who is part lessee of the theatre) takes "Jim" himself, and Mr. Mackintosh makes a welcome re-appearance in the part originally filled by Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

At the VAUDEVILLE "Angelina," a screaming three-act farce produced at a *matinée* was so successful that it has been repeated several times. Mr. T. Thorne bears the chief burden on his shoulders, but Mr. Maude also made a very distinct mark. Mr. Buchanan's "The Old Home," also produced at a *matinée*, received so warm a welcome that it was promptly put into the evening bill; notwithstanding many blemishes it is an effective play.

At the OPERA COMIQUE "Little Lord Fauntleroy," though still appearing in the afternoons, is to give way in the evening programme for the production of "Our Flat," lately tried at a *matinée*.

At the STRAND, "Æsop's Fables," a three-act farce, by Mr. J. P. Hurst, has been substituted for "The Balloon," and gives Mr. Penley an opportunity of filling one of his usual characters. Some scenes between him and Miss Alma Stanley are amusing, but there is very little else in the piece.

Pieces already noticed and still running.

ADELPHI.—"The Shaughraun," melodrama, Mr. W. Terriss, Mr. C. Cartright, Mr. Beveridge, Mr. Shine, Mr. Abingdon, Miss Millward, Miss Clara Jecks, &c., and a farce.

AVENUE.—"Lancelot the Lovely," burlesque, Mr. Arthur Roberts, Mr. E. Ward, Mr. J. Tapley, Mr. A. Marsh, Mdle. Vanoni, Miss Annie Halford, Miss Sallie Turner, &c., and "The House Boat."

COMEDY.—"Tenterhooks," farcical comedy, Mr. C. H. Hawtrey, Mons. Marius, Mr. Harry Nicholls, Mr. Warren, Mr. Andrews, Mr. W. F. Hawtrey, Miss Lottie Venne, Miss Vane Featherstone, Miss S. Vaughan, &c., and "A Highland Legacy."

COVENT GARDEN.—Italian Opera, under the management of Mr. Augustus Harris.

GARRICK.—"The Profligate," drama, Mr. John Hare, Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. L. Waller, Mr. Cathcart, Mr. Dodsworth, Mr. S. Brough, Miss Kate Rorke, Miss O. Nethersole, Mrs. Gaston Murray, &c.

GERMAN REEDS' ENTERTAINMENT.—"Tally Ho," musical comedy, Mr. A. German Reed, Mr. E. Laris, Mr. W. Browne, Miss F. Holland, Miss K. Tully, and "My Aunt's in Town," Mr. Corney Grain.

GLOBE.—"Faust up to Date," burlesque, Mr. E. Lonnen, Mr. H. Parker, Mr. G. Stone, Miss Florence St. John, Miss Violet Cameron, &c.

HAYMARKET.—"Wealth," drama, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Brookfield, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Norreys, Mrs. Tree, &c., and "The Duchess of Bayswater & Co."

HER MAJESTY'S.—Italian Opera, under the direction of Mr. Mapleson.

LYRIC.—"Doris," comic opera, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Hayden Coffin, Mr. F. Cook, Mr. A. Williams, Miss A. Augarde, Miss A.

Albu, Miss E. Chapuy, Miss A. Barnett, Miss H. Coveney, &c., and "Funnibone's Fix."

PRINCE OF WALES'S.—"Paul Jones," comic opera, Mr. H. Monkhouse, Mr. H. Ashley, Mr. F. Wyatt, Miss A. Huntington, Miss Phyllis Broughton, Miss Wadman, &c., and "John Smith."

SAVOY.—"The Yeomen of the Guard," comic opera, Mr. G. Grossmith, Mr. R. Temple, Mr. W. H. Denny, Mr. Courtice Pounds, Miss G. Ulmar, Miss J. Bond, Miss R. Brandram, &c., and "Mrs. Jarramie's Genie."

SHAPTESBURY.—"Jim the Penman," drama, Mr. Willard, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Herbert, Mr. F. Terry, Lady Monckton, Miss Lindley, Mrs. Brooke, &c.

TERRY'S.—"Sweet Lavender," comedy, Mr. E. Terry, Mr. A. Bishop, Mr. Brandon Thomas, Mr. F. Kerr, Miss Victor, Miss E. Victor, Miss Maude Millett, Miss B. Horlock, &c.

TOOLE'S.—"Artful Cards," comedy, Mr. J. Toole, Mr. J. Billington, Mr. G. Shelton, Miss K. Phillips, Miss Eliza Johnstone, &c., "The Broken Sixpence," and "The Birthplace of Podgers."



Foreign Service Magazines.

SUMMARY OF ARTICLES.

THE MILITARY MAGAZINE. (Voyenni Sbornik.) (St. Petersburg.) June 1889.

The Passage of the Balkans by General Skobeleff, and the Battle of Sheinovo, December 1877. By A Kuropatkin—The Roumanians in the Campaign of 1877-78, II., based on the Works of the Roumanian Colonel, Vacarescu—Materials for Compiling the Military Statistics of Russia—The Ural Cossacks and their Economic Condition.

LA REVUE GÉNÉRALE DE L'ÉTAT-MAJOR. REVUE MILITAIRE DES DEUX-MONDES. (Paris: Berger, Levrault et Cie., 5, Rue des Beaux Arts.) May 1889.

The Battle of Frœschwiller (*continued*)—The Transmission of Despatches—The Siege of Grave.

LA REVUE D'INFANTERIE. (Paris: Henri Charles Lavauzelle, 11, Place Saint André-des-Beaux-Arts.) June 1889.

The Provisioning of Troops—The Mobilization of a Company—Railways in War Time—An Algerian Marabout.

THE ENGINEER JOURNAL. (St. Petersburg.) April 1889.

The Latest Development of Siege Appliances, Offensive and Defensive—River Flotillas and their Employment in War.

JOURNAL ASIATIQUE. (Paris: Ernest Leroux.) February and March 1889.

The Most Ancient Ritual of China—The Study of the Berber Dialect of Arabic.

RIVISTA MARITTIMA. (Roma.) June 1889.

The New Cruiser *Piemonte*—Photography in Italy—Acoustic Faculties of Seamen and Fog-Signals.

REVUE DE CAVALERIE. (Paris: Librairie Militaire, Berger, Levrault et Cie., 5, Rue des Beaux Arts.) May 1889.

Cavalry Reconnaissance—Milhaud (*concluded*)—Historical and Tactical Studies on the German Cavalry in 1870-71 (*continued*)—Cavalry Manœuvres (from the German).

REVUE MILITAIRE DE L'ÉTRANGER. (Paris : L. Baudoin et Cie., 30, Rue et Passage Dauphine.) 15th and 30th May 1889.

The Anglo-Afghan Railway—The Composition and War Effectives of the Austro-Hungarian Army (*continued*)—A Spanish Society of Artillery Officers for Mutual Help—The Italian Artillery (*concluded*)—The New Organization of the Field Artillery in Germany—Attacks on Fortifications—The Equipment of the Russian Infantry Soldier.

LA REVUE GÉNÉRALE DE L'ÉTAT-MAJOR. REVUE MILITAIRE DES DEUX MONDES. (Paris : Berger, Levrault et Cie., 5, Rue des Beaux Arts. June 1889.

The Battle of Frœschwiller—The Army at the Exhibition—Regulations for Staff Service.

LE PROGRES MILITAIRE. (Paris : 12, Rue du Mont Thabor.)

The French Soudan (18th May)—The Extraordinary Army Estimates (1st June)—The Spanish Military Balloon Service (1st June)—Algerian Horses (5th June)—French Alpine Troops (8th June)—Field Artillery in France and Germany (12th June).

REVUE D'ARTILLERIE. (Paris : Berger, Levrault et Cie., 5, Rue des Beaux Arts.) May 1889.

Gribeauval (1715-1789)—The Comité de l'Artillerie from 1795 to 1872—On the Penetration of Armour-Plating—The Effect of Submarine Explosions.

JOURNAL DE LA MARINE. LE YACHT. (Paris : 50 Rue Saint Lazare.) May 18th and 25th, June 1st and 8th, 1889.

The New Italian Cruiser *Piemonte*—The Navy and the National Industries—The New Port of Calais—The French Merchant Marine.

REVUE DU CERCLE MILITAIRE—ARMÉES DE TERRE ET DE MER. (Paris : 37, Rue Bellechasse.) May 19th and 26th and June 2nd and 9th, 1889.

Field Fortifications—Vauban—The German Navy—The New Regulations for the German Field Artillery—A New De Bange Gun.

LE SPECTATEUR MILITAIRE. (Paris : 15, Rue Saint-Benoit.) 15th May and 1st June 1889.

The French Campaign in Mexico—The Use of Gendarmerie in the Field (*concluded*)—The Army and its Organization *apropos* of the Army Bill (*concluded*)—War and Society—A Proposed Regulation for Infantry Manœuvres.

JAHRBUECHER FÜR DIE DEUTSCHE ARMEE UND MARINE. (Berlin : R. Wilhelmi.) June 1889.

The Last Ten Years of the Old French Army—The Tactical Importance of Smokeless Powder—Other Powder, Other Tactics—

The Origin of Artillery—Episodes in Coast Warfare—The New Railway Law in Italy.

DEUTSCHE HEERES-ZEITUNG. (Berlin: Königgrätzerstrasse, 41.)

The History of Our Infantry Equipment (4th May)—The Campaign of the 1st German Army Corps in Northern and North-Western France in 1870-71 (*continued*)—The Importance of Military Training during Youth (18th May)—The Training of the Reserve Officer (25th May)—Autumn Manœuvres in France (8th June).

INTERNATIONALE REVUE UEBER DIE GESAMMTEN ARMEEN UND FLOTTEN. (Rathenau: Max Babenzien.) June 1889.

The Training of Cavalry—The New Field Regulations for the German Artillery—Future Mountain Warfare—Indirect Fire at Sea—Napoleon as a General (*concluded*)—The Reorganization of the Railway Service in France—Changes in the Belgian Army.

REVUE MILITAIRE BELGE. (Bruxelles: Librairie Militaire, C. Muquardt.) No. I., 1889.

Variations in the Fire of Rifled Ordnance, and the Scientific Determination of Rules for its Correction—The Military Hospital of Brussels—Bayonet Drill in Germany—The Fortifications of Copenhagen—The Recruiting of the Portuguese Colonial Army.

RIVISTA DI ARTIGLIERIA E GENIO. (Roma: Via Astalli, 15.) May 1889.

The Russian Artillery in 1888 (*continued*)—The Use of Electric Light Projectors for Military Purposes—The Photographic Reproduction of the Aerial Disturbance Produced by Projectiles—The Dederick Machine for the Compression of Forage—The Austro-Hungarian Artillery.

MITTHEILUNGEN UEBER GEGENSTAENDE DES ARTILLERIE UND GENIE-WESENS. (Vienna: Druck und Commissionsverlag von R. von Waldheim.) No. V., 1889.

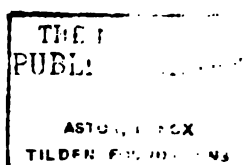
Review of the Principal Artillery and Small-Arm Trials in 1888—The Construction and Working of Wire Railways—Changes in the Organization of the German Field Artillery—The New Colt Revolver for the North American Navy.

THE UNITED SERVICE. (Philadelphia: L. R. Hamersly & Co.) June 1889.

The Irish Brigade—The Arming of Field Artillery—Our National Coat of Arms, and Probable Origin of the Star-Spangled Banner.

REVISTA ARMATEI. (Bucharest: Edward Wiegand, Strada Covaci.) April 1889.

Instructions for Staff Officers in the Austrian Army—Cavalry Manœuvres in Germany—Expeditions of the German Staff Corps.





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No. 8.

AUGUST 1st, 1889.

Vol. II.

## Brig.-General Sir William H. Humphery,

BART., C.B.,

COMMANDING PORTSMOUTH BRIGADE OF VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.



SIR WILLIAM HENRY HUMPHERY, Bart., C.B., is a barrister of the Inner Temple, and sat in Parliament for the borough of Andover from 1863 to 1867. He is Justice of the Peace for Hants, and occupied the post of High Sheriff for that county in 1873. He served as private in the Inns of Court Volunteers, and is now Honorary Colonel of the 1st Volunteer Battalion of the Hampshire Regiment, which he commanded for twenty-five years. In 1888 he was appointed to the command of the Portsmouth Brigade of Volunteer Infantry, which comprises the following battalions:—

1st Volunteer Battalion Hampshire Regiment.

|     |   |   |   |   |
|-----|---|---|---|---|
| 2nd | ” | ” | ” | ” |
| 3rd | ” | ” | ” | ” |
| 5th | ” | ” | ” | ” |

VOL. II.

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A system of Volunteer Transport invented by Sir William has been adopted by the War Office, and he was the first to inaugurate, in 1864, the practice of either going into camp yearly or attending autumn manœuvres.

The following portraits of Brigadier-Generals of Volunteer Infantry Brigades have already appeared in this magazine :—

1. Lieut.-General Lord Abinger, C.B., commanding West London Brigade, in April.
2. Brigadier-General Right Hon. J. H. A. Macdonald, C.B., commanding Forth Brigade, in May.
3. Brigadier-General Right Hon. Lord Wantage, V.C., K.C.B., commanding Home Counties Brigade, in June.
4. Brigadier-General the Earl of Sandwich, commanding the South Midlands Brigade of Volunteer Infantry, in July.





# Naval Warfare:

ITS PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE HISTORICALLY TREATED.

By REAR-ADMIRAL P. H. COLOMB.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE STRUGGLE FOR THE COMMAND OF THE SEA.

True naval war is established when there is sufficient property at sea to make its loss of serious importance to the State owning it; and when there are sea-keeping war-ships to attack it.—It may be attacked directly and defended directly, as in the earlier phases of the first Dutch war; or sea-borne commerce may be destroyed if the command of the sea is first obtained by the direct defeat of the enemy's war fleets, as in the later phases of the war.—Single victories cannot, however, give command of the sea for any time unless the naval force defeated has also been annihilated.—Though both the Dutch and English gained victories, they were merely steps towards the command of the sea, and the struggle was really still in progress when peace was made.



IN the last chapter I endeavoured to show how, in consequence of the presence of two requirements, large sea-borne commerce and war-ships capable of keeping the sea, naval warfare was settling into form at the close of the reign of Elizabeth. Its necessities, and the fixed rules arising out of those necessities, were becoming clear to English seamen who had full experience of the actualities surrounding and controlling it. But though knowledge of the subject had greatly advanced, it was probably the few and not the many who could look forward to a complete method in naval warfare.

Commerce, I have observed, was chiefly on one side in the Spanish war, and the side which owned it was that which had the least clear views of the right way to keep it and to defend it. The war-ships were still not of a wholly sea-keeping character, and the question of their supply was one which nearly always governed their movements and their capacity for keeping the sea.

In the peaceful years that followed through the reigns of James I. and Charles I. two things went on side by side, a wider distribution of sea-borne commerce, and a continual improvement in the character of the war-ships as well as of others. These were the

things which governed the nature of naval war, and as they grew towards a standard of completeness they necessarily tended to define and harden the rules under which naval war would in future be carried on. Perhaps the best idea of these growths may be gathered from the perusal of a nearly complete quotation from the latter part of Raleigh's *Discourse of the First Invention of Ships, and the several parts thereof*.

Whosoever were the inventers, we find that every age hath added somewhat to ships, and to all things else. And in mine own time the shape of our English ships hath been greatly bettered. It is not long since the striking of the topmast (a wonderful ease to great ships, both at sea and in harbour) hath been devised, together with the chain pump, which takes up twice as much water as the ordinary did. We have lately added the Bonnet and the Drabler. To the courses we have devised studding-sails, topgallant-sails, spritsails, topsails. The weighing of anchors by the capstone is also new. We have fallen into consideration of the length of cables, and by it we resist the malice of the greatest winds that can blow. Witness our small Milbrooke men of Cornwall, that ride it out at anchor half seas over between England and Ireland, all the winter quarter. And witness the Hollanders that were wont to ride before Dunkirk with the wind at North-West, making a lee-shoar in all weathers. For true it is, that the length of the cable is the life of the ship in all extremities, and the reason is, because it makes so many bendings and waves, as the ship, riding at that length, is not able to stretch it; and nothing breaks that is not stretcht in extremity. We carry our ordnance better than we were wont, because our nether over-loops\* are raised commonly from the water, to wit, between the lower port and the sea.

In King Henry the Eighth's time, and in his presence, at Portsmouth, the *Mary Rose*, by a little sway of the ship in tacking about, her ports being within sixteen inches of the water, was overset and lost. . . .

We have also raised our second decks, and given more vent thereby to our ordnance lying on our nether-loop. We have added cross pillars in our royal ships to strengthen them, which be fastened from the keelson to the beam of the second deck to keep them from setting or from giving way in all distresses.

We have given longer floors to our ships than in elder times, and better bearing under water, whereby they never fall into the sea after the head and shake the whole body, nor sink stern, nor stoop upon a wind, by which the breaking loose of our ordnance, or of the not use of them, with many other discommodities are avoided.

And, to say the truth, a miserable shame and dishonour it were for our shipwrights if they did not exceed all others in the setting up our Royal ships, the errors of other nations being far more excusable than ours. For the Kings of England have for many years been at the charge to build and furnish a navy of powerful ships for their own defence, and for the wars only. Whereas the French, the Spaniards, the Portuguese, and the Hollanders (till of late) have had no proper fleet belonging to their Princes or States. Only the Venetians for a long time have maintained their arsenal of gallies. And the Kings of Denmark and Sweden have had good ships for these last fifty years.

I say that the aforementioned kings, especially the Spaniards and Portugals, have ships of great bulk, but fitter for the merchant than for the man-of-war, for burthen than for battel. But as Popelimore well observeth, the forces of Princes by sea are marques de grandeux d'estate—marks of the greatness of an estate—for whosoever commands the sea, commands the trade; whosoever commands the trade of the world,

\* Meaning the lower gun-deck. The term "over-loop" (German, *überlauf*) became lost in the term *orlop*, as applied to the deck below the lower gun-deck.



commands the riches of the world, and consequently the world itself. Yet can I not deny but that the Spaniards, being afraid of their Indian fleets, have built some few very good ships; but he hath no ships in garrison, as his Majesty hath; and to say the truth, no sure place to keep them in, but in all invasions he is driven to take up of all nations which come into his ports for trade.

The Venetians, while they attended their fleets and employed themselves in their Eastern conquest, were great and powerful Princes, and commanded the maritime ports of Croatia, Dalmatia, Albania, and Epirus; were lords of Peloponnessus and the islands adjoining; of Cyprus, Candia, and many other places. But after they sought to greaten themselves in Italy itself, using strangers for the commanders of their armies, the Turks by degrees beat them out of all their goodly countries, and have now confined them (Candia excepted) to a few small Grecian islands, which, with great charge and difficulty they enjoy.

The first honour they obtained was by making war upon the Istrii by sea; and had they been true to their spouse, to meet the sea, which once a year they marry, the Turk had never prevailed against them nor never been able to besiege any place of theirs, to which he must have transported his armies by his gallies.

The Genoese were also exceeding powerful by sea, and held many places in the East, and contended often with the Venetians for superiority, destroying each other in a long-continued sea war. Yea, the Genoese were the most famous mercenaries of all Europe, both by sea and land for many years.

The French assisted themselves by land with the cross-bowers of Genoa against the English; namely, at the battel of Cressy the French had 12,000 cross-bowers. By sea also with their great ships, called the carrecks of Genoa, they always strengthened their fleets against the English. But after Mahomet the Second had taken Constantinople, they lost Caffa, and all Taurica Chersonesus, with the whole trade of the Euxine Sea. And although they sent many supplies by the Hellespont, yet having often felt the smart of the Turk's cannon, they began to slack their succours, and were soon after supplanted. Yet do the Venetians to this day well maintain their estate by their sea forces; and a great loss it is to the Christian commonwealth in general that they are less than they were; and a precipitate counsel it was of those Christian kings, their neighbours, when they joyned in league against them; seeing they then were, and they yet are, the strongest rampiers of Europe against the Turks.

But the Genoese have now but a few gallies, being altogether degenerate, and become merchants of money, and the Spanish king's backers.

But all the states and kingdoms of the world have changed form and policy.

The Empire itself, which gave light to all principalities like a Pharoa, or high tower to all sea-men, is now sunk down to the level of the soil . . . insomuch as it is now become the most confused estate in the world, consisting of an Empire in title without territory, who can ordain nothing of importance but by a Dyet, or Assembly of the Estates of many free princes, ecclesiastical and temporal, in effect of equal force, diverse in religion and faction; and of Free Cities and Hanse towns, whom the princes do not more desire to command, than they scorn to obey. Notwithstanding, being far less than they were in number, and less in force and reputation; as they are not greatly able to offend others, so they have enough to do (being seated far asunder) to defend themselves. . . .

The Castilians in the meanwhile are grown great, and (by mistaking) esteemed the greatest; having by marriage, conquest, practice, and purchase, devoured all the kingdoms within Spain, with Naples, Sicily, Millain, and the Netherlands; and many places belonging to the Empire, and the princes thereof, besides the Indies, East and West, the islands of the West Ocean, and many places in Barbary, Guinea, Congo, and elsewhere.

France hath also enlarged itself by the one-half, and reduced Normandy, Britany,

Aquitaine, with all that the English had on that side the sea, together with Langue-dock, Foix, Arminach, Bierne, and Dauphinie. For this kingdom of Great Britain, it hath had of His Majesty a strong addition. The postern by which we were so often heretofore entered and surprized is now made up; and we shall not hereafter need the double face of Janus, to look north and south at once.

But there's no estate grown in haste but that of the United Provinces, and especially in their sea forces, and by a contrary way to that of France and Spain; the latter by invasion, the former by oppression. For I myself may remember when one ship of Her Majesty's would have made forty Hollanders strike sail and come to an anchor. They did not then dispute *de Mari Libero*, but readily acknowledged the English to be *Domini Maris Britannici*. That we are less powerful than we were, I do hardly believe it; for, although we have not at this time 135 ships belonging to the subject of 500 tons each ship, as it is said we had in the twenty-fourth year of Queen Elizabeth; at which time also, upon a general view and muster, there were found in England of able men fit to bear arms, 1,172,000, yet are our merchant ships now far more warlike and better appointed than they were, and the navy royal double as strong as it then was. For these were the ships of Her Majesty's navy at that time:

- |                                 |                              |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. The <i>Triumph</i> .         | 8. The <i>Revenge</i> .      |
| 2. The <i>Elizabeth Jonas</i> . | 9. The <i>Hope</i> .         |
| 3. The <i>White Bear</i> .      | 10. The <i>Mary Rose</i> .   |
| 4. The <i>Philip and Mary</i> . | 11. The <i>Dreadnought</i> . |
| 5. The <i>Bonadventure</i> .    | 12. The <i>Minion</i> .      |
| 6. The <i>Golden Lyon</i> .     | 13. The <i>Swiftsure</i> .   |
| 7. The <i>Victory</i> .         |                              |

To which there have been added:—

- |                                  |                          |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 14. The <i>Antelope</i> .        | 20. The <i>Ayde</i> .    |
| 15. The <i>Foresight</i> .       | 21. The <i>Achates</i> . |
| 16. The <i>Swallow</i> .         | 22. The <i>Falcon</i> .  |
| 17. The <i>Handmaid</i> .        | 23. The <i>Tyger</i> .   |
| 18. The <i>Jennett</i> .         | 24. The <i>Bull</i> .    |
| 19. The <i>Bark of Bullein</i> . |                          |

We have not, therefore, less force than we had, the fashion, and furnishing of our ships considered, for there are in England at this time 400 sail of merchants, and fit for the wars, which the Spaniards would call gallions; to which we may add 200 sail of crumsters, or hoys, of Newcastle, which, each of them, will bear six Demi-culverins\* and four Sakers,† needing no other addition of building than a slight spar deck fore and aft, as the seamen call it, which is a slight deck throughout. The 200 which may be chosen out of 400, by reason of their ready staying and turning, by reason of their windwardness, and by reason of their drawing of little water, they are of extream advantage near the shoar, and in all bays and rivers, to turn in and out. These, I say, alone, and well manned and well conducted, would trouble the greatest Prince in Europe to encounter them in our seas; for they stay and turn so readily, as ordering them into small squadrons, that three of them at once may give their broadside upon any one great ship, or upon any angle or side of an enemy's fleet, they shall be able to continue a perpetual volley of Demi-culverins without intermission, and either sink and slaughter the men, or utterly disorder any fleet of cross-sails with which they encounter.‡

\* A 9½-pounder of 30 cwt.

† A 5½-pounder of 12½ cwt.

‡ Presumably the vessels Raleigh speaks of were fore-and-aft rigged; and the "cross-sails" were square-rigged ships.



I say, then, if a vanguard be ordained of those hoyes, who will easily recover the wind of any other sort of ships, with a battle of 400 other warlike ships, and a Rear of thirty of His Majesty's ships to sustain, relieve, and countenance the rest (if God beat them not) I know not what strength can be gathered in all Europe to beat them. And if it be objected that the States can furnish a far greater number, I answer that His Majesty's 40 ships, added to 600 before named, are of incomparable greater force than all that Holland and Zealand can furnish for the wars. As also, that a greater number would breed the same confusion that was found in Xerxes' land army of seventeen hundred thousand soldiers; for there is a certain proportion, both by sea and land, beyond which the excess brings nothing but disorder and amazement.

Of these hoyes, carvils, or crumsters, (call them what you will) there was a notable experience made in the year 1574, in the river of Antwerp near Rumerswael, where the Admiral Boysott with his crumsters overthrew the Spanish fleet of great ships conducted by Julian Romero; so contrary to the expectation of Don Lewis, the great Commander and Lieutenant of the Netherlands for the King of Spain, as he came to the banks of Bergen to behold the slaughter of the Zealanders; but contrary to his expectation he beheld his comrades, some of them sunk, some of them thrust on the shoar, and most of the rest mastered and possessed by his enemies; insomuch as his great Captain, Romero, with great difficulty, some say in a skiff, some say by swimming, saved himself.

The like success had Captain Wrest of Zealand against the fleet which transported the Duke of Medina Celi, who was sent out of Spain by sea to govern the Netherlands, in place of the Duke of Alva, for with twelve crumsters or hoyes, of the first troop of 21 sail, he took all but three, and forced the second, being twelve great ships filled with 2,000 soldiers, to run under the Rammekins, being then in the Spaniard's possession.

But whence comes this dispute? Not from the increase of numbers, not because our neighbours breed more mariners than we do; nor from the greatness of their trade in all parts of the world. For the French creep into all corners of America and Africa as they do, and the Spaniards and Portugals employ more ships by many, (the fishing trade excepted) than the Netherlands do; but it comes from the detestable covetousness of such particular persons as have gotten licenses, and given way to the transportation of our English ordnance.

Here Raleigh goes on to complain of the manufacture and export from this country for foreign nations, declaring that unless Spain had had large quantities of our iron guns she could not have removed the brass pieces from her ports to arm the ships of 1588 with, and then goes on:—

Certainly the advantage which the English had by their bows and arrows in former times was never so great as we might now have had by our iron ordnance, if we had either kept it within the land, kept it from our enemies, or imparted it to our friends moderately. For as by the former we obtained many notable victories, and made ourselves masters of many parts of France, so by the latter we might have commanded the seas, and thereby the trade of the world itself. But we have now to our future prejudice, and how far to our prejudice I know not, forged hammers, and delivered them out of our hands, to break our own bones withal.

For the conclusion of this dispute there are five manifest causes of the upgrowing of the Hollanders and Zealanders.

The first is, the favour and assistance of Queen Elizabeth, and the King's Majesty, which the late worthy and famous Prince of Orange did always acknowledge, and in the year 1582, when I took my leave of him at Antwerp, after the return of the Earl of



Leicester into England, and Monsieur's arrival there, when he delivered me his letters to Her Majesty, he prayed me to say to the Queen from him, *sub umbra alarum tuarum protegimur*; for certainly they had withered in the bud, and sunk in the beginning of their navigation, had not Her Majesty assisted them.

The second cause was the employing of their own people in their trades and fishing, and the entertainment of strangers to serve them in their armies by land.

The third, the fidelity of the House of Nassau, and their services done them, especially of their renowned Prince Maurice, now living.

The fourth, the withdrawing of the Duke of Parma twice into France, while in his absence he recovered those strong places of Friezland, Deventer, Zutphen, &c.

And the fifth, the embargoing and confiscation of their ships in Spain, which constrained them and gave them courage to trade by force with the East and West India, and in Africa, in which they employ 180 ships and 8,700 mariners.

The success of a counsel so contrary to their wisdom that gave it, as all the wit and all the force the Spaniards have, will hardly (if ever) recover the damage thereby received.

For to repair that ruin of the Hollander's trade into both Indies, the Spaniards did not only labour the truce; but the King was content to quit the sovereignty of the United Provinces, and to acknowledge them for free States, neither holding nor depending on the crown of Spain.

But be their estate what it will, let them not deceive themselves, in believing that they can make themselves masters of the sea. For certainly the shipping of England, with the great squadron of His Majesty's Navy Royal, are able, in despite of any Prince or State in Europe, to command the great and large fields of the ocean. But as I shall never think him a lover of this land, or of the King, that shall persuade His Majesty from embracing the amity of the States of the United Provinces (for His Majesty is no less safe by them than they invincible by him). So I would wish them (because after my duty to mine own sovereign, and the love of my country, I honour them most) that they remember and consider it, that seeing their passage and re-passage lies through the British seas; that there is no port in France, from Calais to Vlissing, that can receive their ships, that many times outward, by westerly winds, and ordinarily homeward, not only from the East Indies, but from the Straights and from Spain, all southerly winds (the breezes of our climate) thrust them of necessity into the King's ports, how much His Majesty's favour doth concern them: for if (as themselves confess in their last treaty of truce with the Spaniards) they subsist by their trade, the disturbance of their trade (which England only can disturb) will also disturb their subsistence. The rest I will omit, because I can never doubt either their gratitudes or their wisdoms.

For our Newcastle trade, from which I have digressed, I refer the reader to the author of the *Trades Increase*, a gentleman to me unknown, but so far as I can judge, he hath many things very considerable in that short treatise of his; yea, both considerable and praiseworthy; and, among the rest, the advice which he hath given for the maintenance of our hoyes and carvils of Newcastle, which may serve us (besides the breeding of mariners) for good ships of war, and of exceeding advantage. And certainly I cannot but admire why the imposition of 5s. should any way dishearten them, seeing there is not one company in England upon whose trade any new payments are laid but they on whom it is laid raise profit by it.

The silk-men, if they pay His Majesty 12d. upon a yard of sattin, they not only raise that 12d., but they impose 12d. or 2s. more, upon the subject. So they do upon all they sell, of what kind soever, as all other retailers do, of what quality or profession soever. And seeing all the maritime provinces of France and Flanders, all Holland, and Zealand, Embden, Breame, &c. cannot want\* our Newcastle or our Welsh coals

\* i.e. "Cannot do without."



the imposition cannot impoverish the transporter, but that the buyer must make payment accordingly. And if the imposition laid on those things whereof the kingdom hath no necessary use, as upon silks, velvets, gold and silver lace, cloath of gold and silver, cut works, cambricks and a world of other trumpery, doth in nothing hinder their vent here, but that they are more used than ever they were, to the utter impoverishing of the land in general, and of those popinjays that value themselves by their outsides, and by their player's coats. Certainly imposing upon coals, which other nations cannot want, can be no hindrance at all to the Newcastle men, but that they must raise it again upon the French and other nations, as those nations themselves do which fetch them from us with their own shipping.

For conclusion of this chapter, I say that it is exceeding lamentable, that for any respect in the world, seeing the preservation of the State and Monarchy doth surmount all other respects, strangers should be permitted to eat us out, by exporting and importing, both of our own commodities and those of foreign nations; for it is no wonder that we are overtopped in all the trades we have abroad and far off, seeing we have the grass cut under our feet, in our own fields and pastures at home.\*

This general statement of the condition of shipping, both of war and commerce, and of the world's trade by sea, was written between 1609 and 1617, that is between forty-three and thirty-five years before the naval war between England and the United Provinces, which Raleigh foresaw but did not fear, broke out. We can see that even at the earlier date all the materials for naval war were present, and judging from what happened at the later date, we can but suppose that development in all directions ultimately conducive to naval war went on. The disputes relative to the sovereignty of the British seas, which spent themselves in the blasts and counterblasts of literary champions in Charles the First's unfortunate reign, wanted not the sanction of preparation on the sovereign's part for the war to come. Little has been done towards elucidating the share which Charles' understanding of the naval conditions of the kingdom, and the want of understanding on the part of his opposing subjects, may have had in producing the civil war, but it seems to be certain that the chief part of the money question was a naval one, and that the superior classes of ships which Charles prepared and built had a most material effect on the course of the Dutch wars. In the first war the complaints of the Dutch admirals were unceasing as to the inferiority of the Dutch ships to those of the English.

But in any case it is certain that when the first Dutch war broke out in 1652, those two elements—a great sea-borne commerce, and sea-keeping war-ships—which I have spoken of as fundamental in naval war, were abundantly present on both sides. And so far as the sea-keeping element in the war-ships went, not only had it made great advances, but owing to the neighbourhood of the two

\* *An Abridgment of Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World, &c.* 1702.



states at war, and the confined theatre upon the stage of which the drama was played out, this sea-keeping quality was of less importance.

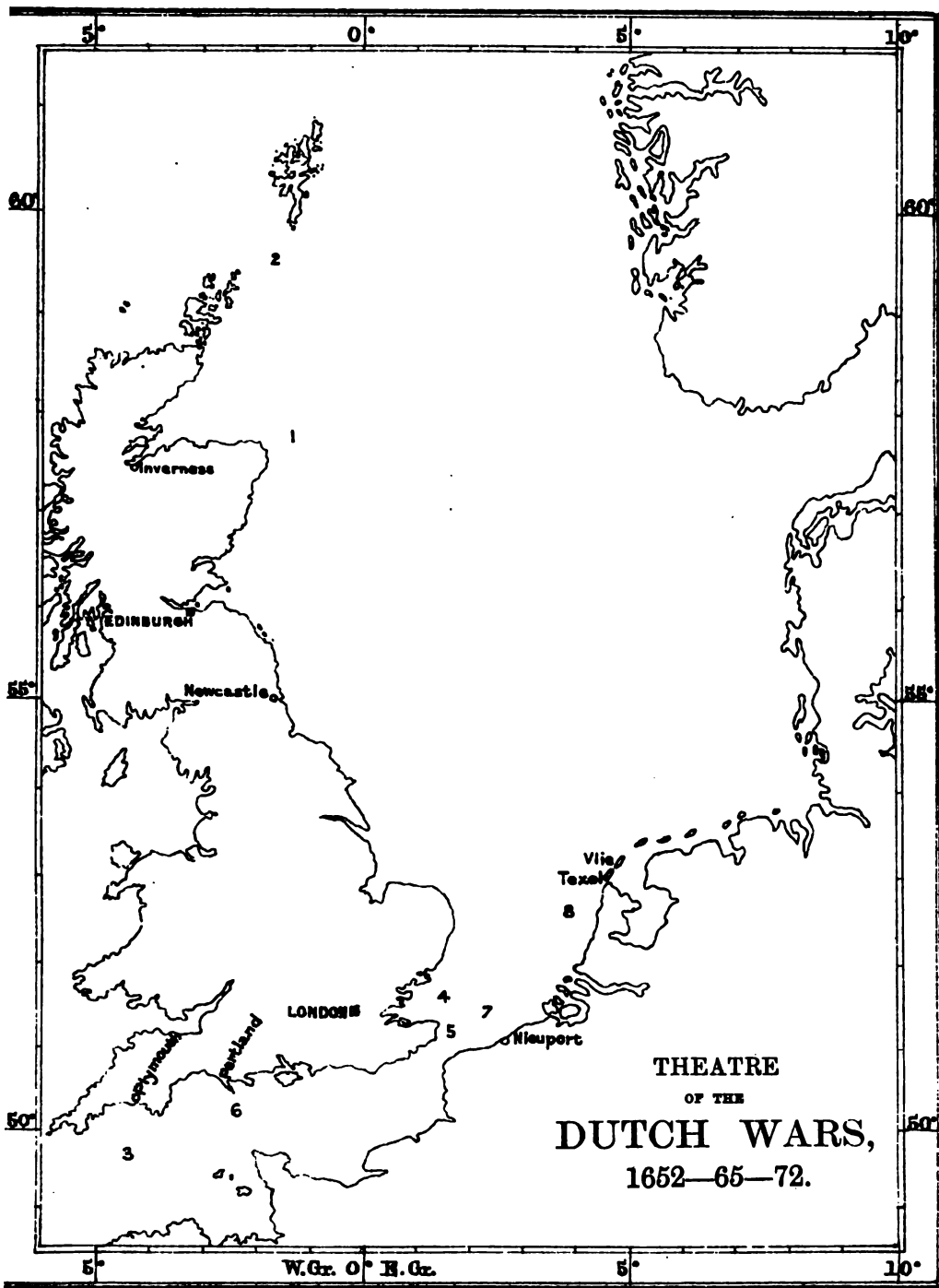
The struggle was for the mastery at sea, whether territorial conquest was or was not to follow success in this respect. As both sides had a large commerce, each was necessitated to protect its own in the first instance. What was its strength in peace was its weakness in war, and naval force was necessary to prevent the enemy from taking advantage of such weakness. On the other hand, it would be a principal object for each state, after securing the safety of her own sea-borne commerce, to fall upon, to interrupt, and destroy that of her enemy, as being the part of the nation most readily got at, and as counting double advantage in all cases of capture. The mere destruction of a merchant ship was a loss to her owning state, but no gain to the capturing state. The capture of a merchant ship was equally a loss to the owning state, but it was a similar and direct gain to the capturing state.

This great double object of preserving your own sea-borne commerce and destroying that of the enemy might be aimed at directly or indirectly. The naval force might be divided, one half to guard the State's commerce and protect it from the attacks of the enemy, the other half to break through the commerce-guard of the enemy and attack that which had been guarded. In this case there would be battles between the forces which were guarding and the forces which were attacking. There would be two wars going on side by side. The English, to put the case into a concrete and practical form, would be found attacking the Dutch force which was guarding Dutch commerce, and the Dutch would be found attacking the English force which was guarding English commerce.

But the two separate plans of war might be brought together in this way:—that the whole English force might be employed to see its commerce into what were assumed to be safe waters, free from the incursions of the enemy, and might then turn upon the whole Dutch force which had been endeavouring to do the same for its own commerce. Or the plan might be carried out *vice versa*.

Otherwise, the objects of preserving our own commerce and destroying that of the enemy might be attained indirectly. If one power could beat the other power off the sea and into his ports—that is, considering war-ships only—it is obvious that the commerce of the conquering state would proceed and flourish, and that that of the conquered state would disappear. There might then be









simply a series of great battles at sea, in which the element of merchant ships was absent, one fleet attacking the other in the hope of mastering it merely as a means to an end; the end being a free sea for the commerce of the winner, and the power of capturing, destroying, or simply hindering the flow of the commerce of the loser.

There may be all these varieties in the struggle for the command of the sea. That struggle is a phase or condition of naval warfare, and when the command of the sea is achieved by one of the combatants a new phase sets in, as then one side will try to regain a position which it has lost, and the other side will be bent on holding the position it has gained.

We are now, however, only concerned with the previous phase, the struggle for the command of the sea; and it is nowhere so well offered for investigation and study as in the three great naval wars between the English and the Dutch, beginning in 1652, 1665, and 1672. We have seen that descents on the coast of the enemy, which formed the staple of that war by water which, I think, cannot be classed as naval war, became less and less the staple up to dates when the military seamen quoted were able to lay it down that such descents were preventible by sea, but not in any other way. We must not lose sight of this fact on entering upon the principles and practice which governed the three wars mentioned above.

A principal source of Dutch wealth was her fisheries, chiefly carried on off the north-eastern coasts of Scotland. Charles I. had successfully enforced British rights over these waters, and the non-payment of the £30,000 annually, which had been fixed by Charles as license dues, was, in fact, one of the causes of the war. In order to avoid the troubles of search and other interruptions at the hands of the English, a great part of the Dutch commerce, both outward and homeward, passed up north by the Shetland Islands. Other parts came up the Channel towards the Straits of Dover. When the negotiations in London finally fell through early in July 1652, the points of attack on the Dutch at once open to England, were the great herring fleet in the Moray Firth; the homeward-bound ships passing Shetland; and the commerce up Channel. Accordingly the very first move on the part of the English was the dispatch of Blake at the head of sixty-six or sixty-eight sail to the North for the purpose of capturing or destroying the Dutch herring fleet, understood to be somewhere off the Moray Firth under convoy and guard of Dutch war-ships. The next open

action was the despatch of Sir George Ayscue to Plymouth; there to complete a fleet and to block the Channel against the homeward-bound Dutch merchant ships, and to guard our own trade.

Ayscue had not long returned from the reduction of the Island of Barbadoes, one of the many acts of reprisal which had been going on between the two nations—and which were to all intents and purposes acts of war—for a long time previous to its formal declaration. On the declaration of war, Ayscue was lying with twenty-one sail in the Downs, and the Dutch Ambassadors quitting the Thames on the final failure of the negotiations, fell in, off the Schelde, with Tromp, at the head of seventy-nine sail, and informing him of the general naval condition of England, particularly recommended to his notice the twenty-one sail that were then lying in the Downs.\* Tromp (Martin, the father of Cornelius) proceeded immediately to act on the hints given, but owing to the occurrence of calms was unable to reach the Downs in time to effect a surprise, and thereupon bore away North after Blake.

Blake on his side sighted the Dutch fleet of herring busses off Buchan Ness (where the figure 1 is placed on the chart), under the guard of twelve or thirteen war-ships, carrying from twenty to thirty guns each. He detached twenty ships of his van to attack them, and after a fight, lasting three hours, about 100 of the busses were taken, two sunk, and twelve war-ships made prizes of. The remainder of the Dutch fled to their own ports. Blake kept some of the busses with him, sent three with the wounded to Inverness, but after unloading them, sent the greater part of the captured busses to Holland with the released prisoners. He then proceeded North to the neighbourhood of Foula and Fair Islands, between the Orkneys and Shetland Islands, for the purpose of carrying out the second part of his orders, the interception of the Dutch merchant ships homeward-bound from the West Indies.

There (see 2 on the chart), on the 26th of July, Tromp sighted him, and both sides prepared for battle, when a gale of wind springing up from the southward and ending at N.N.W., shattered and dispersed Tromp's fleet during the night, while Blake's ships, getting to leeward of the Shetland Islands, remained comparatively

\* The authorities on which I chiefly rely for this chapter are *The Life of Cornelius Van Tromp*, published in 1697, in London; and *Columna Rostrata*, by Samuel Colliber, the second edition published in London in 1739. The second work constantly refers to the first, and both are works largely used by subsequent historians to whose accounts I have referred for clearing up discrepancies, of which there are a good many, especially as to dates. The dates I give are O. S.



unharméd. Tromp with part of his fleet fell back to the Meuse, again followed, but hardly pursued, by Blake. The remainder of Tromp's ships, except two war-ships that were wrecked on the rocks of Shetland, and three fire-ships that appear to have foundered, got safely into the Vlie and the Texel in the beginning of September.

In the meantime, a second Dutch fleet had been fitting out in the Texel under the command of De Ruiter. By August 1st, it had grown to 15 sail and 2 fire-ships; and then later, with a force made up to 22 sail and 4 fire-ships, De Ruiter put to sea and sailed towards the Straits of Dover. The object was to pass to the southward, gathering the outward-bound trade together eastward of the Straits of Dover, and then to convoy them down Channel, and so far to the westward as to place them presumably beyond danger of attack from the British ships. De Ruiter, accordingly, got as far as Gravelines by the 10th of August, where he was joined by the convoy of 50 merchant ships and a reinforcement of 8 war-ships. He proceeded with great caution and with abundant scouts and look-outs, no doubt supposing that he might at any moment be met by the fleet of Ayscue, whom Tromp had failed to get hold of in the Downs.

On the 16th of August the Dutch had got as far as the longitude of Plymouth, but well to the southward towards the French coast; and there, sure enough, was the expected British fleet of 40 sail, 12 of them of great size, 2 being of 60, and 8 of from 36 to 40 guns, with 5 fire-ships. It is claimed for De Ruiter that he had but 30 ships of war, of which only two carried as many as 40 guns, and the rest not more than 30 each. He, too, was hampered with the convoy, now grown to 60 merchant ships.\*

There was a heavy engagement, which was only put an end to by the approach of night, and it was disputed as to the side on which the victory lay. But the results remained clear enough. The fight took place somewhere about the position marked by the figure 3 on the chart. Ayscue after it, fell back to Plymouth, while De Ruiter next day, the 17th of August, was able to send his merchant ships away on their voyage under convoy of two men-of-war only, and he also followed up the English with some intention of attacking them in Plymouth Sound itself; but, having got

\* *Columna Rostrata* admits the heavier British ships, but makes the forces more numerically equal, and claims that twenty merchant ships were capable of fighting, and did fight.

within a couple of miles of the Start, a gale drove him off, and caused the abandonment of the idea.

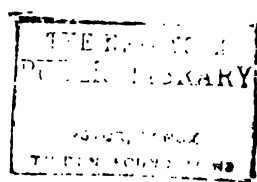
De Ruiter kept well to the westward for a week or two, having information of Blake's return to the south and of his appearance in great strength to the eastward in the Channel. He and Penn were, in fact, preying heavily on the Dutch homeward-bound merchant ships, of which the one brought in eleven and the other six, all ships of great value, and which De Ruiter had obviously proved powerless to protect. He presently made his way in safety to the Straits of Dover, and between Dunkirk and Nieuport came under the command of De Witt, who joined him with the refitted and repaired fleet of Tromp, now forty-five sail strong.

When we review the operations to this point, we can easily separate their distinguishing features. At the first moment of the war the English assumed the attacking, and the Dutch the defending, position. It may perhaps be said that this came about chiefly because, if the idea of cross-raiding upon territory had now passed away as one impracticable in this more advanced stage of naval war, the Dutch had more to defend in the way of sea-borne commerce than the English had. But something may also be said on the side of a belief that the rules of naval war, the boundaries of the probable and improbable, or even of the possible and impossible, were not traced, but were only in process of being traced.

\* When Blake passed north with a great fleet to do that which did not of itself require a great fleet, he left, as we have seen, Ayscue in the Downs with quite a small force—only seven war-ships—exposed to annihilation by the whole naval power of Holland. It would have been a bad beginning for the war on the English side had there been the destruction of Ayscue, and even an indecisive action afterwards between Tromp and Blake; so that it seems probable that the English took up the attitude of attack, more from a sort of eagerness to damage the Dutch, than to conduct the war to a speedy conclusion. For supposing that England had, at the outset, concentrated her whole strength and thrown it upon Tromp, she would, if then successful, have had everything else in her own hands.

But we see her only solicitous to injure the commerce and the property of Holland at sea. Ayscue, equally with Blake, left all exposed when he passed to Plymouth, leaving the Dutch fleet behind him; and all that remains pretty certain is that the idea of a Dutch raid on the Thames or on any of the numerous ports







NAVAL ACTION BETWEEN THE DUTCH, ENGLISH, AND FRENCH, ON THE 21ST AUGUST 1673.



and harbours left exposed by the departure of Blake north, and of Ayscue west, could have had hardly any place in the minds of the statesmen or commanders of the time.

The Dutch took up, just at the first moment, the rôle of an attacking force; but when the operation against the Downs squadron was abandoned, the Dutch attitude became wholly defensive. Tromp's voyage to the North was only secondarily the attack on Blake's fleet; primarily it was an attempt to protect the herring fleet and then the north-about homeward commerce. If, in process of carrying out these objects, Blake's fleet was attacked, it did not follow that it would have been so dealt with had there been no fishery and no commerce to defend. The action of De Ruiter's fleet was more obviously defensive. It centred wholly round the necessity for protecting and convoying outwards the sixty merchant ships, and for drawing together and protecting homewards the up-channel trade. Ayscue's attitude may perhaps have been in some respects defensive, as guarding a possible homeward-bound trade, but the main object was clearly the attack on the Dutch trade, which was foiled by the strength of the defending force under De Ruiter.

The conclusion of this first phase of the war left De Ruiter with the Dutch force concentrated near Gravelines, but reduced in numbers, owing to so many ships having required repair and refit after the battle with Ayscue. The English, at the same time, were concentrated about the Thames, and expecting still greater concentration by the junction of Ayscue from the west. De Witt determined, against the advice of his Council, to attack with his sixty-four sail, Blake with sixty-eight; that is to say, the Dutch intended to reverse the former case, and not only to resume the offensive, but to make the attack directly on the war force of the enemy, with the view of the ulterior advantages which a victory would give them.

The battle took place near the Kentish Knock, where the figure 4 appears on the chart, on September 28th, and the Dutch, fighting till night, were worsted and began to think of retreat. Blake's reinforcement then, by sixteen sail under Ayscue, confirmed the intention, and the Dutch retired to Helvoetsluys, but only pursued for a part of the way by the English.\*

\* In later chapters I shall have to consider methods of fighting and causes of victory. Here I only desire to say that the methods adopted at this epoch were not highly organized. The cut, which is taken from part of one in a Dutch life of De Ruiter, shows the confused character of the struggle.

Here we may say that the whole naval power of each nation was brought to bear on the one spot, in order to decide by one supreme effort, which was to remain in command of the sea, and which was henceforth to accept the defensive attitude that was alone available. The result of the battle produced a result which might be anticipated. The Dutch fell back on defensively protecting their commerce, and Martin Tromp in November put to sea with 73 sail guarding a convoy of 300 outward-bound merchant ships.

The English were no longer concentrated. Blake had, for the most part, separated his fleet; 20 of his ships he had detached to convoy a fleet of colliers to Newcastle; 12 others had gone to Plymouth—the historian does not say why, but probably for the double purpose of attacking the enemy's passing commerce at the entrance of the channel, and defending our own—12 more had gone up the Thames to repair and refit. When Tromp put to sea, Blake was in the Downs with only thirty-seven sail besides tenders, and he was therefore open to the destruction which Tromp, hearing of his situation, proposed to inflict on him.

The battle took place on November 20th, near where the figure 5 is placed on the chart, and the English, as might have been expected, were worsted. The fight raged with a fury which only these Anglo-Dutch battles can parallel, from one in the afternoon till night, after which Blake retired up the Thames and left Tromp for the moment master of the sea. He thereupon made some captures of merchant ships, and landed some men in Kent on a cattle-raiding expedition. The party had, however, to leave behind them the greater part of the cattle they had seized, and to fly to their boats with the loss of 100 prisoners.

But as a matter of course Tromp had been successful in his defensive business, and the whole of his immense convoy passed down and out of the channel in safety. He himself followed as far as Ile de Rhé, where, such had been the action of the English upon the Dutch trade, 250 merchant ships had congregated, waiting till a naval force strong enough to protect them up Channel should arrive and release them. Tromp stayed there seven days and then sailed with his convoy for the Channel.†

But the command of the sea, and the consequent freedom of the sea to the victorious power, is not gained by a single battle in which strategical failure has been the cause of defeat. On the

\* Burchett says that it was on the voyage to the Ile de Rhé that he hoisted the traditional broom.



18th of February 1653 (old style) Tromp found Blake watching for him off Portland at the head of a fleet of 66 sail. The Dutch admit that they had 70 sail of war-ships; the English aver that they had 80; but they were necessarily much hampered by the presence of the 250 sail of merchant ships. There followed a violent and bloody fight which lasted three days, passing gradually up Channel from the spot marked with the figure 6 on the chart. There were heavy losses on both sides; ships were taken and retaken, and numbers of the merchant ships fell victims in their endeavours to get away. The Dutch confessed to a loss of 24 of these ships; the English claimed to have captured 40. The Dutch further admitted that 4 war-ships were captured and carried to Plymouth and Dover; that 3 more were sunk, and 1 blown up. The Dutch on their side claimed to have taken or sunk six or seven men-of-war, but the English only confessed to one, which, being disabled, they sank themselves. But they allowed that one ship was actually taken, though afterwards recovered.

On the evening of the third day Blake retired to the English coast, leaving Tromp to gather together his scattered forces off Dunkirk, whence they separated into their ports.

Negotiations for peace were now set up, but neither side was yet ready for it, and the struggle for the command of the sea went on. The result of the war had not been such as to alter the original attitudes of the combatants. It was indeed otherwise; for whereas the attitude of attack taken up by the English had, as I have already observed, been displayed indirectly upon the enemy's commerce, and not directly on his war ships, so that the battles came about in English waters as a consequence of the Dutch offering protection to their passing convoys, it was now proposed to make a direct attack on the enemy on his own coasts.

Tromp, renewing the bitter complaints as to the inferiority of the Dutch ships, was directed notwithstanding, to convoy 200 merchant ships, bound for France and Spain, to the north of Scotland, and to convoy back the homeward trade assembled in those waters.

Dean and Monk, with Penn and Lawson, being at the head of a fleet which, according to the Dutch, numbered 105 sail, including 26 new frigates, and carrying 2,840 guns, manned by 16,269 men, heard of these orders, and proposed to attack Tromp, or at least, to prevent his getting away from the Texel without a battle. But he was beforehand with them. He got clear away; took his

convoy safe, and though he missed the homeward trade, those ships, to the number of 300, arrived safely in their ports without seeing an enemy. This was towards the end of May 1653.

But Tromp had run great risks. While he was in the Texel with the major part of his fleet, a portion was also in Zealand, in the Maas or the Schelde. Dean and Monk's design was to prevent the junction, but though they were late for that purpose they were, on May 15th, actually within five miles of Tromp and his convoy without seeing them. The English captured or destroyed a good many fishing and other vessels on the coast, and even went so far as to land a few men, but with no result. They claimed, chiefly, to have kept the whole coast in a state of alarm.

When Tromp returned, he was reinforced by seventeen sail and a fire-ship, and hearing that a squadron of eight sail and eight merchant ships was in the Downs (it was the squadron of Commodore Bodley from the Mediterranean), it was determined to surround and attack them there, Tromp approaching from the northward and De Witt from the southward. Monk and Dean were at this time in Yarmouth Roads, at the head of the bulk of the English fleet. Bodley's squadron had news of the Dutch approach, and got way into the Thames; Monk had also news, and put to sea after Tromp. The Dutch failing in their primary object, captured a few merchant ships which had got in shore under cover of the forts of Dover and Deal; but though fire was exchanged between the forts and the ships, that was more by way of bravado and insult than of systematic attack, for ships which got close under Dover Castle escaped capture.

Monk and Dean, at the head of some ninety-five sail and five fire-ships, came up with Tromp, now commanding some ninety-eight sail and six fire-ships, in the neighbourhood of Nieuport, and a general action ensued, beginning about 11 A.M. on June 3rd, and lasting till night. Dean was killed during the first day's battle. The fight was renewed next day, June 4th, and the Dutch, thoroughly beaten in the end, retired behind the shoals between Ostend and Sluis, then called the Wielings. The whereabouts of the action is shown by the figure 7 on the chart.

It was after this battle that Vice-Admiral De Witt made his celebrated declaration before the Assembly of the States General:—"Why should I keep any longer silence? I am here before my sovereigns, and am free to speak; and I can say that the English are at present masters both of us and of the seas."

These operations, first the appearance of the English on the



Dutch coasts, and now the appearance of the Dutch on the English coasts, were clearly parts of a direct contest for the command of the sea, resulting in its being left, at least for a time, in the hands of the English. The effect of such command was, in the words of the Dutch historian, that the English "held the coasts of Holland as 'twere besieged, after they had stopt up (by blockade) the mouth of the Texel, which obliged the States, to prevent any descent from them, to post some troops on the isles and on the coasts. During which distress, three ships returning from the East Indies richly laden, unfortunately fell into the hands of the English, as did likewise two others coming from Portugal, and three more from Swedeland, whereof two were burnt and the rest taken. And towards the Straits of Callis Captain Wight likewise was taken, with four ships laden with salt." \*

But the Dutch, though conquered, were not subdued, and were not yet prepared to wholly abandon the struggle for the command of the sea. They moved heaven and earth to re-fit and re-complete their fleet; but the trouble was that, as the 80 or 90 sail under Tromp were in the Southern Zealand ports, and the 27 sail under De Witt were in the Texel to the northward, while the great, and so far victorious, English fleet lay between and ready to fall on that part of the Dutch force which first put to sea, there was much doubt whether the Dutch could ever draw together in sufficient force at the same time and place to face the enemy.

Nevertheless Tromp put to sea on July 27th with his 80 odd ships, with the intention of bringing on a very partial action with the 106 sail under Monk, Penn, and Lawson. The hostile fleets sighted each other off Egmond, twenty miles south of the Texel, on the 29th July, and Tromp stood away to W.S.W. to draw the English after him and to free De Witt. The engagement was more general than Tromp intended, but when night put a pause to the fighting, he wrote not altogether hopelessly of the ultimate result, if only the squadron under De Witt could get out and join him.

The engagement was very partially renewed on the morning of the 30th of July, on account of the heavy weather; but Tromp's strategy had succeeded so well that De Witt had crawled out of the Texel about midnight on the night before, and Tromp began to

\* *Life of Cornelius Tromp*, p. 131. *Columna Rostrata* says the English took twenty rich ships at the mouth of the Texel, and then the Baltic and the East India ships dared not sail.

see his ships approaching about noon, and by 5 in the afternoon the two fleets had formed a junction and turned to seek the enemy once more.

There was a tremendous encounter on the 1st August near about where the figure 8 is placed on the chart, which lasted all day, and the veteran leader, Tromp, being killed, fortune turned finally and decidedly against the Dutch, and they made for the shelter of their ports. They acknowledged to a loss of 9 ships, taken or burnt, of 500 men killed and 700 wounded. But the English claimed that the Dutch loss was between 20 and 30 men-of-war, burnt or sunk, and between 5,000 and 6,000 men; while admitting their own loss to be two ships burnt, 400 men killed or drowned, and 700 wounded; no less than 8 captains being amongst the former, and 5 amongst the latter. But the English made no captures, and were themselves not in a condition to keep the sea.

As a consequence of the undoubted fact that it became necessary for the English to return to their own ports, the Dutch claimed the accomplishment of their design to free their ports from blockade, and next month De Witt, now in supreme command, proved his case by escorting a considerable convoy towards the Sound, and conducting back a similarly large fleet of merchant ships into the Texel towards the end of October. But the Dutch carried bravado rather too far; for, determining to keep outside their ports, their fleet was met at anchor off the coast by a furious three days' gale, which shattered the Dutch and forced the English into their harbours, so that all thought of a further struggle was abandoned.

Then too, political necessities caused Cromwell to listen more favourably to the Dutch proposals for peace; and a final treaty was signed in April 1654. The Dutch got easier terms than had before been admitted. They were not now called on to admit the right of search; to open free trade in the Scheld, to limit the number of their war-ships, or to renew the license dues for their fishery; but they agreed to admit the English dominion of the seas, that is, of the British seas, by striking to the English flag; to accept the Parliament's Navigation Act, and to promise other reparations and acts which had not to do with the naval aspect of the question.

The English claimed, as the result of this war, which had lasted just one year and eleven months, that they had been victorious in five general actions, and had made 1,700 prizes valued at £6,000,000



sterling; while they did not allow that Holland had made one quarter of their captures, either in number or value.

But what concerns us here is not so much the facts of the war as the principles which underlay the action taken, and the practical issues which such principles bring to light.

In the first place, the war was wholly naval, wholly on the water, and yet brought Holland to her knees almost as effectually as an invasion could have done; and yet at nothing like the cost to the English, either in blood or treasure, which an invasion would have entailed. This is strikingly brought to mind by recalling that the value of the captures made in two years or so (for they had begun before war was formally declared) came to about twice the whole revenue of the country for the same period.

Then we see that it was probably commerce which kept it as a naval war, and that in the early stages, commerce, its protection over defined trade routes, and its attack at suitable points, governed almost absolutely the movements of the fleets of both nations. But as the war went on, and doubtless, we may say, became more understood, we have greater concentrations of force and more direct attempts to master the force. Because the Dutch trade must be mainly conducted past the British coasts, the English fleets are found there, and the battles take place there. But as the struggle develops and, I believe we may say, is better comprehended, the attack by the power which has slowly been gaining, is made indirectly on commerce by successful direct attacks upon the enemy's fleet near his own coasts.

The vast concentrations of naval force merely for naval operations were not to be found in previous wars. They were a feature of all the Dutch wars, but in later wars were more the exception than the rule. The broad reasons for such concentrations have been shown with sufficient clearness by the course of the narrative, but there are some inner causes which will require future treatment. For the present we shall probably do well to consider them as arising directly from the necessities of a struggle for the command of the sea, and to observe how very small a share the attack upon territory occupies while this great struggle is going on.

*(To be continued.)*

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## Captain Mayne Reid and the Mexican Campaign of 1847.

EDITED BY HIS WIDOW.



O most of the world, Captain Mayne Reid is known only as a writer of thrilling romances and works on natural history, his books being translated into nearly every language. We now give some pages from his life as a soldier. The record of his many gallant deeds should still further endear him to the hearts of his readers.

Born in the North of Ireland, April 1818, at Ballyroney, co. Down, the eldest son of the Rev. Thomas Mayne Reid; his mother was the daughter of a clergyman, the Rev. Samuel Rutherford.

Young Mayne Reid early evinced a taste for war. When a small boy he was often found running barefooted along the road after a drum and fife band, greatly to his mother's dismay. She chided him, saying, "What will the folks think to see Mr. Reid's son going about like this?" To which young Mayne replied, "I don't care. I'd rather be Mr. Drum than Mr. Reid."

It was the ardent wish of both parents that their eldest son should enter the Church; and, at the age of sixteen, Mayne Reid was sent to college to prepare for the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, but after four years' study, it was found that his inclinations were altogether opposed to this calling. He carried off first prizes in mathematics, classics, and elocution; distinguished himself in all athletic sports; anything but theology. It is recorded, on one occasion when called upon to make a prayer, he utterly failed, breaking down at the first few sentences. It was called by his fellow students "Reid's wee prayer."

Captain Mayne Reid has been heard to say, "My mother would





MAYNE REID.





rather have had me settle down as a minister, on a stipend of one hundred a year, than know me to be the most famous man in history." The good mother could never understand her eldest son's ambition, nor why he should be so unlike his brothers and sisters, all of whom were contented to remain in Ireland; the second son succeeding his father as pastor of Drumgoolen. One felt almost inclined to believe in the Irish superstition, that Mayne was a "fairy changeling."

In the month of January 1840, Mayne Reid first set foot in the new world—landing at New Orleans. We quote his own words: "Like other striplings escaped from college, I was no longer happy at home. The yearning for travel was upon me, and without a sigh I beheld the hills of my native land sink behind the black waves, not much caring whether I should ever see them again."

Soon after landing, he thus expressed himself, showing how little store he set upon his classical training as a stock-in-trade upon which to begin the battle of life: "And one of my earliest surprises—one that met me on the very threshold of my Transatlantic existence—was the discovery of my own utter uselessness. I could point to my desk and say, 'There lie the proofs of my erudition; the highest prizes of my college class.' But of what use are they? The dry theories I had been taught had no application to the purposes of real life. My logic was the prattle of the parrot. My classic lore lay upon my mind like lumber; and I was altogether about as well prepared to struggle with life—to benefit either my fellow-men or myself—as if I had graduated in Chinese mnemonics. And, oh! ye pale professors, who drilled me in syntax and scansion, ye would deem me ungrateful indeed were I to give utterance to the contempt and indignation which I then felt for ye; then, when I looked back upon ten years of wasted existence spent under your tutelage; then, when, after believing myself an educated man, the illusion vanished, and I awoke to the knowledge that I knew nothing."

We shall not here follow Mayne Reid through the ever varying scenes of this period—his life in Louisiana, encounters on the prairies with buffaloes, grizzly bears, and Indians on the war-path with their trophies of scalps; making excursions with trappers and Indians up the Red River, the Missouri, and Platte—all of which are embodied in his writings; these being more of reality than romance.

Between the years 1842–46, we hear of him as a poet, newspaper correspondent, and editor. The great genius which after-

wards shone so brightly had not then reached the effulgence of its light.

On the declaration of war with Mexico, to protect the United States territory of Texas, Mayne Reid abandoned the pen for the sword, and obtained a commission in the 1st New York Volunteers (under Colonel Ward B. Burnett), the first regiment raised in New York to fight for Mexico. He sailed with his regiment in December 1846 for Vera Cruz.

The two following chapters are extracts from the last MS.



MEXICAN SOLDIERS.

written by Captain Mayne Reid shortly before his death. They are here given just as left, without any corrections.

The remainder is a brief account of the various engagements of the American army in Mexico, written by himself at different periods, some from the seat of war, when all the events were fresh in his memory.

\* \* \* \*

During the first months of 1847, the look-out sentinel stationed on the crenated parapet of San Juan d'Ulloa must have seen



an array of ships unusual in numbers for that coast, so little frequented by mariners: equally unusual in the kind of craft and the men on board. For, in addition to the half-score ships flying the flags of different nations, some at anchor close to the Castle, some under the lee of Sacrificios Isle, there was a stream of other craft out in the offing, not at anchor or lying-to, but passing coast-wise up and down, beyond the most distant range of cannon-shot: craft of every size and speciality, schooners, brigs, barques, and square-rigged three-masters, from a 200-ton sloop to a ship of as many thousands. Not armed vessels either, though every one of them was loaded to the water-line either with armed and uniformed men or the materials of war; in the large ones a whole regiment of soldiers, in the less, half a regiment, a consort ship containing the other half, and in some but two or three companies, all they were capable of accommodating. Some carried cavalymen with their horses, others artillerymen with their mounts and batteries, while a large number were but laden with the senseless material of war-tents, waggons, the effects coming under the head of commissariat and quartermaster stores. Not one out of twenty of these vessels was an actual man-of-war. But one might be seen leading and guiding a group of the others as if their convoy to some known pre-arranged destination. Just this were they doing, escorting the transport-ships to their anchorage pre-determined.

Two such anchorages were there, quite thirty miles apart from one another, though in the diaphanous atmosphere of Vera Cruz coast a bird of eagle eye soaring midway between could command a view of both. The one northernmost was the Isle of Lobos, that south Punta Anton Lizardo. To the first I shall take the reader, as to it I was first taken myself.

Lobos Islet lies off the Vera Cruz coast, opposite the town of Juxpan, and about two miles. It is of circular form, and, if I remember rightly, about a half-mile in diameter. Its availability as an anchorage comes from a surrounding of coral reefs, with a gap in its northern side that admits ships into water the breakers cannot disturb. Chiefly is it a harbour of refuge against the dreaded norther of the Caribbean coast, and a vessel caught in one of these might run for it; but not likely, unless her papers were not presentable to the Vera Cruz custom-house. If they were, the shelter under Sacrificios would be safer, and easily reached. In later times the contrabandista is the man who has most availed himself of the advantages of Lobos, and in times

more remote the filibusters; the Juxpan fishermen also occasionally beach their boats upon it. But that neither buccaneer, smuggler, nor fisherman had frequented it lately, we had proof given us at landing on its shore by its real denizens, the birds. These—several species of sea-fowl—were so tame they flew screaming over the heads of the soldiers, so close that many were knocked down by their muskets. They became shy enough anon.

We found the island covered all over with a thick growth of *chapparal*; it could not be called forest, as the tallest of the trees was but some fifteen or twenty feet in height. The species were varied, most of them of true tropical character, and amongst them was one that attracted general attention as being the "india-rubber tree." Whether it was the true *siphonica elastica* I cannot say, though likely it was that or an allied species.

A peculiarity of this isle, and one making it attractive to contrabandista and filibusters, is that fresh water is found on it. Near its summit centre, not over six feet above the ocean level, is a well or hole, artificially dug out in the sand, some six feet deep. The water in this rises and falls with the tide, a law of hydraulics not well understood. Its taste is slightly brackish, but for all was greatly relished by us—possibly from having been so long upon the cask-water of the transport ships. Near this well we found an old musket and loading pike, rust-eaten, and a very characteristic souvenir of the buccaneers; also the unburied skeleton of a man, who may have been one of their victims.

The troops landed on Lobos were the 1st New York Volunteers, S. Carolina, 1st and 2nd Pennsylvania. One of the objects in this debarkation was to give these new regiments an opportunity for drilling, such as the time might permit, before making descent upon the Mexican coast. But there was no drill-ground there, as we saw as soon as we set foot on shore—not enough of open space to parade a single regiment in line, unless it were formed along the ribbon of beach.

On discovery of this want, there followed instant action to supply it—a curious scene, hundreds of uniformed men plying axe and chopper, hewing and cutting, even the officers with their sabres slashing away at the *chapparal* of Lobos Island: a scene of great activity, and not without interludes of amusement, as now and then a snake, scorpion, or lizard, dislodged from its lair, and attempting escape, drew a group of relentless enemies und it.

A fine, enough surface was cleared for camp and parade-



ground. Then up went soldiers' bell-tents and officers' marquees, in company rows and regimental, each regiment occupying its allotted ground.

The old buccaneers may have caroused in Lobos, but never could they have been merrier than we, nor had they ampler means for promoting cheer, even though resting there after a successful raid. Both our sutlers and the skippers of our transport ships, with a keen eye to contingencies, were well provided with stores of the fancy sort; many the champagne cork had its wire fastenings cut on Lobos, and probably now, in that bare isle, would be found an array of empty bottles lying half buried in the sand.

Anyone curious about the life we led on Lobos Island will find some detailed description of it in a book I have written called the *Rifle Rangers*, given to the public as a romance, yet for all more of a reality.

Our sojourn there was but brief, ending in a fortnight or so, still it may have done something to help out the design for which it was made. It got several regiments of green soldiers through the "goose-step," and, better still, taught them the ways of camp and campaigning life.

Mems.—A fright from threatened small-pox, trouble with insects, scorpions, and little crabs. Also curious case of lizard remaining on my tent ridge pole for days without moving. No wonder at Shakespear's "Chamelion feeding on air." Amusements, stories, and songs; mingling of mariners with soldiers. Norther just after landing, well protected under Lobos.

*La Villa Rica de Vera Cruz* (the rich city of the True Cross), viewed from the sea, presents a picture unique and imposing. It vividly reminded me of the vignette engravings of cities in Goldsmith's old geography, from which I got my earliest lessons about foreign lands. And just as they were bordered by the engraver's lines, so is Vera Cruz embraced by an *enceinte* of wall. For it is a walled city, without suburbs, scarce a building of any kind beyond the parapet and fosse engirdling it. Roughly speaking, its ground plan is a half circle, having the sea-shore for diameter, this not more than three-quarters of a mile in length. There is no beach or strand intervening between the houses and the sea, the former overlooking the latter, and protected from its wash by a breakwater buttress.

The architecture is altogether unlike that of an American or English seaport of similar size. Substantially massive, yet full of graceful lines, most of the private dwellings are of the Hispano-

Moriscan order, flat-roofed and parapetted, while the public buildings, chiefly the churches, display a variety of domes, towers, and turrets worthy of Inigo Jones or Christopher Wren.

From near the centre of the semicircle a pier or mole, El Muelle, projects about a hundred yards into the sea, and on this all visiting voyagers have to make landing, as at its inner end stands the custom-house (*aduana*). Fronting this on an islet or rather a reef of coral rocks, stands the fortress castle of San Juan



GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT—"PUSS AND FEATHERS."

d'Ulloa, off shore about a quarter of a mile. It is a low structure with the usual caramite coverings and crenated parapet, surmounted by a watch and flag-tower.

The anchorage near it is neither good nor ample, better being found under the lee of Sacrificios, a small treeless islet lying south nearly a league, and, luckily for us, beyond the range of guns, as also those of a fort at the southern extremity of the city.



Hundreds of ships may ride there in safety, though not so many nor so safe as at Anton Lizardo. Perhaps never so many, nor of such varied kind, were brought to under it as on March 9th, 1847.

The surf boats are worthy of a word, as without them our beaching would have been difficult and dangerous, if not impossible. They were of the whale boat speciality, and, as I remember, of two sizes. The larger were built to carry two hundred men, the smaller half this number. Most of them were brought to Anton Lizardo in two large vessels, and so hastily had they been built and despatched, that there had not been time to paint them, all appearing in that pale slate colour known to painters as the priming coat. Of course none had any decking, only the thwarts.

The Commander-in-Chief had made requisition for 150 of these boats, though only sixty-nine arrived at Anton Lizardo in time to serve the purpose they were intended for.

The capture of Vera Cruz was an event alike creditable to the army and navy of the United States, for both bore part in it; and creditable not only on account of the courage displayed, but the strategic skill. It was, in truth, one of those *coups* in which boldness was backed up by intelligence even to cunning, this last especially shown in the way we effected a landing.

The fleet, as already said, lay at Anton Lizardo, each day receiving increase from new arrivals. When at length all that were expected had come to anchor there, the final preparations were made for descent upon the land of Montezuma, and all we now waited for was a favouring wind. I do not remember how many steam vessels we had, but I think only two or three. Could we have commanded the services of a half score steam tugs, the landing might have been effected at an earlier date.

The day came when the wind proved all that was wanted. A light southerly breeze, blowing up coast almost direct for Vera Cruz, had declared itself before sunrise, and by earliest daybreak all was activity. Alongside each transport ship, as also some of the war vessels, would be seen one or more of the great lead-coloured boats already alluded to, with streams of men backing down the man-ropes and taking seat in them. These men were soldiers in uniform and full marching order. Knapsacks strapped on, haversacks filled and slung, cartouche box on hip, and gun in hand. In perfect order was the transfer made from ship to boat, and, when in the boats, each company had its own place as on a parade-ground. Where it was a boat that held two companies, one

occupied the forward thwarts, the other the stern, their four officers—captain, first lieutenant, second, and brevet—conforming to their respective places.

But there were other than soldiers in the boat, each having its complement of sailors from the ships.

A gun from the ship that carried our Commander-in-Chief gave the signal for departure from Punta Anton Lizardo, and while its boom was still reverberating, ship after ship was seen to spread sail. Then one after another, under careful pilotage, slipped out through the roadway of the coral reef, steaming up coast straight for Vera Cruz, the doomed city.

While sweeping up the coast, I can perfectly remember what my own feelings were, and how much I admired the strategy of the movement. Who should get credit for it I cannot tell. But I can hardly think that Winfield Scott's was the head that planned this enterprise, my after experience with this man guiding me to regard him as a soldier incapable—in short, such as late severe critics have called him, “fuss and feathers.” “The hasty plate of soup” was then ringing around his name. Whoever planned it is deserving of great praise. Its ingenuity, misleading our enemy, lay in making the latter believe that we intended to make landing at Anton Lizardo. Hence all his disposable force that could be spared from the garrison of Vera Cruz was there to oppose us. And when our ships hastily drew in anchor and went straight for Vera Cruz, as hawks at unprotected quarry, these detached garrison troops saw the mistake they had made. The coast road from Vera Cruz to Anton Lizardo is cut by numerous streams, all bridgeless. To cross them safely needed taking many a roundabout route—so many that the swiftest horse could not reach Vera Cruz so soon as our slowest ship, and we were there before them. We did not aim to enter the port nor come within range of its defending batteries, least of all those of San Juan d'Ulloa. The islet of Sacrificios, about a league from the latter, whose southern end affords sheltering anchorage, was the point we aimed at; and there our miscellaneous flotilla became concentrated, some of the ships dropping anchor, others remaining adrift. Then the beaching boats, casting off hawsers, were rowed straight for the shore, some half mile off. A shoal strand it was, where a boat's keel touched bottom long before reaching dry land. That in which I was did so, and well do I remember how myself and comrades at once sprang over the gun-wales, and, waist deep, waded out to the sand-strewn shore.

There we encountered no enemy—nothing to obstruct us. All the



antagonism we met with or saw was a stray shot or two from some long-range guns mounted on the parapet of the most southern fort of the city. But we had now our feet sure planted on the soil of Mexico.

\* \* \* \*

The capture of Vera Cruz was an affair of artillery. The city was bombarded for several days by a semi-circle of batteries placed upon the sandhills in its rear. It at length surrendered, and with it the celebrated castle of San Juan d'Ulloa.

During the siege a few of us who were fond of fighting found opportunities of being shot at in the back country. The sandhills—resembling Murlock Banks, only more extensive—form a semi-circle around Vera Cruz. The city itself, compactly built, and of picturesque appearance, stands upon a low sandy plain—semi-circular, of course—the sea-shore being the boundary diameter. Behind the hills of sand, for leagues inward, extends a low jungly country, covered with the forests of tropical America. This, like all the coast lands of Mexico, is called the *tierra caliente* (hot land). This region is far from being uninhabited. These thickets have their clearings and their cottages, the latter of the most temporary construction that may serve the wants of man in a climate of almost perpetual summer. There are also several villages scattered through this part of the *tierra caliente*.

During the siege the inhabitants of these cottages (*ranchos*) and villages banded together under the name *jarocho*s or *guerrilleros*, but better known to our soldiers by the general title *rancheros*, kept up a desultory warfare in our rear, occasionally committing murders on straggling parties of soldiers who had wandered from our lines.

Several expeditions were sent out against them, but with indifferent success. I was present in many of these expeditions, and on one occasion, when in command of about thirty men, I fell in with a party of *guerrilleros* nearly a hundred strong, routed them, and, after a straggling fight of several hours, drove them back upon a strong position, the village of Medellini. In this skirmish I was fired at by from fifty to a hundred muskets and escopettes, and, although at the distance of not over two hundred yards, had the good fortune to escape being hit.

One night I was sent in command of a scouting party to reconnoitre a guerilla camp supposed to be some five miles away in the country. It was during the mid hours of the night, but under one of those brilliant moonlights for which the cloudless sky of Southern Mexico is celebrated. Near the edge of an opening—the

prairie of Santa Fe—our party was brought suddenly to a halt at the sight of an object that filled every one of us with horror. It was the dead body of a soldier, a member of the corps to which the scouting party belonged. The body lay at full length upon its back; the hair was clotted with blood and standing out in every direction; the teeth were clenched in agony; the eyes glassy and open, as if glaring upon the moon that shone in mid-heaven above. One arm had been cut off at the elbow, while a large incision in the left breast showed where the heart had been torn out, to satisfy the vengeance of an inhuman enemy. There



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were shot wounds and sword cuts all over the body, and other mutilations made by the zopilotes and wolves. Notwithstanding all, it was recognized as that of a brave young soldier, who was much esteemed by his comrades, and who for two days had been missing from the camp. He had imprudently strayed beyond the line of pickets, and fallen into the hands of the enemy's *guerrilleros*.

The men would not pass on without giving to his mutilated remains the last rites of burial. There was neither spade nor shovel to be had; but, fixing bayonets, they dug up the turf, and,



depositing the body, gave it such sepulture as was possible. One who had been his bosom friend, cutting a slip from a bay laurel close by, planted it in the grave. The ceremony was performed in deep silence, for they knew that they were on dangerous ground, and that a single shout or shot at that moment might have been the signal for their destruction.

I afterwards learnt that this fiendish act was partly due to a spirit of retaliation. One of the American soldiers, a very brutal fellow, had shot a Mexican, a young Jarocho peasant, who was seen near the roadside chopping some wood with his machete. It was an act of sheer wantonness, or for sport, just as a thoughtless boy might fire at a bird to see whether he could kill it. Fortunately the Mexican was not killed, but his elbow was shattered by the shot so badly that the whole arm required amputation. It was the wantonness of the act that provoked retaliation; and, after this, the *lex talionis* became common around Vera Cruz, and was practised in all its deadly severity long after the place was taken. Several other American soldiers, straying thoughtlessly beyond the lines, suffered in the same way, their bodies being found mutilated in a precisely similar manner. Strange to say, the man who was the cause of this vengeance became himself one of its victims. Not then, at Vera Cruz, but long afterwards, in the Valley of Mexico; and this was the strangest part of it. Shortly after the American Army entered the capital, his body was found in the canal of Las Vigas, alongside the "Chinampas," or floating gardens, gashed all over with wounds, made by the knives of assassins, and mutilated just as the others had been. It might have been a mere coincidence, but it was supposed at the time that the one-armed Jarocho must have followed him up, with that implacable spirit of vengeance characteristic of his race, until at length, finding him alone, he had completed his vendetta.

Vera Cruz being taken, we marched for the interior. Puente Nacional, the next strong point, had been fortified, but the enemy, deeming it too weak, fell back upon Cerro Gordo, another strong pass about twenty miles from the former. Here they were again completely routed, although numbering three times our force. In this action I was cheated out of the opportunity of having my name recorded by the cowardice or imbecility of the major of my regiment, who on that day commanded the detachment of which I formed part. In an early part of the action I discovered a large body of the enemy escaping through a narrow gorge running down the face of a high precipice. The force which this officer

commanded had been sufficient to have captured these fugitives, but he not only refused to go forward, but refused to give me a sufficient command to accomplish the object. I learnt afterwards that Santa Anna, Commander-in-Chief of the Mexican Army, had escaped by this gorge.

After the victory of Cerro Gordo, the army pushed forward to Jalapa, a fine village half way up the table-lands. After a short rest here we again took the road, and crossing a spur of the Cordilleras, swept over the plains of Perote, and entered the city of Puebla. Yes, with a force of 3,000 men, we entered that great city containing a population of at least 75,000. The inhabitants were almost paralyzed with astonishment and mortification at seeing the smallness of our force. The balconies, windows, and house-tops were crowded with spectators; and there were enough men in the streets—had they been men—to have stoned us to death. At Puebla we halted for reinforcements, a period of about two months.

In the month of August 1847 we numbered about 12,000 effective men, and leaving a small garrison here, with the remainder—10,000—we took the road for the capital. The city of Mexico lies about eighty miles from Puebla. Half way, another spur of the Andes must be crossed. On the 10th of August, with an immense siege and baggage-train, we moved over these pine-clad hills, and entered the valley of Mexico. Here halt was made for reconnoissance, which lasted several days. The city stands in the middle of a marshy plain interspersed with lakes; is entered by eight roads or causeways. These were known to be fortified, but especially that which leads through the gate San Lazaro, on the direct road to Puebla. This was covered by a strong work on the hill El Piñol, and was considered by General Scott as next to impregnable. To turn this, a wide diversion to the north or south was necessary. The latter was adopted, and an old road winding around Lake Chaleo—through the old town of that name, and along the base of the southern mountain ridge—was found practicable.

We took this road, and after a slow march of four days our vanguard debouched on the great National Road, which rounds southward from the city of Mexico to Acapulco. This road was also strongly fortified, and it was still further resolved to turn the fortifications on it by making more to the west. San Augustin de las Cuenas, a village five leagues from Mexico on the National Road, became the points of reserve. On the 19th of August,



General Worth moved down the National Road, as a feint to hold the enemy in check at San Antonio (strongly fortified) while the divisions of Generals Worth and Twiggs, with the Brigade of Shields—to which I was attached—commenced moving across the Pedregal, a tract of country consisting of rocks, jungle, and lava, and almost impassable. On the evening of the 19th, we had crossed the Pedregal, and became engaged with a strong body of the enemy under General Valencia, at a place called Contreras. Night closed on the battle, and the enemy still held his position.

It rained all night; we sat, not slept, in the muddy lanes of a poor village, San Geronimo—a dreadful night. Before daybreak, General Persifer Smith, who commanded in this battle, had taken his measures, and shortly after sunrise we were at it again. In less than an hour that army “of the north,” as Valencia’s division was styled, being men of San Luis Potosi and other northern States, the flower of the Mexican army, was scattered and in full flight for the city of Mexico.

This army was 6,000 strong, backed by a reserve of 6,000 more under Santa Anna himself. The reserve did not act, owing, it was said, to some jealousy between Valencia and Santa Anna. In this battle we captured a crowd of prisoners, and twenty-seven pieces of artillery.

The road, as we supposed, was now open to the city; a great mistake, as the sharp skirmishes which our light troops encountered as we advanced soon led us to believe. All at once we stumbled upon the main body of the enemy, collected behind two of the strongest field works I have ever seen, in a little village called Cherubusco.

The road to the village passed over a small stream spanned by a bridge which was held in force by the Mexicans, and it soon became evident that, unless something like a flank movement were made, they would not be dislodged. The bridge was well fortified, and the army attacked fruitlessly in front.

General Shields’ brigade was ordered to go round by the hacienda of Los Portales, and attack the enemy on the flank. They got as far as the barns at Los Portales, but would go no farther. They were being shot down by scores, and the men eagerly sought shelter behind walls or wherever else it could be found. Colonel Ward B. Burnett made a desperate attempt to get the companies together, but it was unsuccessful, and he himself fell badly wounded.

The situation had become very critical. I was in command of

the Grenadier Company of New York Volunteers, and saw that a squadron of Mexican lancers were getting ready to charge, and knew that if they came on while the flanking party were in such a state of disorganization the fight would end in a rout. On the other hand, if we charged on them, the chances were the enemy would give way and run. In any case, nothing could be worse than the present state of inaction and slaughter.

The Lieutenant-Colonel of the South Carolina Volunteers—their Colonel, Butler, having been wounded, was not on the field—was



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carrying the blue palmetto flag of the regiment. I cried out to him—

“Colonel, will you lead the men on a charge?”

Before he could answer, I heard something snap, and the Colonel fell with one leg broken at the ankle by a shot. I took the flag, and as the wounded officer was being carried off the field, he cried—

“Major Gladden, take the flag. Captain Blanding, remember Moultrie, Loundes and old Charleston!”

Hurrying back to my men, reaching them on the extreme right, I rushed on in front of the line, calling out—“Soldiers, will you follow me to the charge?”



"Ve vill!" shouted Corporal Haup, a Swiss. The order to charge being given, away we went. The Swiss, and John Murphy, a brave Irishman, being the first two after their leader—myself.

The Mexicans seeing cold steel coming towards them with such gusto, took to their heels, and made for the splendid road leading to the city of Mexico, which offered unequalled opportunities for flight.

A broad ditch intervened between the highway and the field across which we were charging. Thinking this was not very deep, as it was covered with a green scum, I plunged into it. It took me nearly up to the armpits, and I struggled out all covered with slime and mud. The men avoided my mishap, coming to the road by a dryer but more roundabout path.

As we got on the road Captain Phil Kearney came thundering over the bridge with his company, all mounted on dappled grays. The gallant Phil had a weakness for dappled grays. As they approached I sang out: "Boys, have you breath enough left to give a cheer for Captain Kearney?"

Phil acknowledged the compliment with a wave of his sword, as he went swinging by towards the works the enemy had thrown up across this road. Just as he reached this spot, the recall bugle sounded, and at that moment Kearney received the shot that cost him an arm.

Disregarding the bugle recall, we of the infantry kept on, when a rider came tearing up, calling upon us to halt.

"What for?" I cried.

"General Scott's orders."

"We shall rue this halt," was my rejoinder. "The city is at our mercy; we can take it now, and should."

Lieut.-Colonel Baxter, then in command of the New York Volunteers, called out—

"For God's sake, Mayne Reid, obey orders, and halt the men."

At this appeal I faced round to my followers, and shouted "Halt!"

The soldiers came up abreast of me, and one big North Irishman cried—

"Do you say halt?"

I set my sword towards them, and again shouted "Halt!" This time I was obeyed, the soldiers crying out—

"We'll halt for you, Sir, but for nobody else."

The following testimony in relation to this charge was given by some of the men who were in this action with Captain Mayne Reid.

I, being duly sworn, do testify that I was in the action of Cherubusco, and in the charge made by the New York and South Carolina regiments which drove the enemy from their shelter behind the road and the hacienda of Los Portales. This was the last charge made upon the enemy that day by our infantry.

Previous to this movement we stood in the middle of an open meadow without making any advance, and under a severe fire of the enemy, from which many men were falling. There were two regiments on the ground, or what was left of two regiments, for many had been killed or wounded. These regiments were the New York and South Carolina volunteers. We did not know what to do, as no one appeared to give any orders. At this moment Lieutenant Mayne Reid ran out in front and called out: "Comrades, will you follow me?" or words to that effect. The men shouted "We will!" and rushed forward with a cheer. The enemy, when they saw us coming, ran from their shelter and down the road to the City of Mexico. Lieutenant Reid was many paces in advance during the whole movement, and appeared to direct it. It is my solemn belief that Lieutenant Reid caused this charge to be made and led it, as I have described.

JACOB HERSHORN,

Sergeant New York Volunteers.

Sworn before me this June 25, 1849.

B. W. THATCHER,

Commissioner of Deeds.

I, having read the above affidavit of Jacob Hershorn, do testify that it is strictly true to the best of my belief, having myself been a witness to the facts as above detailed.

OTTO NEWBAUER,

Private New York Volunteers.

Sworn before me this June 25, 1849.

B. W. THATCHER.

Commissioner of Deeds.

We, the undersigned, having read the above affidavit of Jacob Hershorn, do testify that it is true in every particular, as we were witnesses of the facts as in it detailed.

JOHN E. MURPHY,

Principal musician of the New York Volunteers.

JULIUS LATTE,

Private New York Volunteers.

I, having read the above and having witnessed all the facts as detailed, believe them all true, as witness my hand this June 25, 1849.

THOMAS N. DIXON,

Sergeant of Co. B. New York Volunteers.

Messrs. Murphy, Latte, and Dixon personally appeared before me and testified to the above.

B. W. THATCHER,

Commissioner of Deeds.

Thus was the American army halted in its victorious career on the 20th of August. Another hour, and it would have been in the streets of Mexico. The Commander-in-Chief, however, had other designs; and with the bugle recall that summoned the dragoons to retire, all hostile operations ended for the time. The troops slept upon the field.

On the following day the four divisions of the American Army



separated for their respective head-quarters in different villages. Worth crossed over to Tacubaya, which became the head-quarters of the army ; Twiggs held the village of San Angel ; Pillow rested at Miscuac, a small Indian village between San Angel and Tacubaya, while the Volunteer and Marine division fell back on San Augustine. An armistice had been entered into between the Commanders-in-Chief of the two armies.

This armistice was intended to facilitate a treaty of peace ; for it was thought that the Mexicans would accept any terms rather than see their ancient city at the mercy of a foreign army. No doubt, however, a great mistake was made, as the armistice gave the crafty Santa Anna a chance to fortify an inner line of defence, the key to which was the strong castle of Chapultepec which had to be taken three weeks later with the loss of many brave men.

*(To be continued.)*



## Range-Finding.

By CAPTAIN WILLOUGHBY VERNER.



THE subject of range-finders and range-finding is one that comprises such a vast amount of contentious matter, that it is no easy task to decide upon what to say, and, still more important, to leave unsaid, in dealing with it.

It may be as well to mention at once that I have no intention of trespassing upon the sacred soil of the artillery range-finder, and so shall not venture to discuss the merits or demerits of the various systems of range-taking as advocated by some, and as equally vigorously opposed by others, who believe in "ranging a battery" by observing the burst of their shell.

I propose simply to give the results of my own experiences in search of a range-finder suitable for infantry in the first place, and one that at the same time could be utilized for reconnaissance work and be generally "handy" to a military man. To fulfil the points which I set down as *absolutely necessary* for the instrument I was in search of, it must be—

1. Portable and strong.
2. Not liable to get out of adjustment.
3. Capable of being used by one man (single-handed without an assistant) for stationary objects.
4. Capable of taking the range of moving objects with ease.

There are practically only two classes of optical range-finders, the adjustable and the fixed. Speaking generally, so far as they are at present known to exist, the adjustable ones are not reliable, especially for rapid and rough work in the field. This is not only by reason of their construction, which cannot stand the wear and tear inseparable from the service they have to perform, but also on account of their allowing (in most cases, but not in all) the range-taker, that is, the man who takes the ranges, to use his discretion as to the length of base he employs for determining a particular range. The result of this is that there is always a chance of a base being taken which is too short in proportion to the range.



If, on the other hand, the base selected be unnecessarily long, it is a manifest waste of time. Now, with the fixed class of instrument, nothing is left to the judgment of the range-taker as to what length of base he had best employ; that point is settled for him beforehand, and he has got a base that is as long as is good for him, neither more nor less.

When it is borne in mind the class of men who may have to use a range-finder, the importance of the last point is indisputable. But still more important is the question of adjustments and adjustable instruments. The ideal range-finder is one that can be carried anyhow, and used anywhere. Hence any instrument which, from rough usage, is liable to become unserviceable is, or should be, considered unfit for the purpose.

It is a physical impossibility to attain to anything more than a temporary adjustment of an instrument which has to stand the knocking about inseparable from an infantry range-finder. The main reason for this is the absolute impossibility of depending upon any instrument with mirrors of glass, simply because glass and metal do not expand and contract in the same ratio. I am perfectly aware that the salesmen at some of the optical instrument makers will assure their customers that this difficulty has been overcome by means of newly designed metal hold-fasts, supplemented by vulcanite backing, &c., to the mirrors; but such is not the case, as any experienced man, *who has to use the instruments*, knows. I am informed that the Austrians, recognizing the fact of the impossibility of attaching glass to metal, have adopted mirrors of burnished steel in their range-finders.

Again, when the accuracy of an observation depends absolutely on the angle between two mirrors, it is pretty obvious that when these mirrors get dusty or dulled and require cleaning, the mere pressure of the fingers in polishing them up will be found quite sufficient to put them out of adjustment after a time, especially if the fingers belong, as they most probably would, to any person unacquainted with the delicacy of adjustment of reflecting instruments.

Many and various have been the endeavours to counteract this liability of glass mirrors to get out of adjustment; but, judged in the hard school of results, it cannot be said that any of these have in any way succeeded in solving the knotty problem.

It is sometimes speciously argued that a naval sextant, despite its rough usage, somehow manages to give excellent results, and that it depends on glass mirrors for its accuracy. Such a com-

parison can only, however, be made by men utterly ignorant of the different "modes of life" of the nautical sextant and the range-finder, the former being kept in a substantial box in a cabin until required, and the latter being carried in the pocket, or at best in a leather case, and exposed to every sort of hard usage. Also, in the sextant, the possible errors can be detected, and in the case of the commonest of all—"index error"—allowed for; this, by reason of the construction of the instrument, permitting various tests to be applied to it, whereas with a range-finder, which professes, say, to give a certain angle, the only way to ascertain whether the angle given is the true one is by comparison with a sextant or theodolite, and such an arrangement is, on service, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, impossible. An excellent practical example of this was afforded only a few weeks since when using a new pattern range-finder, which was supposed to take ranges with a proportional base  $\frac{1}{30}$  of the range. After taking a considerable number of ranges and finding that they averaged nearly 8 per cent. over the true distances, I had the instrument tested by comparison with a sextant, and found that the angle upon which the observation depended was some six minutes out of adjustment. When I state that the natural tangent of the true angle was 50, whilst that of the incorrect angle was about 46, it will be easy to understand what a serious error was introduced by this wretched want of adjustment.

Captain Mayne, R.E., in his excellent book on "Infantry Fire Tactics," writing in 1885, lays down some eighteen conditions which a good infantry range-finder should fulfil. It is needless to say that it would be well nigh hopeless to expect to find an instrument possessing all these qualifications. Still the point remains: wanted a range-finder which fulfils most of these conditions.

Captain Mayne proceeds to give a brief description of about a dozen of the range-finders in use at the time he writes, which very fairly summarises their various qualities. He, however, is not quite up to date in his description of the "Weldon," which he states takes ranges by laying off an isosceles triangle with a base  $\frac{1}{30}$  of the range. This system, which was the first one adopted by Colonel Weldon, was abandoned by him in 1881; and I myself had an instrument constructed on the present system in 1883 (or two years before Captain Mayne wrote), which, it may be mentioned, lays off a right-angled triangle with a base  $\frac{1}{30}$  of the range, or an isosceles triangle with a base  $\frac{1}{28}$  of the range.

Also, since 1885, many new range-finders have come on the



scene, several of which I have used or experimented with for a considerable time.

If Captain Mayne's eighteen conditions be referred to, and a nineteenth, "capable of taking a moving object," be added to them, it will be found that very few, if any, of the range-finders at present known, fulfil many of them. The single exception to this is the present pattern "Weldon," which possesses fifteen out of these nineteen requisites almost completely, and two more partially, leaving only two which it does *not* fulfil.

It would be invidious to particularize the defects in every instrument, but it may be remarked that, although several of those that I tried were superior to the "Weldon" in certain points, they each failed in some other one included in the four absolute requisites which I had laid down as necessary for the work I had in view. Thus, for example, one most excellent and portable instrument I found was incapable of taking a moving object; another, that could do this fairly well, was too bulky and complicated in its adjustments for use in the field.

Thus it has come about that I have pitched upon the "Weldon" as the range-finder which most nearly comes up to the standard I require. But in advocating it I am by no means blind to its defects, perhaps the greatest being the necessity of measuring a base at a fixed angle to the direction of the object. This has been attempted to be remedied in several other instruments, which have an adjusting screw or other arrangement which permits of the angle of  $90^\circ$  being varied to from  $5^\circ$  to  $10^\circ$  either way without materially altering the ranges taken. Beyond  $10^\circ$  an error rapidly accumulates. The advantage of being able to obtain coincidence with the reflected object on the direction point by simply turning a screw is undoubtedly a vast saving of time, since the coincidence is made with the fingers, whilst in the "Weldon" it has to be found with the legs, by shifting one's position. But to obtain this undeniable advantage, much has to be sacrificed. The solid crystal prisms of the "Weldon" are replaced by reflecting mirrors, &c., which require to be kept in adjustment, whilst the size of these others is at least that of a pocket sextant, whereas the "Weldon" is not bigger than a good sized watch.

Hence I am of a decided opinion that the "Weldon" is the best infantry range-finder *at present* extant. When a better one is invented, and, of course, there is no finality in these affairs, and a better one is certain to come sooner or later, nobody will be better pleased than I.

The "Weldon" has not obtained the popularity it undoubtedly has deserved for several reasons, one being, in my judgment, the *extreme* care with which it must be used to ensure accurate results. Suffice to say, that it is entirely owing to its inherent good qualities that it has managed to hold its own in the manner it has hitherto done. In advocating it for present use, I do so simply on the very common-place grounds of *results*. In the official trials at Aldershot in 1883, the average error was only 34 yards for each range, whilst in India in 1885 it was 35 yards. It is worthy of remark that the average error in both these trials, held in such different parts of the world, and conducted by different people, should have so closely approximated.

Leaving the vexed question of official trials, which seem to make such little impression in such cases, and coming to the more homely one of actual experiences, I have used the instrument for several years, and never met with a man of ordinary intelligence who had been properly instructed in its use, that could not get satisfactory results with it; but on the other hand, I have met many men who either lacked the energy to master its use or who were incapable of learning how to use any optical instrument with accuracy.

These latter generally boldly announced that the Weldon was "not reliable," when as a matter of fact, it was they, and not the crystal prisms, who were wanting in that very essential quality.

For the information of those who have not had an opportunity of inspecting a "Weldon," I will now briefly describe the instrument. It consists of three prisms of crystal, accurately ground to the following angles:—

- |      |              |
|------|--------------|
| 1st. | 90°.         |
| 2nd. | 88° 51' 15". |
| 3rd. | 74° 53' 15". |

The range of an object, as at O, is taken by observing the angles OAD, OBD at the base of a right-angled triangle ABO in Figure 1, the measured base AB of which is  $\frac{1}{50}$  of the distance or range AO. In this case the first prism, 90°, and second prism, 88° 51' 15", are used.

A second method, and one as equally important as the first, is by observing the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle as BCO in Figure 2, when the measured base BC is  $\frac{1}{28}$  of the distance or range AO. In this instance the second prism (88° 51' 15") only is used.

In order to measure the base AB or BC accurately and rapidly,



the third prism of  $74^{\circ} 53' 15''$  is used, but this is merely a convenience and not a necessity, except under very exceptional circumstances.

It will be at once seen by those who have had any experience of range finding, that there are several objections to this apparently simple process. They may be summarized as follows:—

(1.) Difficulty of obtaining any definite mark at right angles to the object to reflect the latter upon when employing a base of  $\frac{1}{50}$ .

(2.) Difficulty of always finding ground suitable for measurement of base as regards view, general configuration, and space, whatever base may be employed.



FIG. 1.—Range taking with a Direction Point (using 1st and 2nd Prisms).

A = Position of Observer.

O = Object of which the Range is required.

D = Direction Point (as distant as possible).

$$\text{Base AB} = \frac{1}{50} \text{ Range AO.}$$

The precise methods of using the "Weldon" are amply laid down in the *Provisional Hand-book* for its use, issued in 1886.

It may be as well to mention here that to obtain the best results with a base of  $\frac{1}{50}$ , it is generally advisable to employ a direction point to the *left* of the observer, that is to say, if he habitually uses his right eye, as do most men when aiming at an object.

Also, that by *far* the most accurate ranges are taken by

observing the right angle first and marking the point at which this is done, and then retiring along the alignment of the base until the second angle is observed. The alternative method of observing the angle of  $88^\circ$  first, and advancing on the alignment, although useful at times, is generally speaking undesirable. In using a base of  $\frac{1}{25}$  range there are two methods; one with a single-handed range-taker, who uses pickets, and a second, with two operators, Nos. 1 and 2, who reflect the object, the range of which is required, on to one another. No. 1, by moving to his right or left, reflects

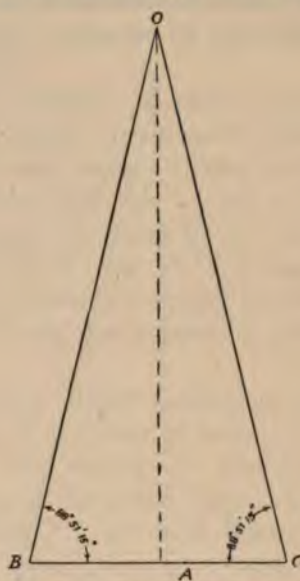


FIG. 2.—Range taking without a Direction Point (using 2nd Prism only).

A = Position of Observer, marked by 1st Picket.

O = Object of which the Range is required.

B = 2nd Picket.

C = 3rd Picket.

$$\text{Base BC} = \frac{1}{25} \text{ Range AO.}$$

the object on No. 2, and the latter, by advancing or retiring as the case may be, also reflects the object on No. 1. As soon as both observers are "on," they pace up to each other, and each yard of base is equal to twenty-five yards of range. (See Fig. 4.)

This process of double-handed range-taking is that adopted for moving objects, and with practised operators gives most excellent results. With beginners it commonly occurs that ranges taken in this manner are somewhat over the true distance, caused by the observers taking "too full a sight," so to speak, of each others



heads. It is well to bear this in mind, and, if the range-finder be found to be one that habitually gives long ranges when used in this manner, to reflect the object on the "inside edge" of the head of the operator who is acting as a point; if this be done with care, most satisfactory results may confidently be expected.

An excellent method for practising this range-taking of moving objects is to take up a position in the middle of a field at some unknown distance (say about four or five hundred yards or so) from a public thoroughfare, where people and carriages are constantly passing along, and to take a succession of ranges as they

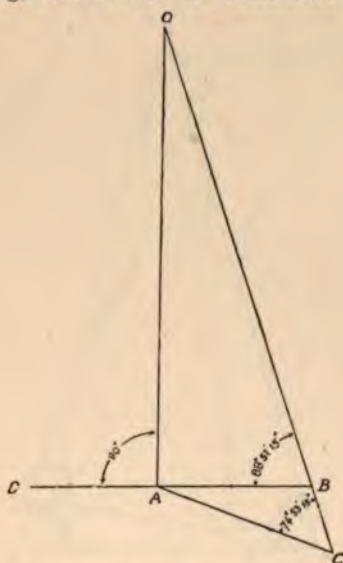


FIG. 3.—Method of Measuring a Long Base by means of the 3rd Prism.

$$\text{Base AB} = \frac{1}{50} \text{ Range AO (vide Fig. 1).}$$

$$\text{BC} = \frac{1}{4} \text{ Base AB} = \frac{1}{200} \text{ Range AO.}$$

come by. The exact distance can afterwards be chained, and it is surprising, after a little practice, with what accuracy the ranges can be taken in this manner.

The farther off the moving object, the easier it is to take the range, since there is more time to obtain an exact coincidence. The reason for this is obvious, since the objects when at a distance move slower in making coincidence than when near at hand.

When this system of taking moving objects has been thoroughly mastered, good practice can be obtained in suitable localities by taking passing trains and steamships; in the case of the latter, however, it is not always possible to verify the ranges.





He then takes four paces to his front, *i.e.* reduces the base to 36 yards, *i.e.* to a range of 900 yards, and repeats the process.

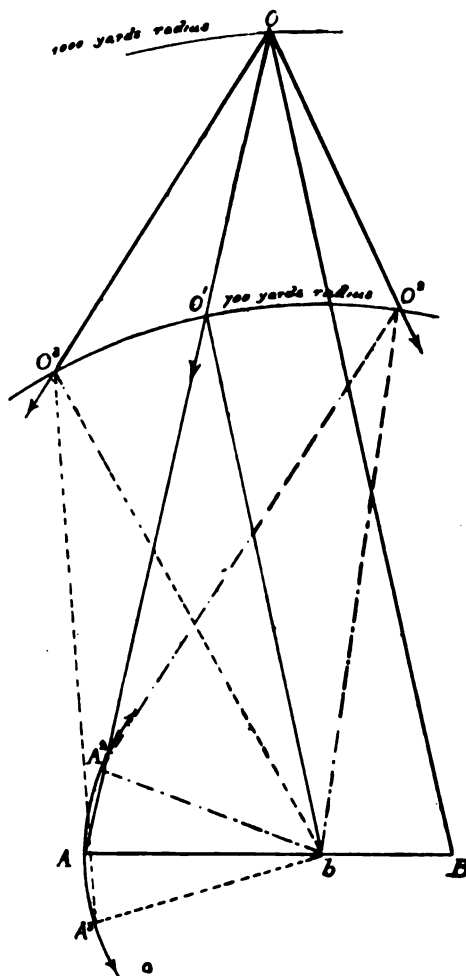


FIG. 5.—Taking the Range of a Moving Object with a view to Opening Fire upon it as soon as it reaches certain definite Ranges.

O = Moving Object.

A and B = Position of Observers (Nos. 2 and 1).

AB = Measured Base, say  $\frac{1}{10}$  of 1,000 yards.

To ascertain when O arrives on the 700 yards radius from b:—

Suppose base Ab to be 28 yards (*i.e.*  $\frac{1}{10}$  of 700 yards), No. 1 moves in from B to b, and remains steady.

No. 2 moves to his right or left, preserving his distance from b until he sees O reflected on No. 1 at b.

When No. 1 at b sees O reflected on No. 2 at A, he gives the word to fire.

NOTE.—If O moves straight along AO on O', No. 2 at A remains steady. If O inclines to his left as O'', or to his right as O'', No. 2 at A moves to his left at A<sup>2</sup> or right at A<sup>3</sup>.

The range can of course be given every 50 yards, if desired, in this manner. For practice, a good plan is to advance a section as a "moving object," with orders to fall out a man each time a volley is fired at them. The distances can subsequently be measured and a good idea formed of the accuracy with which the operation has been carried out. In Fig. 5 this process is shown with a base AB of 40 yards for 1,000 yards range and a base Ab of 28 yards for 700 yards range.

Since the official hand-book was published on the use of the "Weldon," the inventor has made an enormous improvement in the instrument, but which is of so simple a nature as not to have attracted much attention. In the former pattern, there was always a little difficulty in being certain that the reflected object in the prism was truly aligned with the distant point as seen either over or under it. This was caused by the thin metal edge of the circular plate enclosing the prisms interrupting the continuity of the view. Also occasionally on a bright day the sun caused the edge of the metal to glitter, and thus introduced a disturbing element into the operation.

This has now been remedied by the simple expedient of having a *hinged flap* on the circular plate, by which means the portion which formerly interfered with the vision is turned up or down out of the line of sight, and absolute coincidence obtained between the reflected object and direction point used. Nobody who has not had an opportunity of testing this simple development of the old instrument can justly appreciate the enormous advantage conferred by it.

Another recent development of the "Weldon" not intended for ordinary work, but which I mention, as it is one of Captain Mayne's eighteen essentials, is the adaptation to it of a small telescope whereby ranges can be taken up to almost any distance. By this means greater accuracy is ensured, but at the cost of sacrificing the simplicity of the instrument, which, to my mind, is one of its greatest attractions. This greater degree of accuracy is due to the fact that both the reflected object and the direction point (or object seen directly) are viewed through the glasses of a low-power telescope, and with such distinctness that at a range of, say, 3,000 yards, a difference of base of even a yard is appreciable.

About a year ago some wiseacre suddenly discovered that the "Weldon" could not take ranges with accuracy on sloping ground. This was apparently a most serious fault, presuming that it existed, and my faith in the instrument was somewhat shaken,



and I continued for some little time in a state of doubt as to whether the "Weldon" was really as good as I had led myself to believe. However, one day I tried a succession of ranges at objects having various amounts of elevation or of depression with reference to my own position, and found that, as long as the instrument was kept truly level, ranges could be taken with great accuracy on slopes as steep as  $7^{\circ}$  and even  $9^{\circ}$ . Since  $7^{\circ}$  of slope gives a difference of elevation of some 350 feet in 1,000 yards, and  $9^{\circ}$  gives 450 feet, it is plain that it would seldom or never be necessary to take ranges at much steeper slopes than these. So far, so good. These ranges were taken with a direction point on the same level as my own position.

Next, I tried taking ranges with a direction point up or down hill; here there was some difficulty, but nothing that could not be surmounted by a little extra care and trouble. In some cases a point was taken above or below the direction point, in others it was dispensed with, and the range was taken with a base of  $\frac{1}{25}$  and three pickets, whilst in certain instances it was found best to *face the object* and reflect the direction point either immediately above or below it, as the case might be.

This was, of course, an exceptional case, but the circumstances were also exceptional, and it was a matter of considerable trouble to hit upon such a remarkably awkward spot.

In measuring ranges on a slope it is evident that, inasmuch as the range is taken on the side of a hill, the hypotenuse of a triangle is measured in lieu of its base, hence the range will always be a trifle in excess; but the "Weldon" has a grand advantage here over all other range-finders, since it is possible to measure level, although standing on a slope, owing to the prism permitting the eye to be placed *close* to its reflecting surface, whereby an extensive vertical, as well as a large horizontal, field can be obtained. No other range-finder permits of this operation, and in those, where the object is viewed through a pinhole at some distance from the mirrors, any attempt to bring an object into the field of the mirrors, by tilting the instrument, results in obtaining a false angle, and in consequence an incorrect range.

I may remark here, parenthetically, that the question of sighting rifles for firing up and down hill is by no means an easy one. It is very obvious that more elevation is required when firing up hill than when firing down; in other words, that an object, say, 1,000 yards distant, would require to be "sighted" for considerably *above* that distance if *up hill*, and for considerably less if *down hill*; hence,

taking ranges with accuracy off fairly level ground by no means ensures the fire being well directed.

I have a vivid recollection of the poor shooting made by a number of good shots firing from the top of the Rock of Gibraltar at dummy targets on the "North Front" below them; and I have still more vivid reminiscences when shooting pigeons out of caves, how even crack game shots will miss birds flying out below them. I do not pretend to account for the difficulty of such shooting, but I am perfectly certain that there is a difficulty in practice. At any rate, with regard to rifle and machine-gun fire, I look upon all range taking, however accurate, up and down *steep* slopes as merely affording an *estimate* upon which to calculate the correct sighting.

One of the best rifle shots in the service—I mean a man who can really use a rifle at other objects than targets—when discussing this question of firing up and down hill, recently told me that he found that even at 150 or 200 yards, when shooting up hill at a fairly steep angle, he had to aim over the back of the animal, Ibex or what not, he was firing at; whereas in shooting down hill, at similar ranges, he always aimed at the breastline in order to hit the centre of the shoulder. His further remarks on the subject are worthy of attention by those who go into hysterics because their "range-finder" will not take distances accurately up and down hill, especially when they misuse it. "At longer ranges I should think that the range would be of but little assistance, even if it were to be taken correctly. I have never tried this sort of shooting at over 300 yards, but I should imagine that at 700 yards up hill you would want the 1,000 yards' sight, and at the same range down hill, if very steep, the 300 yards' sight would go pretty near it." Whilst declining to commit myself as to the absolute accuracy of the foregoing, I am of opinion that there is a very great deal of truth in what my friend says, although some confirmed "*x* chasers" may consider it rather broadly stated.

With regard to the relative merits of the external and internal angles of observation, after many experiments in range-taking with the "Weldon" I have come to the conclusion that more accurate results are obtainable, when taking the ranges of stationary objects, by employing a direction point and measuring the external angle of the triangle. The method of observing the interior angles at the base of an isosceles triangle, although correct in theory, in practice is not so good. Much depends on the vision of the operators, and as no two men see exactly the same, an element of uncertainty is introduced, but only to a limited extent. When an



operator working single-handed observes an exterior angle of  $90^\circ$ , and then an interior and opposite angle of  $88^\circ 51' 15''$ , it is obvious that any "personal error" due to his own sight will be much the same in both cases. For example, suppose that his peculiar vision causes him to see angles less than they actually are. In the first instance this will tend to shorten his base, and in the second to lengthen it. Hence his personal error corrects itself for all practical purposes. But if, on the other hand, he is observing the interior angles at the base of an isosceles triangle, any errors he may make in the two observations, instead of compensating for one another, must obviously be added together and tend to give an incorrect base, and consequently an incorrect range. Thus, an error in the base of, say  $-A$ , in the first case, with the exterior angle of  $90^\circ$ , would give about  $+A$  for the base at the interior and opposite angle, and  $-A$  and  $+A$  cancel. Whereas in the second case an error in the base of  $+A$  at the first observation would be repeated almost similarly on the second occasion, and the total error in the base would be  $+2A$ .

Precisely a similar error is introduced if the prisms of the "Weldon" are incorrectly ground, and herein lies one of the great difficulties in the use of the instrument; for since human sight differs, the man who tested the right angle may not provide a prism which *appears* as a right angle to the man who has to use it. The difference is infinitesimal, of course, but it undoubtedly does exist, and is inappreciable when a direction point is used, but may tend to introduce an error when the interior angles and base  $\frac{1}{2}\alpha$  are employed. I have never myself found any difficulty in this direction, but I have heard of men who have, and so mention it.

A word as to the general employment of range-finders, which have, no doubt, earned much of the antipathy to which they are subjected, by reason of the irrational manner in which they have been at times used. It is related that on one occasion during the "field-firing" of a certain corps, a portly sergeant who was doubling along in rear of his section, was seen after each "rush" to raise his range-finder to his eye, after the manner of a spy-glass, and call out whatever he pleased. He had orders to "*give ranges constantly,*" and obeyed them.

Probably the occasions upon which range-finding will be of practical use in war in future, will be as follows:—

1. *In Defence (a).*—To ascertain the distances of certain easily recognizable points either before an action or during an attack,

with a view to crushing the enemy by rifle and machine-gun fire when he reaches those points.

(b.) To ascertain the ranges of advancing bodies of troops with a view to firing volleys at them upon their reaching certain definite ranges, such as 900 yds., 800 yds., &c.

2. *In Attack.*—A difficult problem to carry out satisfactorily in many cases. Probably the best way is to take the range of any conspicuous point in the enemy's position, and also that of various recognizable points on the way towards it. This can be done far more accurately and effectively *before* an action. The officers or N.C.O.s who perform this service must keep a careful record of the distances traversed during the advance, and thus, when they get near the enemy's position, have a good general knowledge of its distance from them.

Thus, supposing that the range of a village was taken as 1,400 yards, and that there was a hedgerow, and beyond it a cottage, the ranges of which were ascertained to be 700 and 1,000 yards respectively; upon reaching the hedgerow the village would be 700 yards distant, and similarly it would be only 400 yards from the cottage. This, of course, is merely given as an imaginary example, and is, practically, the course recommended in the official instructions issued last year.

The Weldon Range-Finder is especially valuable for determining the distances between two or more points without occupying them; this it does with astonishing accuracy and with fair rapidity. The method is so extremely simple that it is worth recapitulating for the benefit of those who may not happen to be acquainted with it.

The occasions upon which such a calculation might be of great service are manifestly many. Taking a very probable contingency, let us suppose that it is required to ascertain the ranges of several points from some commanding position, where it is either very inconvenient or impossible to obtain room for a base line. A building selected as a keep or *réduit* for a village placed in a state of defence, or a block-house in a mountain pass, would afford good examples for the case in point. The process is as follows:—Let P be the defensible building whence it is required to fire; let O be one of the points, say a fence, of which the range is required from P. At any point A, whence O and P are both visible, take the range of AP, marking the end of the base C. Then from the same point C, and *on the same side of it*, take the range AO and mark the end of the base used B. The distance from the end of the



base C to the end of the base B is exactly  $\frac{1}{50}$  of the distance from P to O. (See Fig. 6.)

The truth of this is obvious, since A B C and A O P are similar triangles.

Of course this process can be repeated *ad infinitum*, care being taken in every case that the bases are measured on the same side of the ranges taken from the same point, that is to say, either to the right or to the left of the range point.

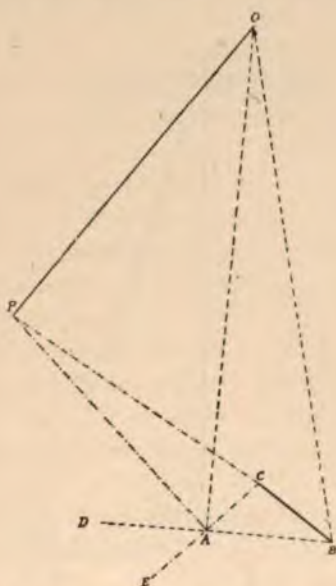


FIG. 6.—Method of taking Transverse Range between two distant Points.

A = Point of Observer. O and P = Distant Points.

Base AB =  $\frac{1}{50}$  Range AO and Base AC =  $\frac{1}{50}$  Range AP.

Hence CB =  $\frac{1}{50}$  of distance OP.

Ranges taken in this manner are extremely accurate, and, paradoxical as it may sound, it is often possible to obtain fairly correct lateral ranges even when one or both of the primary ranges are not absolutely accurate.

One of the neatest experiments that can be made with a "Weldon," and one that is an excellent proof of the marvellous accuracy with which the prisms are ground, is that of the measurement of short distances by means of the 2nd and 3rd prisms. Besides being a very pretty demonstration of the versatile capabilities of the instrument, it is an exercise which might be of the

greatest value on service under certain conditions. Take, for example, the case of a river which has to be bridged, and whose width it is required to ascertain *really accurately*, not merely approximately. The officer who wishes to get this measurement goes down to the river-side, or any convenient distance from it, and, selecting some recognizable point on the far side of the stream, such as a stone, a tree trunk, or a tuft of rushes, reflects it with the 2nd prism of  $88^{\circ} 51' 15''$  on some mark along the bank he is on. (See Fig. 7.) This he can do by shifting his position a little; but



FIG. 7.—Method of Measuring the *exact* Breadth of a River or Break in a Bridge by means of the 2nd and 3rd Prisms.

A = Position of Observer.

D = Direction Point (about 30 yards distant).

$$\text{Base AB} = \frac{1}{4} \text{ Range AO.}$$

since, in all probability, rapidity and accuracy are essential, the best plan is to send an assistant thirty yards or more (thirty is enough) along the bank, and make him lie down, holding up his rifle perpendicularly with the butt on the ground. Of course, to attract less notice, the assistant and operator could separate when near the river, and make for points on its bank thirty yards or so apart. The operator now, by means of signalling with his hand, causes the assistant to plant his rifle in a convenient spot. The angle of  $88^{\circ}$  is then observed, and the *exact* point where this is



done marked by a picket, or its equivalent, such as a stick or stone, or a sword, bayonet, or cleaning-rod. The operator now retires along the alignment until he reaches a point where, with the 3rd prism of  $74^{\circ} 58' 15''$ , he can reflect the selected mark on the far bank exactly *over* his picket, upon the rifle which is being held as a direction point. Then the distance between the places where he made the two observations is precisely  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the width of the river.

Common-sense and sporting instinct would naturally suggest to an officer how this operation could be carried out with due precautions, almost under the nose of the enemy's outposts. If a measuring tape be used to ascertain the precise length of the base the width of the stream can be taken to *within a few inches*.

Good practice can be had by placing a man as a "point" in the middle of a drill field, and taking his range in this manner from some footpath or defined line which can be assumed to be the river bank. The correct distance can then be chained, and with ordinary care the error will be found to be certainly less than half a yard in a hundred yards.

The "Weldon" is especially adapted as an adjunct for field-sketching, since it is so easily carried. The process of measuring a base line between two conspicuous points is similar to that already described for taking a range between two distant points without occupying either of them. It is hardly necessary to point out the advantages of measuring a base line with a range-finder, especially in broken ground, in comparison with attempting to pace it.

For some years I have used it for all rapid field-sketching as well as for reconnaissance work, both of extensive portions of ground and of positions viewed as localities to be defended or to be attacked. The exact method of executing an extended reconnaissance with its aid through an unmapped country, and thus obtaining a general idea of the "run" of the ground, was fully described by me in the pages of this magazine about a year ago, and since then in my book on *Rapid Field-Sketching and Reconnaissance*.\*

In any map-making operations the "Weldon" is very handy at "resecting" one's position on the map, and this can of course be

\* Since writing the above I am glad to see that a lecturer at the Aldershot Military Society has called attention to this class of work on the lines laid down by me in dealing with "Sketching with the Aid of a Range-finder."

done as long as *one* point on the map can be recognized on the ground, since its magnetic bearing and range will naturally determine the exact position of the operator.

The right-angled prism of the "Weldon," used as an optical square, has all the value of that instrument. With its aid it is an easy matter to place oneself *exactly* in a line between two points. It is also useful for laying off "off-sets" on a traverse line, and on various other occasions when a true right angle is required, such as when laying out a camp. Lastly, there is no better way of laying out the points for a big March Past absolutely true than with a "Weldon."

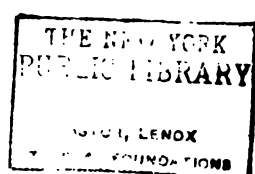
I think that I have said enough to show that there are more capabilities in this handy little instrument than have ever been imagined by many men who have seen it, used it, and perhaps also abused it, because they would not take the trouble to employ the amount of precision and care which it most undoubtedly requires, if good results are to be expected from it. When the inevitable new range-finder *does* appear on the scene, it will have a tough job to beat the "Weldon" on two points, indestructibility and portability, which are unquestionably the two vital requisites for a Service range-finder. With regard to the first of these, no superficial excellence, as evidenced by greater rapidity in working, or by slightly increased accuracy in range-taking, by any instrument fresh from the maker's hands, and "adjusted" for the day of trial, should, or ought to, impose upon anyone seeking for an improved range-finder. Before admiring the working of any instrument, it is as well to ascertain whether its construction is one that will stand wear and tear, or whether, from its very nature, evolved out of a mass of mirrors, micrometers and springs, it is one that must inevitably become useless on service, *i.e.*, at the only time that it will ever be required.

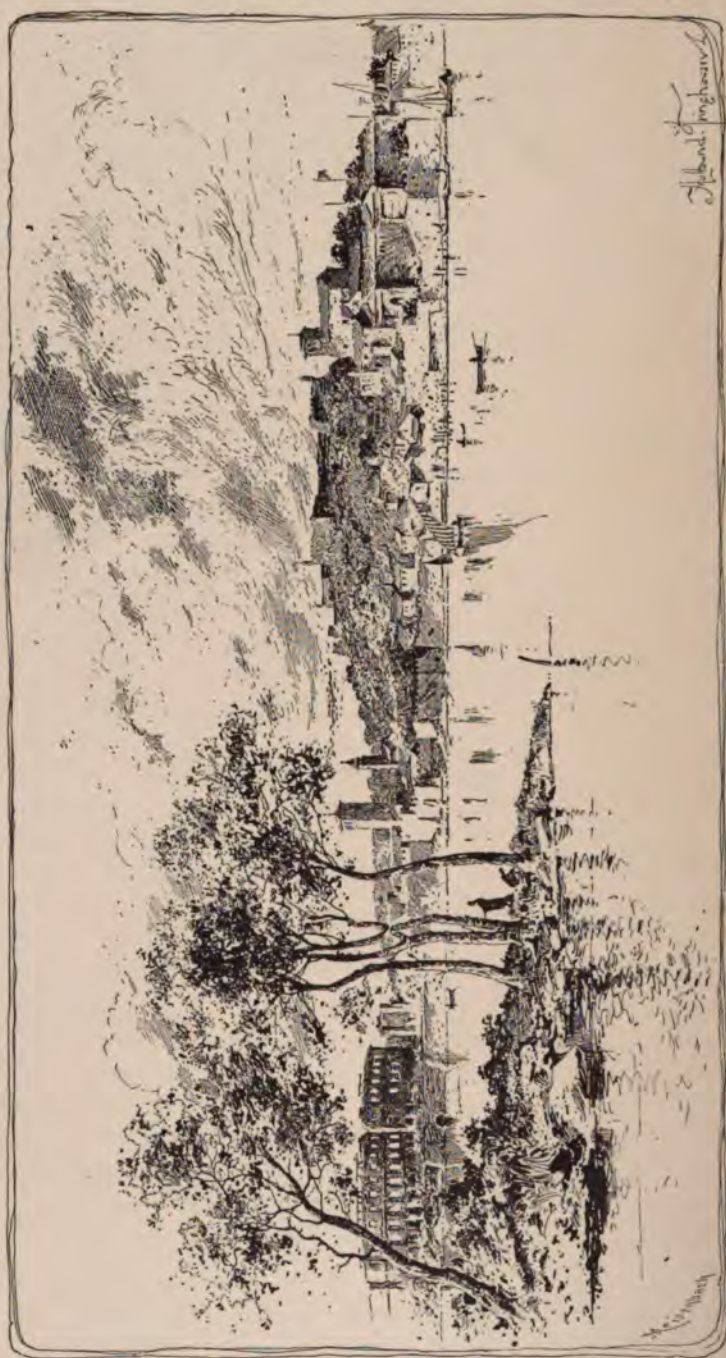
Lastly, as regards portability. Taking into consideration the varied and extensive assortment of articles which every British officer is expected "to wear or carry on the person" when he takes the field now-a-days, *if* the coming range-finder cannot be made, at any rate, not much bigger than the "Weldon," it will seldom be on the spot when wanted.

March 1889.

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FOLA AT THE BEGINNING OF THIS CENTURY.



## Pola.\*



WE have thought that a few details regarding Pola, the "central port" of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, may not be unacceptable to our readers, naval and military. This fortress has not inaptly been styled the "Sevastopol of the Austrian Empire"; and, indeed, its position at the extremity of the Istrian peninsula, which projects deep into the Adriatic, is not dissimilar from the Russian stronghold in the Crimea. The resemblance is still further heightened by the fact that while the one protects on either flank the great commercial centres of Trieste and Fiume, the other performs a similar office for Poti and Batoum in Asia, and for Odessa in Europe.

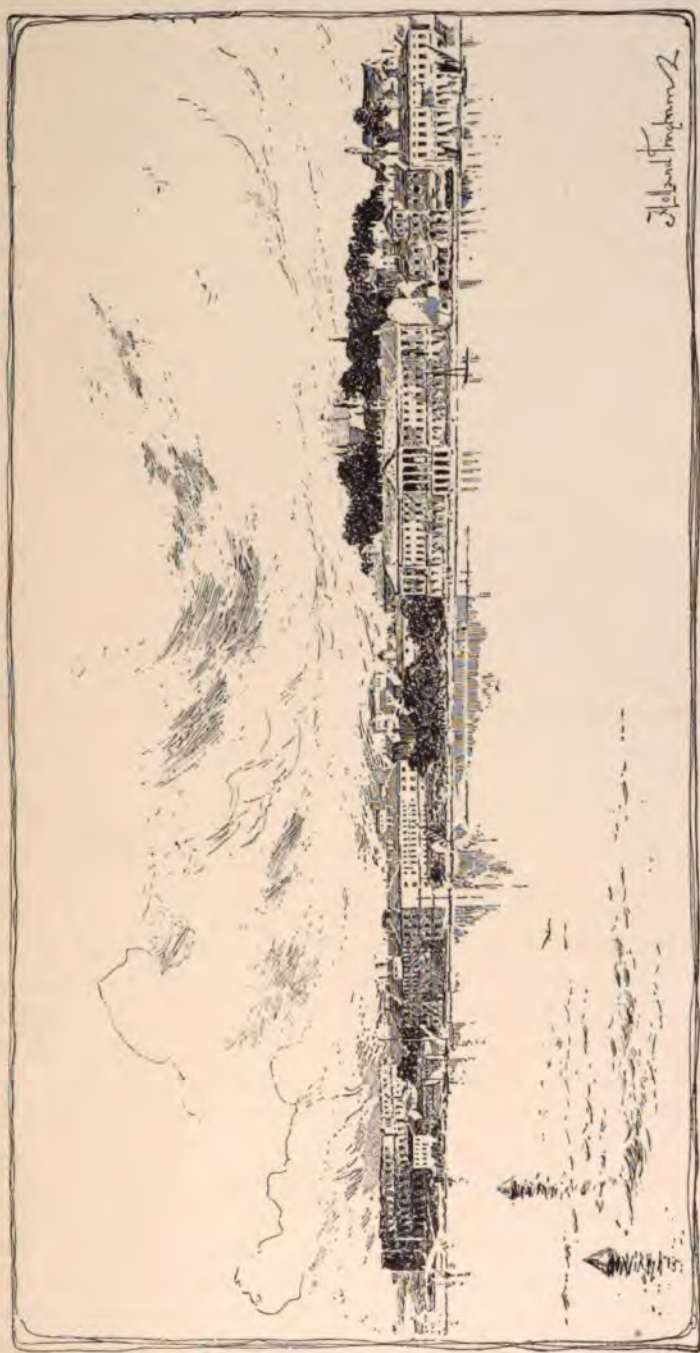
The importance of Pola is of quite recent growth. Venice, until 1848, used to be the great naval station of Austria; but the events of that year suggested that the Italian coast no longer afforded a safe base of operation for her navy. The arsenal and dockyard establishments were consequently transferred to Pola, which has since then increased in size and prosperity in proportion to the attention which government has bestowed on it. A glance at our engravings, which represent the appearance of the city at the beginning of this century and at the present day, will convince all of the enormous strides made in the interval. Formerly, so the writer of this "study" informs us, Pola was associated in the minds of Austrians with the idea of a fever-stricken fishing village, the Cayenne of the Empire, reported as "decimating with its poisonous malaria the martial defenders of the Fatherland." It is to combat this view that he has taken up his pen to note down facts.

\* *Pola: seine Vergangenheit, Gegenwart und Zukunft.* Eine Studie. Vienna: Carl Gerold's Sohn. 1887.

The Roman amphitheatre, which is still in an excellent state of preservation, will be the first object to attract the gaze of the traveller. It is a landmark which designates the starting point of Istrian history ; for darkness rests over the period anterior to the Roman conquest, though it is surmised that the aborigines were of mixed Thracian and Celtic origin. They seem to have been pirates by predilection or necessity, and when Rome became powerful, their neighbourhood suggested to her citizens the propriety of extirpating the nuisance. Like England in this nineteenth century, Rome was dependent for her corn on foreign supplies. Again, the unruly Istrians harassed, when occasion offered, the newly founded colony of Aquileia. In 178 B.C., therefore, the Consul Aulus Manlius Vulso invaded Istria, and in the succeeding year its subjugation was completed by his successor, Pulcher. It is not ascertained whether Pola was in existence at this time, though philologists derive the name from the Celtic "pool," a spring of water ; indeed, an excellent spring still exists in the neighbourhood, though quite inadequate for modern requirements. Fifty years later, however, it was selected as the site of a military colony after an unsuccessful revolt on the part of the inhabitants. During the civil war they espoused the faction of Pompey, and after the reoccupation of the district by Augustus, the city received the name of *Pietas Julia*, either in allusion to the first Cæsar or the daughter of the second. The first two centuries of the Roman Empire were the halcyon days of Pola. The conquests of Augustus had advanced the frontier to a distance which relieved the city from dread of barbarian incursions. It became the favourite watering-place for wealthy Roman patricians and even a resort of the Cæsars, who endowed it with every kind of architectural embellishment. The amphitheatre was built in this era, and from its capacious interior attempts have been made to deduce the numbers which inhabited the city at that period—probably about 50,000 souls. The building was arranged for the exhibition of nautical contests among other attractions.

Pola suffered little from the great irruption of barbarians which broke up the Empire : fortunate Istria lay too far away from the great military road which led from Pannonia through Aquileia into Italy. In 493 the city came under the dominion of the Ostrogoths, but in 539 submitted to the eastern Emperors, who governed through the Exarchs of Ravenna. In this period Pola became the capital of Istria, as being the residence of the *magister militum* ; and this state of things lasted till Charlemagne





POLA IN 1886.

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took possession after conquering Italy, when it was included in the march of Friuli. In 824 Istria, detached from the Frankish dominion, was constituted a separate march of the German Empire, Pola still remaining its capital till the fifteenth century, when it fell into the power of the Venetian Republic. The two cities, as maritime rivals, had fought out a deadly struggle for the dominion of the seas through several centuries. Pola on several occasions was sacked by the Doges of Venice, and allied herself with Pisa and Genoa in common hostility to the Queen of the Adriatic. Venice, however, represented the necessities of the future, Pola, a splendour which rested more upon tradition than reality; the result being that she succumbed to her rival, who occupied the coast-line of Istria, while the interior fell chiefly into the power of the House of Hapsburg. From this time forward the city subsided gradually into insignificance, her descent being accelerated by the ravages of the plague which, in 1631, had left but 300 inhabitants in the once crowded resort of the Roman aristocracy. When, in consequence of the Treaty of Campo Formio, Pola was ceded to her present masters, no more than 600 subjects were called upon to change their allegiance. The battle of Austerlitz, however, released them once more, when Istria was added to the new kingdom of Italy; five years later she was incorporated by Napoleon with Illyria, and remained in this connection until the general pacification of 1815. In consequence of the events of 1848-49, Pola, as already mentioned, was chosen as the great naval station of Austria in the Adriatic, and the extensive works were begun which have since raised the city to the proud position she now occupies in the Dual State.

The deep and commodious harbour of Pola is divided by the islands of Caterina, Andrea, and Pietro into an Outer and Inner Port; and again by the two first-named and the Isle of Olives into a north and south basin, the one being used for merchant vessels, the other for ships of war. The whole superficies of the port may be estimated at forty English square miles, with the same number of lineal miles of coast. The anchorage is protected against gales from every quarter, and the narrowest channel leading to it has a breadth of more than 800 yards. One special advantage proper to the locality is the Fasana sound, which divides the Brioni islands from the mainland. In this anchorage the fleet may lie, ready to put to sea at any moment, without having to work out of the land-locked bay at the bottom of which Pola is situated. The Fasana Channel is, in point of fact, an Austrian Spithead. The

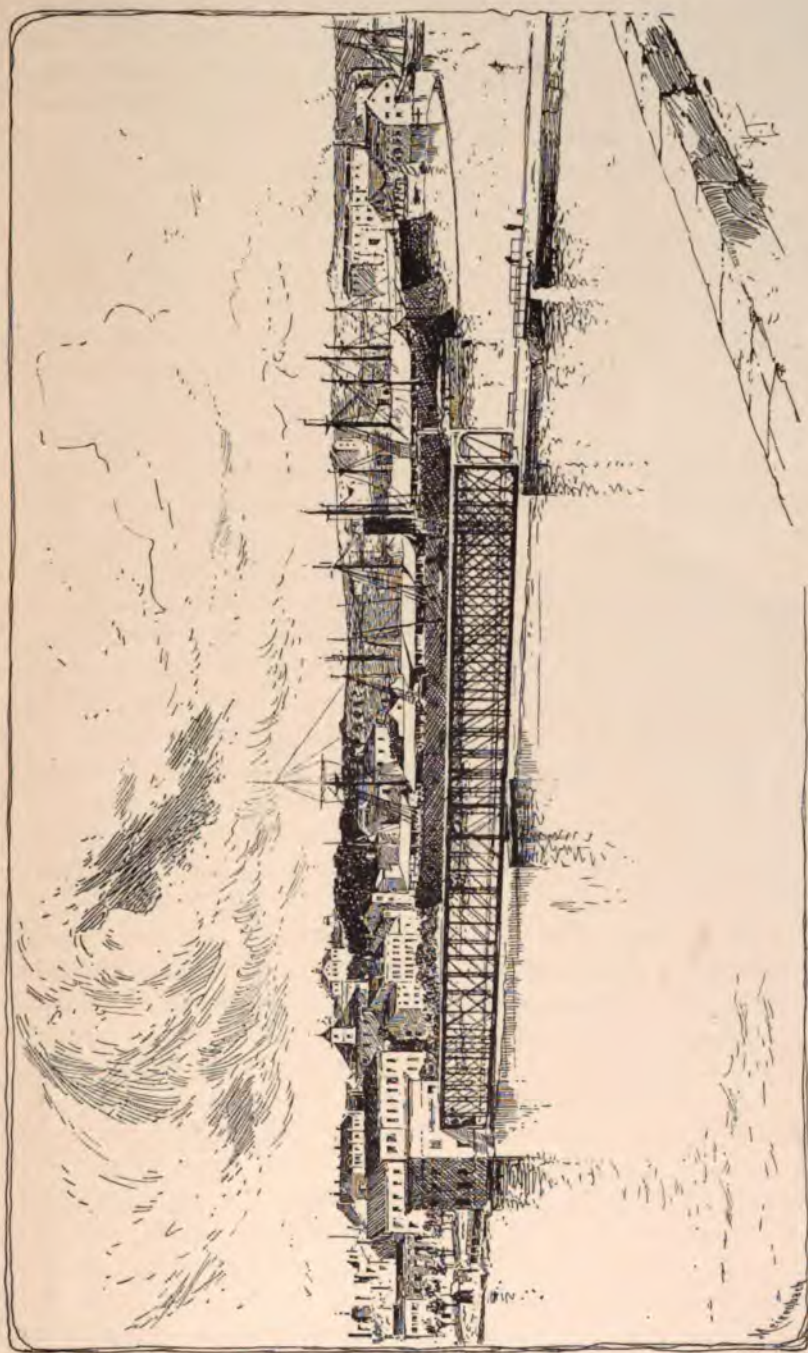
advantages of Pola as a naval station may be summed up as follows :—

1. The farthest point of the exposed coasts of Istria, Croatia, and Dalmatia may be reached in thirty hours by a fleet steaming no more than ten knots.
2. It commands the sea routes to Trieste and Fiume, the chief commercial ports of Austria-Hungary, and thus protects them from the sudden raids of an enemy.
3. The North Basin can, in time of war, afford shelter to the entire commercial steam fleet of the Monarchy.
4. No descent can be made on the western coast of Istria, which is favourable to attempts of this nature, without taking or blockading Pola.

The climate of Pola is characterized by the two prevailing winds, the north-easterly, or *sirocco*, and the south-easterly, or *bora*, which blow altogether 231 days in the year on an average. The first, corresponding to the wind which arrives in these islands from the same quarter, is cold and dry, while the *sirocco*, like our south-wester, is damp and warm. This is due, in both countries, to similar causes; the cold dry wind having travelled across the continent of Europe, the moisture-laden one along great tracts of salt water. They correspond to the *sirocco* and *mistral* of the Riviera and the South of France, to whose climate, in other respects also, that of Istria bears a strong resemblance, sheltered as the land is by the chain of the Julian Alps. The myrtle, the olive, and the palm-tree flourish, and roses thrive in the open during winter, when the mean temperature is 6·27 C. as against 9 C. at Nice. Between the *sirocco* and *bora* weather, fine days with a clear sky and mild atmosphere intervene. The *bora* acts on the human subject exactly as the east wind in this country: is injurious to feeble constitutions, but acts as a healthy stimulant on the vigorous frame, while the *sirocco* has opposite tendencies.

The aspect of Pola is very different from that which it presented at the commencement of this century, when a French traveller wrote: "The garrison consists of nine men, who dread hunger more than the enemy." It now amounts to 8,000 men; and where the sea at that time dashed upon barren rocks, arise naval factories, depôts, and workshops, and the fury of the waves is restrained by handsome quays of solid masonry. But we flatter ourselves that the accompanying plates speak more eloquently of the extent of this progress than would pages of descriptive matter. As regards increase of population, as already stated,





THE SOUTH OR NAVAL BASIN.





the inhabitants numbered but 600 souls at the time of the transfer to Austria in 1797, while as late as 1848 they did not exceed 1,100. At the end of 1885 they had risen to the figure of 19,000, exclusive of the garrison and sailors of the fleet. Such rapid increase in size must be sought for in America rather than within the confines of the old continent. A good panoramic view of the beautiful city of to-day may be obtained from the modern citadel, which occupies the mount where once stood the Roman capitol, or from the Zaro hill. Near this latter spot a handsome park has of late years been laid out around the monument raised to the memory of the hero of Lissa. Cast in bronze, the statue gazes across the element which was the scene of his glory. The inscription runs as follows :—"The Emperor Francis Joseph I. to Vice-Admiral William von Tegetthoff, 1877 : fighting gallantly off Heligoland—conquering gloriously at Lissa. He won deathless fame and Austria's maritime power." The true home of the navy is the suburb of San Policarpo. It abuts on the naval harbour, and contains a magnificent park, or garden of acclimatization, named after the unfortunate Archduke and Mexican Emperor, Maximilian. Here are to be found the Himalayan *deodar* and the cedar of Lebanon, side by side with the *Wellingtonia gigantea*, the *Aucuba japonica*, and the *Yucca gloriosa*. In their midst arises another monument, raised to the martyr whose name the park bears, and who is regarded, it seems, as the creator of the Austro-Hungarian navy.

The arsenal itself is divided into two : the one part standing on the Isle of Olives, which is connected by a bridge and tramway with the other upon the mainland. The books show a total of 2,405 labourers, of whom 306 are soldiers, and 113 belong to the marine. The larger ironclads are generally built by private contract, but the *Kronprinz Rudolf*, which was recently launched from the stocks of Pola, forms an exception. Torpedo-boats are, however, built there in considerable numbers. There are two dry docks big enough for the largest ironclads in the fleet, and a wooden floating dock.

The city is supplied with water from the Caroline spring, a source which has become quite insufficient for necessities in the eventuality of war. It is also quite within the reach of possibility that the subterranean channel by which it reaches the city might be closed by an earthquake, in which case the supply would be altogether cut off. Neither is the quality good. The numerous crevices of the limestone formation through which it flows admit

of infiltration from the surface, and, what is worse, from the cesspools of a peculiarly filthy quarter of the city. In many parts, it is said, not even this primitive arrangement for the storage of sewage exists, and the barracks and government institutions alone are provided with drains which conduct it out to sea. Artesian wells and the dry earth system are recommended as remedies for these evils.

Italian is the vernacular of Pola, as of all Istria; the names of the streets and the suburbs into which the city is divided are in this tongue. It forms part, therefore, of the so-called *Italia Irredenta*.

THE EDITOR.





# Wanderings of a War Artist.

NEW SERIES.

## THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

By IRVING MONTAGU.

### CHAPTER III.



**T**HAT there is a certain sense of honour amongst thieves was never more practically illustrated than it was in that brigand village, where, it will be remembered, the Fates had elected we should pass the night, though I must confess to certain seriously grave misgivings, when I discovered we were surrounded by a ruffianly rabble who were all equally solicitous to look after our effects.

Having partaken of bread and salt with their worthy leader, during which time he had arranged that his women-folk should make room for us, we at once proceeded to occupy their khan. It was a long, low, smoke-begrimed cabin, one portion of which was devoted to goats, sheep, and oxen, while the other half, nearest the entrance and by far the most draughty, was dedicated to that other animal—man. We soon had a blazing log-fire burning, and squatted down in most approved Oriental fashion to smoke our pipes round about it, “for it’s often very cold o’ nights in those parts.” Our peace however was soon to be disturbed, so we found, by what were called the *present-bearers*. These consisted of five or six dusky warriors, all picturesquely attired, each of whom in turn came forward and presented to us, with lordly air, some insignificant offering which was to be taken as a sign of good will; thus, I became possessed of a flint-stone, a leaf, a rusty nail or screw (out of an old matchlock, probably), a bead, some grains of sand, and a tent-peg. On receipt of each of these gifts, I had to express my profound gratitude, knowing full well at the same time that they were only “sprats” to catch mackerel in the shape of *backsheesh*.

When one comes to think of it, it is really curious to find how universal is this system of fishery, be it in Anatolia or Belgravia, Kurdistan or Kensington, the sprat wherewith to catch the mackerel—but to continue. Then came an odd sort of confidence trick which we had to submit to, and which, since Williams had just ascertained that we were actually in a real brigand village, that is to say, one in which the majority were “gentlemen of the road,” I was at first very naturally loth to subscribe to.

It appeared that it was customary here for travellers to hand over all the valuables they possessed, that they should be taken



“MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT ALONE!”

from hut to hut for inspection, and their safe return about an hour afterwards was to be looked upon as a proof positive of good faith. So we had to turn out our knapsacks and pockets; surrender our rings and watches; in fact, everything portable, save our gold belts and revolvers, even to some loose silver and coppers, which were all promptly carried off by our suspicious-looking entertainers. On the coast-side of Erzeroum none of these queer customs existed; but now that we were well up country, every fresh halt brought about a surprise, though even now we smoked our pipes in peace, for by this time, we had grown quite accus-

tomed to look upon the laws of hospitality—held so sacred even by brigands—as a rock to which, in such cases, we might safely cling; and indeed, long before we expected, our belongings were safely returned to us; a necktie of mine with a steel spring having, I heard, created no little commotion, for the *click* with which its patent band closed was so suggestive of a flint-lock pistol, that fearing it would explode, they averted their heads when testing it.

As the evening wore on, the brigands rode in twos and threes into the village, and added to the number of those who now filled almost every available space in the khan. Very formidable and effective too they looked, in their dirty, many-coloured costumes:





AMONG THE BRIGANDS.

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their flowing turbans, curious assortment of inlaid weapons, and gaudy sashes.

The novelty of spending a night in a brigand village was not without its charms, knowing as we did that, though we were fair game for their powder *outside* the village boundaries, we were now as safe, aye, safer perhaps, than we might have been in many Continental hotels.

Early the next morning, having distributed *backsheesh* to the village Elder and his immediate followers, we prepared to depart, and were not a little surprised, as you may imagine, to find the inhabitants of the whole village assembling to bid us an Asiatic *bon voyage*, which they put into practice by doing what to them was the nearest approach to kissing the hems of our garments; that is to say, prostrating themselves before us and kissing the tips of our jack-boots. This ceremony over we started and rode slowly through the village till we approached the last hut within its boundary, when our guide, whose knowledge of Eastern peculiarities was perfect, said—

“Now then, gentlemen, gallop for dear life. Once out in the open we belong to the world; we are no longer their guests.”

And he was right; for no sooner had we put spurs to our horses than they were after us (unmistakable brigands now) in hot haste. We let them give chase through a wood and out into an open upland, when we immediately turned on them and showed fight. Seeing that they were out of range we blazed away with our revolvers without any scruples as to having their blood upon our heads; though the Winchester repeaters of our little escort slightly wounded two of their number. Something like a panic now ensued; their fire slackened; some of them scuttled back to the village, while the remainder kept up a desultory discharge from their not over accurate flint-locks. Wise in their generation, they were not long in realizing, from their point of view, that “the game was not worth the candle”; and when from the cover of our araba (which we had sent on in advance, and had just come up with) we fired a few farewell shots about their ears, they bolted helter-skelter like rats back into their village.

Their argument was not altogether an unsound one. Having extended their hospitality to us, they thought we should afterwards be as much *their* prey and at their mercy as at that of any other band of cut-throats we might meet by the way.

I give but few descriptions of experiences of this kind, since the many curious encounters we had with brigands ended much in the

same manner, but had we not all been well protected and well armed, they would doubtless have finished very differently.

Strangely enough, however, we found them later on most useful as messengers. This is how we managed it.

To begin with, we knew that they could get from place to place through those almost untraversed mountains in a most marvellous manner, unmolested. Next we proceeded to show them that the MS. and sketches we gave into their hands to deliver, were of no possible value to them. At the same time making them thoroughly understand, that, on their returning with a previously arranged proof to us of their safe delivery at a certain point, they would be amply rewarded; so they performed the office of parcels post to perfection.

These desperadoes generally attack you in the same blood-curdling manner. They draw their ponderous pistols, and with ferocious gesticulations yell and shout what in their language is equivalent to "Your money or your life." The speed with which they make for you, the dead halt to which they bring their little Armenian horses in front of you, and the insolent manner of their demand, are all truly alarming to those inexperienced in their ways. It may therefore be easily understood how a traveller followed by a frightened Zaptiah might, fearing to have his throat cut (a by no means uncommon occurrence), surrender everything; but since a little defiance goes a long way with these people, especially when backed by revolvers (which they call the "Devil's Bolts," since they suppose they go off without loading), or any other formidable weapon one may be able to produce, they are not as a rule difficult to repulse.

Perhaps the most dangerous amongst them are those from Baghdad; but even these on one occasion sheered off without our wasting much powder and shot, when told by my dragoman that we were only just in advance of the British Army. Your thorough-paced brigands, not having occasion for lies in their ordinary sense, usually take all that is told them for granted.

Again, one day our little party reaching the crest of a hill, suddenly came upon some of these gentlemen of the road, who were hard at work belabouring a traveller, whose horse they had taken possession of, and would, in all probability, have murdered him and made off had we not turned up at the critical moment; the result was they were so scared that they decamped without plunder of any kind, leaving traveller and horse in our hands.

Oh, the gratitude of that man for the deliverance which had



come so opportunely; his protestations of devotion, how earnest, how real they were. I remember well how, with innumerable salaams, he begged that, as he was going for some days in the same direction as ourselves, he might enjoy our protection, might serve us, in *any* capacity, no matter how humble, and how each night he repeated those expressions of gratitude before we turned in. He had nothing to give, poor fellow, but this, and with it he overwhelmed us. Morn, noon, and night for three days did



A PASHA OF MANY "TALES."

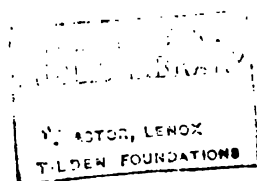
he share our frugal repast, and praise Allah and the prophet seven times every twenty-four hours that Kismet had so willed it that he should fall in with us. On the fourth morning we missed him. He was nowhere to be found; we grieved for him naturally, and should have thought he had been spirited away by the Houri to some favoured nook in paradise, had we not found that a quantity of our more portable stores, a pair of jack boots, and a silver-mounted Asiatic dagger were also conspicuous by their absence.

Then we sighed sadly for the frailty of poor humanity. For had we not been the victims of a brigand after all. Nor is subtler brigandage of this kind confined by any means to these parts. By no means; schemes broached in confidence, ideas discussed in the inner chamber violated as soon as known by their unscrupulous possessors. How favourably with such social vampires will the dirty, begrimed, ill-fed ruffian compare, who at least hazards his own lean carcase, when in the Georgian, Persian, Circassian, or Kurdish tongue he shouts "Stand and deliver!" To the weak they are terrible, to the well-armed and well-escorted they are not half so dangerous as they look. One day, I sent Johannes, one of my men, on a short journey after fodder. Some time having elapsed, we began to feel anxious as to his return; he eventually rejoined us, having experienced a queer encounter with four of these miscreants, who, after having taken all he possessed, had thrashed him within an inch of his life, and would, no doubt, have done their work more completely, had it not been for the fleet mare he rode.

It is astonishing the dread they have of what they are pleased to term English pashas. Their fame seems to have been sown broadcast in Asia Minor, not only amongst these irreclaimable ruffians, but the peasantry and soldiery; indeed, my own bump of self-esteem was on several occasions considerably swollen when, having ascertained that the correspondent of the *Illustrated London News* was passing through, the troops have formed up and saluted as if a generalissimo had been inspecting them. Each district we passed through had its distinct views, dialect, and peculiarities.

In a vaguely ignorant sort of way the poor bedaubed villagers swore in one place by Allah and the prophets, while in another they would worship the devil and all his works; concluding that since Allah was good he required no propitiating, while his Satanic Majesty should be humoured in every way. Hence the Kizilbashis (I think they called them) had, once a week, a great saturnalia in a sort of mud barn, especially devoted to the purpose—the temple of evil in fact. Here, when the sun had gone down, they lit huge flambeaux, which they stuck into convenient corners, while they danced a grotesque whirligig to the accompaniment of their own gruff voices. It certainly looked very diabolical, and must have been, I should say, a compliment highly gratifying even to so great a connoisseur as the Devil himself. I heard it was customary to sleep off the effects of these orgies *ensemble*, and to begin a new week betimes in the morning. What the equivalent for alcohol







E. O'DONOVAN.



may have been which these grimy votaries of Bacchus indulged in, I know not.

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Early one morning, when passing through an overhanging gorge, we came upon one, who looked, at first glance, what he afterwards turned out to be, a veritable "pasha of many tails."

Mounted on a grey arab, caparisoned in brilliant velvet trappings, and himself in a costume the glories of which would have opened the eyes of the Good Haroon Alraschid—was a horseman, whose spare, graceful figure did full justice to his garb. A fez, round which a turban of many colours was wound, the ends of which fluttered in the breeze, formed his headgear, while from his side depended a sabre of exquisite workmanship. Besides his immediate attendant he was followed by four or five native lancers, the clattering of whose arms gave a sort of martial music to his whole surroundings. I saluted his mightiness in passing, he giving me a salaam to his very saddle-bow in return. I noticed when I had ridden on a few paces that he pulled up, and looked round with a merry twinkle in his eye, which seemed curiously to appeal to me.

"Och, now! and isn't it Montagu? And yer don't know your old friend O'Donovan of the *Daily News*."

It was even so; for his own wise press purposes, he had so well simulated one of the Faithful, that I think he would have passed muster with Mahomet himself. I had known him in many climes and many uniforms, but the most complete disguise of all was that of O'Donovan Pasha, than whom a more genial, kindly fellow never lived.

Looking over some old letters the other day, I found one, so characteristic of himself, and in which he so graphically describes the peculiarities of the photograph from which I have taken the portrait that appears in this number, that I quote from it the following extract; it was written from Dinard, to which place he had escaped to avoid the lionising of the London season, and finish "The Merv Oasis." It was the last letter I ever had from my old friend, it ran as follows:—

Accompanying I send you a photograph of myself, taken here, at Dinard. You will possibly recognise the old Ulster overcoat which I wore when you took me for a pasha or brigand—which was it?—on the road between Erzeroum and Hassan Kalé. The fox-skin collar and cuffs were put on during the investment of Kars. The cap is Cossack. The sabre is historic, it is a remnant of the unfortunate expedition to Cabul of 1840; it was captured by the Afghans in the Khyber Pass, the English hilt and mountings removed and substituted by Afghan ones. It was subsequently taken by the Turco-

mans in a border skirmish and handed to me by the latter on the occasion of my being inaugurated at Merv as Bahadoor Khan. This is the sixteenth year that I own the Ulster overcoat. It has seen the Spanish (Carlist), Herzegovinian, Albanian, Danubian, Armenian, and Transcaspian campaigns, and yet remains to the fore. Perhaps it might suit you to design from the photograph a sketch for some of the illustrated papers, appending some fancy name, such as, for instance, "Literæ et arma," "A special correspondent," "A literary brigand," or "The devil take the hindmost." Any other title that may come to your mind will probably suit as well—as the old Connemara coat suits me. *Diga mil cosas de mi parte a la Señora.*

And believe me to be,

Dear Montagu,

Very sincerely yours,

E. O'DONOVAN.

Our course now lay in the direction of Zevin, a point destined within a few hours to become a decisive check on the manœuvres



CIRCASSIAN CAVALRY.

of the Russians to outflank the Osmanli. While on one hand the Muscovites had been weakened by having sent troops to suppress the insurrection in the Caucâsus, Mukhtar Pasha was getting the long expected reinforcements, supplies and ammunition, sent *viâ* Trebizond and Erzeroum to head-quarters. On the 21st of June he collected his forces, and defeated Tergukasoff, who retired to Zeidekan; but it was not till the 25th that the greatest disaster befel the Russian army, almost within touch of which we were.

In the last few days the excitement had been rapidly rising to fever heat, troop after troop of Circassians defiling past us as we hurried forward. Half-bandit, half-soldier, and generally of broad proportions, the Circassian, in his long, tight-fitting coat



and fur cap—his breast ablaze with glittering cartridge-cases—his long gun—and his formidable-looking scimitar, is a fine type of the dashing irregular; while the Kurd, with his crocodile eye—his pudding face—demoniacal expression—and long tufted lance raised high in air, holds his own for preternatural ferocity.

From one quarter came Krupp guns and ammunition, from another supplies of every description, the hills around seeming alive with these long-expected troops and stores, which came so opportunely.

Faizi Pasha, as he was called (a Hungarian by birth), was in command when the Russians attacked at early dawn, under Melikoff, the splendid position he had succeeded in occupying at Zevin. Cheered by their recent success, the Turks fought like tigers; nor did the Russians yield an inch till after a long-contested battle they were forced to retire all along the line, in the best order they could after so crushing a reverse. So great, indeed, were the Russian losses that the Turks were able to advance *en masse*.

The fighting of the irregulars on both sides was brilliant, though the Kurds and Circassians lacked that discipline which placed the Cossacks far in advance of them as fighting men.

By the way, the Circassian, be he ever so bloodthirsty, has a marvellously fanatical respect for the life of one of his own race. For instance, a conflict, which formed in itself an interesting episode, terminated most curiously between two large bodies of these free lances, during this same fight at Zevin, and showed how staunchly they kept to their vows. They were respectively on the Russian and Turkish sides, *vis-à-vis*, and, to all appearance, a desperate conflict continued for some hours; but, oddly enough, at the end of the engagement, they were very much in the same condition. For an actually bloodless battle raged for some time, though, when each side retired, it was discovered that, by mutual consent, no serious blows had been struck. It was astonishing too, how many shells seemed to have fallen unexploded during that engagement from the Russian guns.

While depicting the grim horrors of the field of Zevin, an idea struck me, that one of these same shells might be an interesting souvenir, and I picked one up with a view to having it stowed away in some safe cover in our araba, but, on second thoughts, I carefully put it down again, feeling that my insurance would be in jeopardy were it generally known to hold a place amongst other curiosities on the sideboard of my cottage at Hampstead.

Just as shells are suggestive of eggs, so are eggs naturally suggestive of birds ; and this brings me to the marvellous number and variety of wild birds in Asia Minor, all growing plump and sleek on the sorrows of others. I counted that evening one splendid flight of nineteen vultures, coming in Indian file, slowly and surely, down upon the now quiet battle-field as twilight thickened. They were of the bald-headed species ; one could almost have supposed them to be the spirits of the departed enemy come back again, still eager for the fray, for they seemed to wheel in something like military order, till they saw a fitting point at which to demolish the ranks of the silent dead, who, heaped in confused

masses, stood out black against the sunset. Then from north, south, east, and west, I watched others come to dispute with these their mutual heritage—not by any means all vultures. Bustards and hawks must have their appetites appeased, and even the carrion crow, and smaller birds innumerable. All must hold their own in the struggle for existence.



I saw one inheritance, in the shape of a dead camel, curiously contested, the gay trappings of which seemed a mockery to its ghastly aspect. One kingly vulture for some moments had all the tit-bits to himself ; then came several bustards, who, not

venturing too near, managed still to get several snacks unmolested ; but presently an impudent crow—who looked old enough to know better—made a feeble effort to peck around, but a look from that vulture scared him, and off he flew disconcerted, without his supper. Now—would you believe it?—he presently returned with a whole army of little black friends, who, by their fluttering and noise, so agitated that elderly gourmand with the frill, and those other more modest diners-out, the bustards, that they presently flew off to feed elsewhere, leaving that impudent crow and his comrades to feast by themselves. Then, as it grew darker, sneaking up from all quarters came wolves and other scavengers,



to batten, gorge, and ruminate on the barbarous work of intellectual man.

Having thus moralized on the scene before me, I suddenly became conscious that night was fast closing in, so hastened away in quest of more congenial quarters.

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"Poor fellow! he's dying," said Johannes, as, having proceeded some distance, we passed a party of Circassians and Kurds by the roadside, tending a wounded comrade.

I at once got off my horse, and, unhooking my brandy-flask, administered a dose of the reviving fluid, forgetting that Mahomet was a total abstainer, and that partaking of fire-water meant expulsion from Paradise. Happily the nature of the dose was not discovered till we had gone some distance, when, pell-mell, in hot haste, they came galloping after us, flourishing their weapons and vowing immediate vengeance.

It was, I need hardly say, a critical moment. We at once halted, and determined to sell our lives through the medium of our revolvers; but, fortunately, Williams again came to the fore with his ready wit and saved us. He took upon himself to ride up and interview our pursuers, though listen at first they would not.

No: "The Effendi had killed their comrade; he was stark dead by the road side; he had poisoned him with the fire-water of the infidel, and they had come to claim *his* life. Oh! for the magic carpet of Arabian reputation, that we might at that moment hide ourselves

Anywhere, anywhere out of the——

reach of those avengers.

At their advance towards us, Williams gave a loud hollow laugh which made them involuntarily recoil—were they talking to the evil one himself? He saw the effect and continued—

"Why, good Moslems, you have forgotten one thing? How long after taking the dose, which you in your ignorance call fire-water, did your brother live?"

"Several minutes," said one.

"Ah! I thought so; it was that wondrous drug which kept him for those few minutes more amongst you, before he joined the Hourî. The pasha is a great medicine man who comes to the battle-field to save life—not to take it."

The effect was perfectly marvellous, and not a little ludicrous too, for, leaping from their horses, they proceeded to prostrate themselves round about my feet, and to implore me to cure them

of their many ills, which I immediately endeavoured to do, by administering to each several powerful pills; and as, sad but satisfied, that little group wheeled about, Williams, his underlying mirth coming out in a sly smile at the corners of his mouth, said, slowly and half meditatively to himself—

“Ah! just so; *very* strong aperients—three each too—no—oh, dear no—we shall be in Kars long, *long* before those gentlemen



“POOR BARKUS!”

are disposed again to do anything in particular—especially to follow us.”

That night we slept soundly on the hill side without further adventure; our stores, however, had for some time begun to show signs of rapid decrease, and, as native diet began to take their place in increasing quantities, we all grew proportionately unequal to the immense mental as well as the great physical strain which campaigning under such circumstances necessitates. However, we held on, for we had yet to make the head-quarters of Mukhtar, and go thence to Kars.



A few words here concerning Barkus—the horse I chiefly rode whilst in Asia Minor—might be interesting, and to which we gave this odd cognomen, for the absurd reason that he was the most utterly unwilling beast I ever possessed; yet he was not churlish by any means, his sense of the ridiculous being beyond question. Let me, from his many curious antics, quote three, which took place within a short time of each other.

One day I lent him to the correspondent of the *Scotsman*, while I, for change sake, rode his horse. It happened on that day that we had to wade across a stream which came nearly to our horses' girths. Whether his sentiments were Conservative or not, I cannot say, but something had hurt his feelings; probably he objected to his new rider, for when in the middle of that stream Barkus suddenly rolled over, leaving the *Scotsman* floundering helplessly midway, in the most undignified manner imaginable, while Barkus, after having had a pleasant dip and another refreshing roll, made for the opposite shore.

On another occasion, while being shod in an Anatolian smithy, a process at which Johannes was assisting, he suddenly became so terribly refractory that his legs had to be tied and he thrown on his side before the work of shoeing could be effected. But Barkus was not to be so easily defeated. Kicking with much determination, he broke the cord by which he was tied, and at the same time, in some miraculous way, struck one of the flintlock pistols Johannes carried in his belt, in such a manner too that it immediately exploded, the bullet curiously enough penetrating the door-post of the smith's cabin, against which I and another correspondent were leaning, luckily a few inches away from that particular spot.

Once again did the indefatigable *Scotsman*, anxious not to be outwitted by a "puir beastie," mount him. It was evening; we were approaching a forest, there to join the Turkish army. To do this we had to cross a river, which was at this time very much swollen by recent rains, so much so, that a temporary bridge of rough pines had been thrown across it. Our little cavalcade had all gone over except our friend the *Scotsman*. Perhaps the strain to that point had been as much as the



bridge could bear; I cannot say; I only know that we suddenly heard a loud crash, and on looking round saw Barkus below and the *Scotsman* above, sitting there in an attitude which, to say the least of it, was more comic than comfortable, and with a curious expression of surprise on his somewhat whitened countenance. The fact of the matter was this: Barkus had sunk straight through the impromptu bridge, which being of fairly broad proportions, enough was still left intact to accommodate the rider, who this time had the best of it, as he sat there gazing down through the gap which the descending Barkus had made, with a look of indescribable surprise and feelings of wonder not unmixed with pity. Luckily, the depth was not very considerable; and though the poor beast at first found it difficult to recover himself, our united efforts at length succeeded in getting him out of the muddy sluggish stream, but it was not without the greatest difficulty that we got him to the camp, where we very soon discovered he was utterly done for. Poor Barkus! his little life of wild adventure was over; several had suffered by his pranks; indeed almost all, save myself, and now it seemed sad, even with all the hardening influences around us, to think how soon he would be playing his last rôle in connection with war, that of contributing his tough proportions to the commissariat.



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At last, we were in the camp of Mukhtar Pasha. That night we slept in a Circassian village, at the base of the hill occupied by the tents of the Osmanli; and while our quarters were being made ready, we were received most hospitably in his tent by that kindest and bravest of soldiers, Sir Arnold Kemball.

There was something delightfully refreshing, after our rough and tumble experiences, since we dined together in comparative luxury in Erzeroum, to meet Sir Arnold again, to hear of a marvellous escape he had had of being run to earth by the enemy: the Cossacks all but succeeded in scoring *two* pith helmets (for Captain Norman was with him), and getting probably those much coveted roubles. It was late when Williams rode up to say that our



baggage was deposited in safety, and that the khan was ready for us.

On reaching it we found a curious audience had arrived there before us, for some eighteen or twenty Circassians were sitting in solemn silence in a semi-circle awaiting us. These were the exhibitors, waiting, as usual, to take round our goods and chattels. Here again we had to go through the bread and salt process before we were allowed to settle down quietly to black coffee and pipes. At stated intervals, out of compliment to us, and to break the monotony of being unable to converse with us, a Circassian would drawl out a sort of recitation in a wheezy voice, which no doubt told of love and romance most touchingly to those who understood him; then another, who prided himself on being a story-teller, would describe his marvellous adventures in some land he had probably only dreamt of; at last, feeling somewhat under an obligation to them, we devised a very simple conjuring trick for their benefit. No theatrical asides were necessary here; we could arrange preliminaries in as loud a key as we chose without fear of detection. Not one amongst us had the slightest notion how really to conjure in the proper sense of the word; however, something had to be done.

"Take a cartridge," said Holmes; "yours are the same number as mine. I will do the same. Put yours into your mouth and pretend to swallow it. The next moment I will appear to take it out of the heel of your boot."

Having successfully performed the trick, we were surprised—and not agreeably either—by its reception, for they rose to a man, drew their long Circassian knives and, rushing towards us like so many frenzied devils, declared we were in league with Satan, whose name, yelled by a score of hoarse voices, was the only audible sound for some minutes. All was confusion and commotion; and it was a considerable time before Williams, with his ready wit and presence of mind, could make them understand what a conjuring trick was. At length our hearts took their places again, having, figuratively speaking, been in our mouths from the moment our mild efforts at legerdemain brought about this dangerous episode.

The next morning we were presented to the General, Ahmet Mukhtar, who was seated on the edge of a low truckle bed in his plain bell tent—its only difference from an ordinary one being, perhaps, that it was rather larger. His sword hung to the tent pole. No adornment of any kind was visible, Eastern or otherwise,

to enliven the temporary home of the great commander. And there he himself sat as simple as his surroundings. A close-fitting military frock-coat, with an ordinary fez worn much on the back of the head, completing his war-paint. He wore no decorations. He was in what I heard was his favourite position, that of nursing one knee as it were, and when he received myself and the other correspondents who were presented to him, he did so with marked courtesy and almost French politeness. Coffee was ordered, of which we all partook, and, through the medium of an interpreter, he now expressed the pleasure it gave him to receive us in his camp, with the hope that those who could would have tents near his own. And it so happened that mine was for some days the very next one to that of Mukhtar Pasha's, who regularly every morning invited me to partake of coffee with him.

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One night whilst here we were aroused by a terrible storm, and, as the camp was pitched on the side of a very steep hill, its whole force was felt. Never, before or since, have I heard such thunder, or seen such lightning. One moment the whole field of vision, as far as the eye could reach, was lit up, dotted with thousands of white tents brought out in bold relief as each electric flash succeeded its fellow, and then, the next instant, all was lost in a darkness so comparatively black that it was actually appalling. The hail and rain, coming down in torrents, filled our tents and trenches in no time, till the culminating point was reached in a fearful tempest of wind and sleet which swooped down upon us like a veritable whirlwind.

In less time than it takes to describe, we poor unfortunates found ourselves clinging to our tent-pole like grim death, the tent itself being lifted on the wings of the wind, having been literally turned inside out, our sketches and MS. dispersed beyond reclaim, and ourselves drenched to the skin. The storm having somewhat abated, we groped our way to the khan, where Johannes, the arabajee, and the Zaptiahs were. Our first thought was to go and see Barkus, who for several days had been, owing to his fall, *in extremis*. We found him, to our mutual grief, on his side—stiff, cold, and dead. Alas! poor Barkus. “Where be your jibes now.” Somehow the very skittishness of my old favourite had special charms for me. His eccentricities were so original; he had won a reputation peculiarly his own—he had struck out a path for himself, “the path of glory, which leads but to the grave.” His death placed me in a terribly awkward predicament.



It was utterly impossible for love or money to procure another horse, so I was constrained to continue the journey to Kars on foot through alternate swamp and upland, no small undertaking under an almost tropical sun, for one who, like myself, had already suffered sunstroke, and on whom scant food was beginning to tell terribly. A change of direction of the army, one portion of



THE FATE OF SPIES.

which went to the reinforcement of Kars, necessitated our starting that morning by a slightly different route for the same destination.

We at first for some considerable time travelled through a thickly wooded district, after which we reached an open plateau, across which we had gone but a short distance when we came upon the naked bodies of two notorious Russian spies, who, caught in the act, had been done to death, and left to swell, blister, and putrify in the burning sun. They presented a most

ghastly, even odd appearance, being tattooed from head to foot with innumerable lance thrusts, from the spears of the most disreputable of free lances, who, though probably thieves and murderers, were yet, in their own estimation, a considerable cut above spies. The term "odd" seems strangely out of place, yet instances are innumerable in which bodies are found in the most grotesque attitudes. I may here quote one.

\* \* \* \*

A Russian and a Turk coming unexpectedly to close quarters while reconnoitring not far from Mukhtar's camp, engaged in deadly contest; they received bayonet thrusts simultaneously, their legs becoming as it were, trestles to a bar formed by their two rifles, the bayonets of which were thrust deeply each into the other's breasts. It was for some days a common thing to go and see these two dead soldiers, who, for some considerable time, stood transfixed, as I have described, in their last and equally fatal effort.

To return to our narrative, however. We had not left those dead spies far behind us, when we found we had to cross a vast swamp which nearly brought us to a standstill altogether, since in some cases our horses sank so deeply into the mire, made doubly tenacious by the storm of the night before, that we felt to get through to higher ground would be impossible. This of course, since Barkus was *non est*, specially applied to myself. While in this hopeless plight we were observed by some Circassians, who were skirmishing in higher and drier latitudes at no great distance. Our helplessness was a signal for playfulness on their part which we at the time somehow failed to enter into. They commenced a sharp and deliberate fire upon us, with their long formidable-looking guns, which, thanks to their being exceedingly bad marksmen, did no harm. So we were pleased to take the will for the deed, and return their fire with the "Winchesters" of our guards and our own revolvers (though we fear they were out of range of the latter); anyhow we succeeded in obliging them to sheer off, the unpleasant ping of those bullets which nearly found their "billets" now becoming few and far between.

Once again on *terra firma*, I being obliged to avail myself of my companions' horses from time to time, we continued our way, only to be caught, however, in a repetition of last night's storm. We were again, of course, drenched to the skin, besides which the day was already waning, and we should be some time before reaching a village where we could put up for the night. We were,



indeed, in a sorry plight; for of late we had been ill-fed and suffered terribly from the severity of the climate and long forced marches, which our short rest in camp had not compensated. And the soakings we had just had,—though they didn't damp our ardour, helped the other depressing influences to assert themselves more thoroughly. Horseless myself, I could not fall back on any of my troop, for your native Anatolian out of the saddle to which, as a rule, he has been accustomed from his youth up, is a poor creature indeed, and would certainly have been invalidated before we had proceeded much farther had we changed places.

Before sundown that night we were fortunate enough to find a halting place, a mountain village, outside which on entering we noticed an encampment of Kurds, whose grimy tents and long black tufted lances looked strangely barbaric and weird in the twilight. The only available khan in the place we found to be a small one, from which our saturated clothes, had they been dried there, must have steamed us out. Worse still, we had no change with us, our araba, under better protection, having gone on by the other route; to await our arrival at Kars; so we determined on having a blazing fire made, borrowing such coverings as were available in that poverty-stricken village, while we divested ourselves of everything, save our money belts and revolvers, our clothes thereupon being sent to a neighbouring hut to be dried. This being done, we made the best of what eatables we could get, and then settled down in our unaccommodating wraps to chat over our pipes, before, worn out with the day's work, we should fall into the arms of Morpheus. Picture us, therefore, if you can, scantily costumed in, as I have said, revolver and money belt, yet plentifully supplied with Eastern draperies wherewith to wrap ourselves, seated round that khan fire, more like savages than correspondents: a condition of affairs more picturesque than pleasant I can assure you, since, amongst other minor discomforts, we were nearly stifled by the smoke, the only exit for which was through a rude hole in the roof, an Asiatic substitute for the chimney of civilisation. It was not long, however, notwithstanding all this, before Nature asserted herself, and we were every one of us fast asleep.

Now, what particular time in the small hours it happened to be I'm not prepared to say, but long after the little village had been wrapped in silence, there came a shriek, the horror stricken sound of which we shall none of us ever forget. Being thus suddenly awakened, all eyes were turned towards the spot

from whence the hideous screech came. From the aperture of the hut now came looking, doubly horrible in the fitful firelight, a panic-stricken native's head. From a few words hurriedly shouted, or rather yelled, by this unexpected visitor on the roof, Williams grasped the fact that the Kurds were making a raid on the village; indeed, this was sufficiently evident from the firing which had already commenced, and the hurrying and rushing hither and thither of the scared and startled villagers without. Our first idea was the safety of our horses, and in our anxiety to protect these, which were at the farther end of the hut,



A NIGHT ATTACK BY KURDS.

we forgot all else, even our Eastern adornments, rushing in hot haste to the entry (there being no proper door) to defend them. The rugs, in our excitement, had naturally been left behind, nor could we have kept them well round us had we tried, and so it was that in a state of nudity (save for our money belts) we rushed out, revolvers in hand, to protect the interests most dear to us.

It was a wild sight, in the light of the waning moon, to see those diabolical free-lances charging the villagers, who, to do them justice, fought well, and, I may say, our scattered revolver fire was of some service; one thing is certain, to those savages, superstitious to a degree, it was our appearance which caused the greatest alarm, for the presence in their midst of a force of specials, so completely divested of their war paint, had an effect on them which a



whole arsenal of small-arms would have failed to produce. To them we were suddenly invested with all the advantages of evil eyes, and looked on as uncanny creatures—white fiends, in fact, on whom those fitful rays of moonlight must have fallen with dramatic effect, for directly we showed ourselves outside the khan those Kurds recoiled before us as if we had been veritable imps of darkness; so giving us a very wide berth, they made tracks for another part of the village, shouting as they did so in Kurdish: “See, see! The White Devils are out! The White Devils are out!”

The skirmish was short and desperate. Seven women were carried off, many of the villagers were wounded, and two or three killed, before they rode away with their human plunder; and when at daylight, a few hours later, we obtained our clothes, which fortunately had been in one of the very few tents they had not entered, we saw no signs of the Kurdish camp of the night before; and I think when those desperadoes become octogenarians they will tell their great-grandchildren, round the camp fire, how, long years ago, they came face to face with “The White Demons.”

*(To be continued.)*



## Reminiscences of the Siege of Delhi.

By MAJOR-GENERAL WEBBER D. HARRIS,  
LATE 104TH BENGAL FUSILIERS.

### II.



WE suffered much now from the badness of our arms, which were about five years old; whereas the sepoys had new muskets, besides several thousand stand of Enfield rifles which were in the Delhi magazine. It was very fortunate for us that they had little or no Enfield ammunition. I have often seen my men pull their triggers two or three times before they could explode the cap. One day, when in camp, I was ordered to go with my company and disarm a company of a native regiment which had just come in with stores. I found their muskets were quite new, so quietly made my men exchange musket for musket, and they were afterwards much envied by the other companies. Several of my men had managed to procure Enfield rifles from the men of the 60th who were killed; but the commanding officer of that regiment hearing of it, they were made to give them up.

As before mentioned, this picket was constantly under fire when the other pickets in the line of defence were quiet; so I always had officers and men dropping in for a little excitement. An officer of the Rifles asked me one day for a few men to go out and "drive the sepoys." He had with him four of his own men. I declined, as these dribbling attacks did no good and always lost us men. The sepoys from their cover saw our men coming on, shot them down like sheep, and if any were left to close with them, quietly withdrew to other cover behind. On this occasion my friend went out and returned in about ten minutes, himself hit in the leg, one man dead, and another badly wounded, both carried by their two remaining comrades.

Some of the rebels were armed with matchlocks which carried a



great distance, and to which a reply with our muskets was quite useless; so when much annoyed by this fire I used to send and borrow a few men from the Rifle picket at the "Crows' Nest," and a few shots from their rifles soon sent the matchlockmen about.

Officers used to bring their sporting rifles down to the picket and try their range, but never did much good. I had a two-grooved rifle, a great favourite of mine when in the jungle, with which I occasionally took a shot. The captain of the Native Infantry, who volunteered to join me at Umballah, and was afterwards wounded, brought with him his orderly, a very smart and good-looking sepoy. This man was with us up to within a few days of the assault, and then went over to the rebels. He used often to come down to my post with his musket and asked to be allowed to take shots at the rebels, which he did in good style, using at each shot abusive language towards his friends in front.

Our serai was constantly hit by round shot, but fired from such a distance that they seldom penetrated the walls. Shells and shrapnel did us more mischief, and on one occasion I was much hurt by a shrapnel ball hitting me on the foot while inside the serai. At first I thought someone had thrown a stone at me, but turning round and seeing no one, concluded I was hit, and without knowing the extent of the injury, became very faint. I managed to hop to my hut in the corner, and after restoring my pluck with a mouthful of brandy, took off my boot, and found that, although the ball had not broken the leather, yet the force of the blow had brought blood through the skin.

One night, during heavy firing, a large shell burst somewhere near us, and an immense fragment, weighing twenty-five pounds, struck the wall within an inch of my head.

After the first week we lost very few men at this post, as I insisted on the officers making their men keep under cover. When the rains commenced, the night work was very trying. I had to put sentries outside all along the front, and to visit them twice at least during the night. This visiting sentries was dangerous work, and their orders were to challenge once only, and if no reply was made, to fire. Sometimes they did not wait for a reply, and as I never went with any escort, for fear of drawing the attention both of the enemy and my own men, I was more than once shot at. The nights were very dark, the rain very heavy, and my men very bad shots. On quiet days I used to amuse

myself by going out to the front to reconnoitre. This was very exciting. I used to watch the whole front all round, with several men and officers for some time, and having satisfied myself that the sepoys had gone in to dinner, start up the road. It was a strange sensation—the road quite deserted, except by dogs, which used to give me many a start as they prowled about—the intense silence all round, where, perhaps, only an hour before there had been heavy firing and frightful yells. I saw an occasional dead body in a bad state of preservation. I had, of course, several men on the look out, with means to give me notice by a timely shot, if anything was seen. After I had gone a few hundred paces I was visible from the right battery, which being well above me, could have prevented my being taken prisoner; but I never met, or even saw a man, though close up to their breastworks.

As soon as I was relieved from outpost duty, I made it a point of visiting our hospital to see how my wounded and sick men were getting on. Our surgeon was one of the best medical officers I ever knew, and a first-rate operator also; this last qualification was in these times of the greatest consequence. He had, on our first arrival before Delhi, appropriated one of the largest houses he could find for his hospital; it was a fine building, with three very large rooms and many smaller ones, with a verandah all round. Here he managed to put sixty patients, and for the others pitched tents in the garden. The whole of the arrangements were admirable, and it was quite a pleasure to go into the different rooms and see how carefully the poor fellows were attended to. It is well known how very offensive the smell of wounds is, yet all his wards were as fresh as possible, as every wounded man had bags of charcoal in and under his bed. The charcoal was constantly burnt, and thereby sweetened and fresh for further use, and it quite took away all unpleasantness. The men looked cheerful, and their only wish seemed to be to get out again, and have another go at the "pandies."

What struck me as most extraordinary in this hospital was, that though most of the patients were suffering from most fearfully painful wounds, yet I never heard so much as a groan. On one occasion I was present when a ball, which had imbedded itself in the shin-bone of the leg of one of my men, was extracted. It must have been fearful agony, as the lead had to be dug out of the bone, but the poor fellow never made a sound, only taking a very tight grip of two of his comrades' hands, one on each side; and when the shapeless lump of lead was removed,



he begged to have it given to him, and kept it under his pillow, showing it to everyone as a curiosity.

Another picket, for which I was frequently detailed, was that on the extreme left, and called the "Stable Picket," because we occupied the range of stabling belonging to Sir C. Metcalf's house. The buildings were, I should think, about 1,000 yards from the Cashmir gate of the city, and would have been made very warm by the rebels, but that they were hidden by the trees in the garden. The left of the picket was on the steep bank of the river, and protected by a battery of two light pieces. To our right rear was a mound occupied by a small picket, which was to overlook the road that ran direct from the city to the old site of the cantonments.

The duty of my picket was to prevent an advance towards camp, which had once nearly proved successful; but during the whole time I held it, no attempt of the sort was made. The rebels kept up a constant fire of shell and round shot, but not knowing our exact whereabouts, their practice was not good, whereas our cover was. I had at night to throw out sentries to the road which ran at right angles to, and about 200 yards from the stables.

No event worthy of record occurred during my turns of duty at this post. On one occasion I was visited by the brigadier-general of the day, Showers, who was one of the finest officers in the service, but a dreadful martinet. He was a regular fire-eater, and it was a joke amongst us that he was always in a heavenly temper when men were being killed. I reported that the rebels had brought a gun to bear upon us from the "Selim Ghur," a fort at the corner of the city, and overlooking the bridge of boats. I had been obliged to order that no man was to show himself on the battery, as it invariably brought a shot on us. The general directed me to point out the position of this gun, and leaving his staff under cover, climbed on the battery where I had to follow. We had not long to wait to ascertain where the gun was, for a shot from it struck the outside of the battery almost as soon as we showed ourselves. The general slowly drew out his glass, and adjusting it, took my shoulders for a rest, and had a long look at the fort, making quiet observations to me all the time on the weight of metal and distance of the gun. This lasted long enough to enable them to throw two more shots; and just as we got under cover again, there came a shell which, had we still been there, would most probably have exploded on us. The general was the colonel of my regiment, but, in virtue of his seniority, had been

posted to a brigade. He sat down in my room, or rather stall, and had a talk with the sergeants and men.

It so happened that a few days before the rebels had been more annoying than usual, and the brigadier of the day, who had the general command of all the pickets, ordered an advance of the whole line on the left to punish them. This was done and they were driven into the city, not without causing us great loss, as our men, in the hurry of their advance, got under the guns on the walls, which received them with grape. I happened to say that I thought this advance was a little impolitic, as, although we punished the rebels, yet the loss of English soldiers was scarcely compensated for by the slaughter of any number of rebels, who could be replaced, but that our men could not. The general took me up rather shortly, as I thought, remarking that human life was not to be a consideration in warfare when there was an object to be gained. I afterwards learnt that he was the brigadier who had ordered the advance.

A third post to which I was sometimes sent was the Mosque picket on the ridge overlooking, and about 1000 yards from, the city walls. In front of the Mosque itself, which was occupied by the men and officers, was a breastwork and battery for light guns, which in a measure commanded the road which I have before mentioned as running between the Cashmir Gate and the cantonments.

On one occasion when I was on duty there we saw a great commotion underneath—cavalry and artillery collecting behind a house, called "Ludlow Castle," to be hereafter mentioned. The artillery honoured us with a few shots, to which we responded. There were a couple of guns in reserve behind the slope of our hill, and, thinking some mischief was brewing, I ordered them into the battery, and we commenced throwing shot at the house. All of a sudden a cloud of horsemen issued from their cover, and started up the road. There must have been 1,000 at least. Our guns had scarcely time to train in their direction, when they were concealed by a turn of the road. What was going to happen? I remembered that the road ran past another picket in our rear, called the Flagstaff picket, that there was a slight breastwork across the road, defended by two light guns and about twenty-five men. These, I thought might be galloped over. I had, however, forgotten the picket on the mound in the garden, and so apparently had the enemy; for the officer in command there, having watched the mustering of their horsemen and expecting their advance, was all ready and



as they rode by within thirty yards of his post, which was separated from the road by a stone wall and therefore quite protected from them, delivered a shattering volley, which emptied half a hundred saddles and at once turned these heroes back. The artillery officers at my two batteries had expected that something of the sort would happen, and had trained their guns with great accuracy on the road, and as the runaways came back with a rush, delivered four rounds right into the heap. It was one of the finest things I ever saw; a heap of men and horses were left on the ground, the remainder scattering all over the place, each man making for the nearest cover. Had my men been armed with the Enfield rifle, we could have further punished them, but they had had quite enough. Their artillery from the Cashmir bastion treated us to a few shots in return for the mischief we had done, to which we could not reply with our light guns. One of their pieces was a 68-pounder howitzer, with which they made wonderful practice, hitting the mosque with each discharge. We watched the firing, and as soon as we saw the smoke, could at once see the shell, and had time to get under cover, so were very seldom hurt by it. Once it struck the dome, and bursting there, a large fragment weighing some twenty pounds fell on the other side where some tents were pitched. In these were some artillerymen reading; and the piece fell on one man, who was lying on his stomach. It struck him on the back, cutting him in half.

Twice I was sent to the Observatory picket, where there was a battery of heavy guns, which were seldom fired, as they were, I think, intended to act as a support to the right heavy battery, and to the pickets in front, and at Hindoo Rao's house. This picket always went on duty at night, and returned to camp at sunrise, the orders being to throw out sentries after dark along the ridge, and report in person in the morning to the officer commanding the night attack. This latter duty was most unpleasant and dangerous, for to find the officer one had to go several hundred yards along the ridge in full sight of the enemy's guns, and as at that time in the morning there was always a brisk exchange of shots between the pickets supporting the batteries in front, which were at right angles to the road, there were constant little spirts of dust, and the following ping of the bullets; I remember I cared little for this as I was going forward to report, but was very nervous when returning, and walking with my back towards the point from which the shots came. I used to find the commanding officer, and his second in command, sitting under

some strong cover to the right of, and a little below the batteries. This cover had need to be strong, as it was daily and nightly under fire, and I remember thinking that I was by no means sorry to return to camp after making my report instead of sitting with them.

This officer had, at his own request, the command of the right attack during the whole siege, and no one was allowed to interfere with him. At first he was a little nervous, and alarmed the camp if only a small body of rebels left the city, but latterly, having learnt how despicable they were, waited to see what they were about, which was generally to get under some cover and fire long shots.

There were many quiet days and very few night attacks during the siege, so that this officer and his party were not badly off, as they had an immense house entirely at their disposal, while, although subject to occasional shots which did mischief, yet their quarters were cool and comfortable as compared with our tents.

One night, when at this picket, I witnessed a very pretty scene. A sharp skirmish took place in the valley between us and the Metcalf pickets. Light guns, rockets, and musketry kept up the ball, and looked to us like a display of fireworks.

That evening, I think the 11th August, I received a note from the adjutant, ordering me to return at once to camp, and before doing so to inform the officer commanding. This I did, and getting to camp about 12, was told that I was to take command of a party of 100 men of "ours," which was to form part of a force under the brigadier-general on duty (Showers), who were to try and capture some light guns which had been posted under "Ludlow Castle." I received a list of the officers who were detailed for the duty, and I was told that a sergeant would call me at 3, as the party was to be at the rendezvous at 4. When in camp I shared a tent with my subaltern. He was so heavy a sleeper that I had always the greatest difficulty in getting him out of his bed to go to the parade, which took place at dawn every morning. The adjutant told me he had not been warned for this duty, but as my company was going he would go with it. On the sergeant calling me I roused him, and he at once started up asking what was the matter, and on my telling him, commenced to dress. This struck me as so unusual that I joked him about it, and his apparent eagerness to be at the rebels. He did not reply to my *badinage*, but his silence did not then strike me as being anything peculiar. About an hour afterwards he was shot through the head, and died in a few days, never recovering consciousness. Had he any sort of



presentiment of his approaching fate? As I did not notice him after we left camp, I cannot speak as to his subsequent behaviour; but I call to mind an officer's death at the battle of Goojerat, who had been the life and soul of our right wing companies at Chillianwallah, but was silent and very nervous all the morning on which he received the fatal bullet.

We reached the rendezvous and found the force was composed, besides ourselves, of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers and the whole of Coke's Rifles. The party was under the command of our fighting brigadier, so we all expected mischief. We were formed up a short distance from the main entrance to Metcalf's garden; strict silence was enjoined; no pipes allowed. About half an hour before dawn we moved on; ourselves and Coke's Rifles going into the garden, the 1st Fusiliers moving up the road. We at once deployed, my men taking the right and skirting the wall. We passed the sentries at the top picket without any challenge, as they had been previously warned of our approach. Coke, in virtue of his seniority, had taken command of our party, and rode alongside of me as I marched in front of my men. We had scarcely passed the line of our sentries when a volley of musketry poured into us. Luck, darkness, or the rebels' bad aim, saved us from losing a number of men; not a man was hit, the shot seeming to pass over our heads. Coke called out "Give 'em a cheer, boys, and charge." This we did, but saw no one, so stopped our advance. Some guns now opened, and shots were fired from the other side of the wall, to which a number of my men ran for shelter, accompanied by my subaltern, and it was then that he received his death wound. Their action was due to the habit they had got into of fighting behind cover, which, I think, always injures the *morale* of troops. Coming to the end of the garden we found a gate leading to the road, and saw two guns, with a few sepoy trying to get them to move by pricking the horses with their swords. We captured the guns, killing the sepoys, one of whom, a native officer, had his head taken clean off by a sabre-cut. We managed to turn the guns with their teams round towards camp, and, mounting some men and an officer on the horses, sent them into camp. It was now daybreak, and the rebels getting sight of us, were doing much mischief, killing and wounding several of my men. One poor little drummer-boy of my company was hit in the stomach. I saw the wound was mortal, but tried to cheer him up by saying he would be all right as soon as I could get a doctor. I can well remember the grateful look he gave me. But he did not live to reach camp.

Having no orders, I put my men under shelter, and looking down the road towards the city, saw a party of sepoys in green creep from Ludlow Castle, and go into the garden to my left. These, I thought, were the Belooch battalion, who had lately joined our camp. The brigadier came up, dismounted, and making my bugler hold his white charger, got with me under cover of the gate-posts, the musket-shots coming very thickly up the road, and the guns from the city walls sending an occasional round shot. He told me there were two more guns to be taken, but did not know where they were, and suggested my taking a party into the garden on our left front. On my telling him that I had seen the sepoys in green going in there, he seemed to be satisfied, thinking, I imagine, that they were the Belooch battalion, which had only lately joined us; but they really were the Hurriana Infantry, who had mutinied and murdered all their officers.

While talking with him I suddenly noticed blood on the left breast of his coat, and on asking him if he were hit, he said "Yes," and requested me to order up his horse, which he mounted, directing us to retire. There was some confusion, as our supports having come up, a few guns blocked the road. The rebels took advantage of this and fired briskly, but our artillery got a couple of guns to bear and soon cleared them off. Hope Grant came up, and offered to conduct the retreat, but was cut rather short by our fire-eater, who, however, was obliged to get into a litter as soon as we were inside the line of our pickets.

While our guns were firing down the road, I noticed an engineer officer, in charge of a party of sappers with several bags. I remarked that it was hot work, meaning the firing; on which he said, "It will be hotter if a shot hits one of these bags, as they contain powder." I marched my men back to the camp all alone, receiving quite an ovation, as a number of men and officers had seen us come in with the captured guns.

Of course when I got to our lines I had to relate all the business of the morning, walking up and down the main street till breakfast was announced; but, going to my tent to take off my coat, I found my left arm so swollen that I could not do so, and had to have the sleeve ripped off. I found the arm from wrist to elbow quite black, and the doctor on examining it said the injury must have been caused by a round shot passing close to it.

I had sent in all my wounded, and after breakfast went to hospital to see them. My poor subaltern was lying with his



brains all amongst his hair, the ball having struck him low on the forehead, and coming out in the centre of his head. His eyes were closed and he breathed heavily. Our surgeon had ordered him to be fed and to take stimulants, which he did freely. His limbs appeared to be paralyzed, but he could move his fingers. I asked if he had a chance of his life, and the reply was "'Where there's life there's hope'; but he had better die, as his future life must be one of insensibility." We had a very clever German doctor doing duty with us, and I asked him if he thought the poor fellow was conscious. He said "Yes"; and as an experiment, told him in a quiet, determined tone of voice to move his left eyelid if he heard what was said. He immediately made a ghastly wink.

I now had a tent to myself on the extreme right of our camp, next to which was the camp of the foot artillery; beyond, the artillery park. One morning after breakfast, the day being quiet, I had lain down to have a good read, when suddenly a series of violent explosions took place close to my tent, followed by the whizzing sound of missiles, and a rush of men up the main street of the camp. I ran out, and being joined by a number of men and officers, went in the direction of the smoke, which came from the park. Here we found some tarpaulin smoking and the dead bodies of several natives. It appears that a cart full of "live" shell had, contrary to orders, been sent down from the batteries, and that the cartmen, as soon as they had unharnessed their bullocks, had taken shelter from the sun just under the cart and commenced to smoke their pipes, with the natural result that the shells exploded, some ten of which had gone off; their fuses and tarpaulin covering were smoking around, and some fifty more were unexploded. I can assure you that we were not at all comfortable as we deluged them with water. By a miracle no one but the bullock drivers was hurt, but a piece of a shell broke the pole of the officers' mess tent of the Rifles some hundred yards away.

On another occasion I was in my tent about the same time in the day as above, when I heard a terrible commotion; shots flew about, and I saw our parson flying down the main street with nothing but his shirt on. I went out and saw a crowd of native servants huddled together to our right rear, and some native horsemen going off at a gallop. All was soon quiet, and we then found that a party of the rebel cavalry, at first taken for our own, had managed to get near enough to camp to charge through the rear

of it, calling upon the men of the native troop of artillery, through whose camp they went, to join them ; but in vain. They passed under the Mound battery, where there were two guns covered by a party of the Carabineers. It was on this occasion that Tombs won his Victoria Cross and saved Hill's life.

We were obliged to keep a very sharp look-out for spies, and several were caught close up to our batteries, trying to conceal themselves in the long grass and jungle which surrounded our different posts. All these were at once tried before a permanent military Commission, of which I was for some time a member. It required not much evidence for us to convict, as just then we acted on the principle that all who were not with us were against us. The provost marshal always had his hands full.

A very handsome man in common dirty clothes was brought before us one day ; he had been caught close to the batteries, where he was hiding. He declared he was only a grass-cutter, appealing to his clothes and tools in proof of his assertion. His appearance and general set-up gave him the lie, but we did not like to convict him. One of the members of the court was an officer of some standing in the Native Army, and an excellent hand at the native languages, and their technicalities of drill. He suddenly turned to the prisoner and gave a sharp order of "Attention," in the native drill style. The fellow at once sprang up to the attitude, thus condemning himself. The provost afterwards told us that he used bad language regarding the English nation in general, and the female relatives of the members of the court in particular, as he went to execution.

A woman was once brought before us. She had been captured in action, dressed in green well mounted, and trying to lead on the cavalry, who however declined to follow her. She was sent to the rear under escort to be imprisoned for life. There was great curiosity amongst the young officers to see her, expecting to find in her a sort of black Joan of Arc ; but they must have been badly sold, as she was a very ugly middle-aged woman.

During the first month of the siege the rebels had some wonderful shots amongst their artillerymen, who were said to be gunners of a troop of Horse Artillery whose captain had spent much time in training them. On several occasions they threw their shell into camp, some fragments striking a small brick building in which a lady who had escaped from Delhi at the first outbreak lived ; and where she was confined of a boy, whose father insisted on his being christened "Delhi-Force."



We had our "Valley of the Shadow of Death," as at Sevastopol; a ravine on the camp slope of the ridge, into which almost every shot fired high from the Cashmir battery rolled; and as all our parties going to the right picket crossed the mouth of this ravine, there was much excitement in dodging the shot, but I did not hear of any casualties.

We used to have some exciting scenes on the green, or General's Mound, before mentioned—a slight elevation on the extreme right of camp, armed with two heavy guns, with two light ones, and a troop of cavalry in reserve at the base. Whenever an attack was made by the rebels, it was to this post all the generals and staff hastened. Here we overlooked the Subzeemundee, and though we could not see the pickets, yet we could assist them when attacked by sending a shot over their heads among the assailants. We once saw from this mound two wounded riflemen crawling towards us from the front. They had no sooner cleared the houses of the Subzee than a dozen or more sepoy and two native officers mounted with a view to make them prisoners. The poor fellows had no arms and had evidently lost their way, for they were coming direct from the position held by the rebels, so we could not imagine why these did not take them at once. It was too great a distance to send a party to assist, so a round shot was thrown at the sepoy, which knocked over one of the officers, when the rest bolted and our friends got in safe.

One afternoon, the regimental head-quarters being on this mound, and a very heavy attack going on in front, a dispatch came from the officer commanding the right attack, requesting reinforcements. We were at once ordered off, and had to go along the top of the ridge. The rebels had, I fancy, seldom seen a body of men so exposed, for they at once opened a smart fire on us, which, after knocking over several of our men, induced our commanding officer to move us below the top of the hill. On reaching the front breastworks, we found that the pickets were engaged, so we took possession of their posts, and were astonished at the number of contrivances the Ghoorkas had used to protect themselves from the almost incessant fire they had to live under. There were several of their dead bodies lying about, showing that the attack had been a close one; and we afterwards heard that the commanding officer on seeing his men getting unsteady when the grape from the walls got amongst them, deliberately gave the order "Mark time," and thus saved them from panic. When he came in he ordered us back to camp. There was an officer attached to

the Ghoorkas who whenever he went under fire was hit, and generally more than once, but never badly. To-day he had the marks of no less than three bullets, and we had a joke against him, that he never took off his coat without several bullets dropping out.

On quiet evenings when off duty, I used to walk along the ridge to see the view of the city, which, after the first fall of rain, was very beautiful; the walls looked in an excellent state of preservation, and the houses inside almost hidden by trees of the brightest green; the minarets and domes of the smaller mosques peeped out here and there; the whole being topped by the Jumma Musjid (mosque).

I was in the Observatory battery one forenoon, looking through an embrasure. All was quiet, except for an occasional shot from the direction of the advance picket, held by the Rifles, when suddenly a bright flame shot up from a place in the city to the right and rear of the Cashmir Gate, followed by the dull sound of an explosion, the smoke of which hung for a long while over the place like a huge umbrella. Something had happened to the rebel ammunition which they had of late been husbanding. Our men in the batteries sprang up and gave hearty cheers, which were at once answered by a very heavy fire from the walls. The story of this was that Hodson, who was in charge of the Intelligence Department, had heard on good authority that the enemy were making gunpowder, and discussing with his men the possibility of blowing up the manufactory, two of the "Guides" said they would try. I do not think he had any idea that they would succeed, but told them that if they did, he would give them 500 rupees. They did succeed, but the men did not claim the money, and were not again heard of, so they must have been blown up in the act.

Hodson was a wonderful soldier; a very quiet, unassuming man, tall and spare, with a fair face and light hair, always smiling and always at the front. He had received instructions to raise a cavalry regiment, and being so well known among the wild gentry of the North-West frontier tribes, soon collected a body of mounted men—wild-looking boys, but very workman-like. He was allowed to select his own officers, and took little Charlie Macdowell of "Ours" for his second in command—a good choice. He at first remained very quiet with these men, getting them into shape, and, I fancy, putting a little flesh on to their bones, for having come at his call from a great distance, they looked quite



unfit for work. He himself was not idle, for whenever the Guide Cavalry went out he was with them, leading at a smart canter; they never seemed to go at a walk, and perhaps for a good reason, as they were generally very near the front.

The camp "shaves," or stories, were very wonderful, and were repeated from one to another of us, never losing in transition. At one time the whole of the Punjaub had risen, which was not far from proving true. Then that "Puttialah" had "gone," which, had it proved true, would have been fatal to us, as the Rajah could have stopped our communications with the Punjaub, from whence we drew all our reinforcements of men and material, and have cut off our supplies of grain. We had only to tell these tales to Hodson to be laughed out of our fears.

As soon as he had got his new regiment into a little shape, he received permission to "blood" them; and hearing that a large body of rebel cavalry were at a town some twenty miles off, he started to have a look at them. They, of course, bolted at his approach; so, after doing a little business, he sent back the greater part of his men under Macdowell, with orders to place them in ambuscade at a place he had previously selected. He himself kept only a few men, which the rebels hearing of, at once came back, thinking to catch him. He retreated in good order, occasionally showing front, without very much alarming them, and then drew them past the place of ambuscade, and gave Macdowell's party the chance, which they seized upon.

Up to the end of August we had no reinforcements, and, owing to the immense number of casualties and sickness, our small force was fast dwindling away. There was a lamentable deficiency of officers. The first reinforcement to arrive was a so-called "flying column," under a very highly spoken of officer, which had been engaged in disarming sepoy regiments, and slaying those who bolted with their arms. We used to hear tremendous accounts of this general's doings, but, as I only saw him once at Delhi, and never was under his command, I can only write about him from hearsay, and from what I saw on the one occasion mentioned.

When the Mutiny broke out he was on the frontier, and being then high in civil authority, was called into the Council of the chiefs, and, in concert with the Commissioner, advised strong measures, and begged for some employment in a military capacity. He was so employed, which was distinctly unfair to his military compeers, but this was long the blot of the Indian Service. An officer qualified for, and obtained employment in, the Civil Service; but directly



there was chance of service in the field, applied to be released and rejoin his regiment, which he had not seen for years, and of which he knew nothing. Nevertheless, in virtue of his seniority, perhaps he took command, but was certain to supersede many who had long served with it. I will give a case in point, which will, I think, illustrate how such an action was not only a hardship to the regimental officer, but a detriment to the service.

At the commencement of the second Punjaub war, and after my regiment, then on its first campaign, had been in its first action, an officer joined who had been in civil employ for thirty years. He knew nothing whatever of his drill, and for his knowledge of "interior economy" and orderly-room work was entirely guided by his adjutant. So absurd was his want of knowledge of drill that when he had the regiment out for a little exercise, the men could not be prevented from laughing. His words of command were those of thirty years ago, and he literally could not order a single movement without the adjutant to "coach" him. On the occasion of the first action he led us into, oddly enough his ignorance of drill saved the regiment from a catastrophe. At Chilianwallah the regiment, after driving the Sikhs from its front, found them reformed in its rear, having passed through a gap in the line caused by the "retreat" of the cavalry. Under the circumstances, a martinet would have ordered the regiment to perform the intricate parade movement known as "changing front on the centre," in which the line is broken up, each company counter-marching, and the whole getting into apparent confusion. If, however, the movement is not interfered with, a fresh line is soon formed facing to its former rear; but meantime an admirable opportunity is offered for an enterprising enemy to attack when no defence is possible. Our commanding officer, as brave a fellow as ever drew sword, seeing the enemy behind him, at once gave the word to face about, when the line charged at once, backwards, as it were, or, in military phraseology, "with its rear rank in front."\* This officer, having established a reputation in the Punjaub, had been promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, to enable him to take the command over all regimental officers when on his flying expeditions. He was a man of iron nerve and fearless of responsibility, so did good service. His force was composed of the 52nd Light Infantry, some Horse Artillery and Frontier Force regiments, and we were

\* This officer, in spite of his ignorance of drill, was a born soldier, who, in a moment of pressing danger, anticipated the simplification of drill by at least a quarter of a century.—Ed.



right glad to see them march into camp, although their doing so nearly caused one of our smartest subalterns to come to grief. He was commanding the rear picket, and his men, hearing the unwonted sound of the band playing—no music or bugle sounds other than the “Alarm” and “Assembly” being allowed in our camp—strolled a short distance from their posts; but just then the brigadier of the day rode up, who placed the officer in arrest for not keeping his men together and near their arms, and he was only released after a severe reprimand.

The rebels had on several occasions tried to turn our rear and intercept communications, but without success. A party, however small, sent to endeavour to cut their line of march, invariably drove them back again. Once they had made grand preparations, and threw some bridges over the canal, all the permanent ones having been destroyed; but a sudden flood washed all their works away and sent us a large quantity of good timber, which floated down to us. About the first week in September, they heard of the near approach of the siege train, which was being sent down weakly protected, and they determined to make a bold dash at it. We got timely notice of their intention, and a force was sent out to attack them, when they were driven back in a very handsome manner. Some discontented people in camp thought that, had the affair been better managed, they might have been cut off from the city and made an example of. This was their last attempt at outflanking us; our time was drawing near. Ever since we sat down before the city, the rebels had been almost daily receiving reinforcements of mutinous sepoys, who, when they could get off, either with or without arms, made for Delhi and tendered their allegiance to the Emperor. On arriving, they were at once sent out to attack us, to prove their loyalty and utterly compromise themselves. None of them had ever deserted to us, although we heard that numbers of the sepoys who first entered the city and got the best of the plunder, had quietly gone off to their homes. We also heard that the native officers drove about in the carriages they had captured, and went to hear the bands play of an evening, aping their late commanders. Certainly, on still evenings we could hear the bands quite plainly, and they invariably finished off with “God Save the Queen.”

The siege train with ammunition arrived all safe, as also a contingent from the Kashmir Rajah. These were fine-looking troops, but proved themselves to be worse than useless.

The Engineers now sat every day, with closed doors, discussing

the plan of attack; and some very silly and futile attempts were made to destroy the bridge of boats, by floating down rafts laden with powder barrels. These we had the doubtful satisfaction of seeing captured and taken on shore, by men swimming, long before they got to the bridge; they must have proved welcome to the rebels, who were running short of powder. If it had been necessary to destroy the bridge, a couple of heavy guns in the battery to the left of Metcalf's picket before described could have knocked it to pieces, but *cui bono*? It would have been moved away out of range. At any rate the attempt to destroy it should have been whole-hearted, and not caused us to be a laughing stock. The course followed by the rafts might have been covered by artillery fire.

(To be continued.)





## Infantry.

By CAPTAIN H. R. GALL.

### FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE. .



AS soon as the direction of the enemy's attack is ascertained, the distribution of the first line of infantry, acting on the defensive, should be adapted:—

- (1) To the configuration of the ground.
- (2) To the number of rifles available.
- (3) To the object to be attained.
- (4) To the nature of the enemy's attack, and of the arms he fights with.

Heights, ravines, woods, defiles, hasty field redoubts, and entrenchments, may all have to be included in a general line of defence and each locality will necessitate a different distribution of rifles; but in all cases the main object to be considered is the most effective development of fire.

Whether the defence is intended to be combined with counter attack, or is undertaken simply to repel the enemy, the first, or fighting line, should always be strong enough from the outset to keep a firm hold on the position. With this object, the fighting line should be divided into sections for defence, each section arranging for its own supports and local reserves. The Drill Book says: "The first line must be as thick as compatible with the free use of the rifle at any point that is threatened, as soon as the attacking force comes within effective musketry fire. The supports and reserves will be placed concealed from the enemy's view as much as possible under cover, and near at hand to feed the firing line as casualties occur, or to move to important places requiring additional strength"; but does not, as in the attack, lay down any defence formation more or less applicable to all occasions, and when candidates for examination are sometimes asked to explain

and illustrate by a diagram how a battalion should be posted in the first line of defence, this omission in the Drill Book makes itself apparent.

Without in any way preventing a commander from disposing of his firing line in such a manner as he may consider best suited to the locality he is called upon to defend, the following simple method of posting infantry in the first line is suggested, as being capable of the utmost expansion, and suitable to all occasions.

Defence formations are only applicable to the first line, and the following conditions should be kept in view :—

- (1) Every possible advantage should be taken of the accidents of ground, and time and means available for constructing shelter trenches.
- (2) Each section of defence should be formed as a separate unit of command, arranging for its own supports and local reserves.
- (3) One half of the men of each section should be in reserve ; of the remainder, as many rifles as can be effectively used and constantly maintained should be posted as firing line and supports.
- (4) There should be no mixing up of fire units.

A central battalion in the first line of defence will be divided into two half battalions, and distributed as follows :—

The commanders of half battalions will each detail one double company to furnish firing line and supports. The three inner sections of each company being distributed in the firing line, the outer sections posted in rear of the outer flanks of their respective companies.

As casualties occur, the commanders of companies will close their men inwards, on the centre of the double company, which will be marked by a guide. The supports will be introduced into the firing line on the flanks as casualties occur, and the sections kept intact under their own officers.

An interval of six paces will be kept between half battalions.

The remaining two companies of each half battalion will be in local reserve.

The front allotted to each battalion will be indicated by brigadiers, under instructions from the General commanding the division, who in making his general dispositions will be influenced by the ground, the number of troops at his disposal, and the nature of the attack.

The distances between firing line and supports, and between

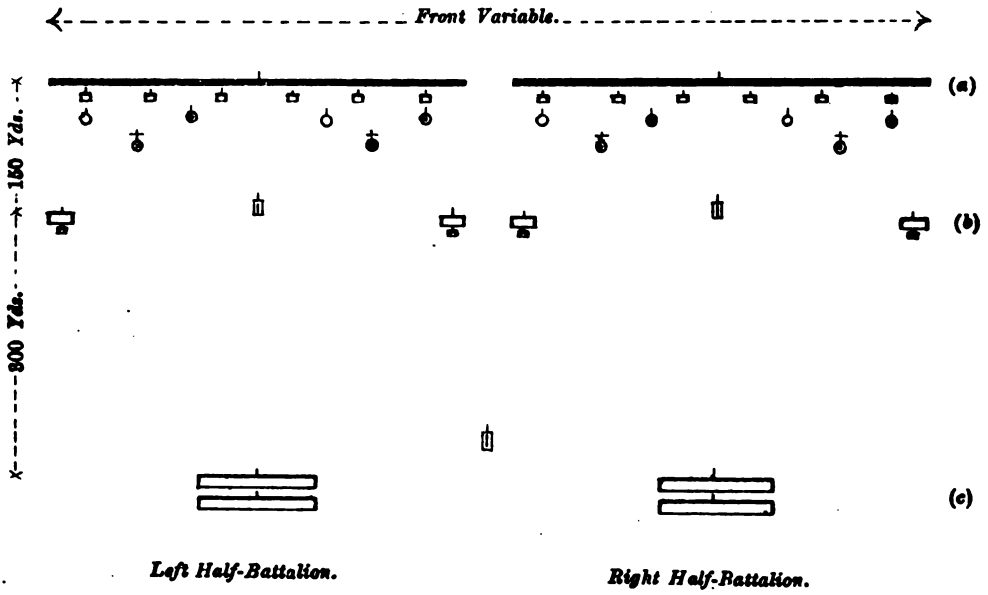


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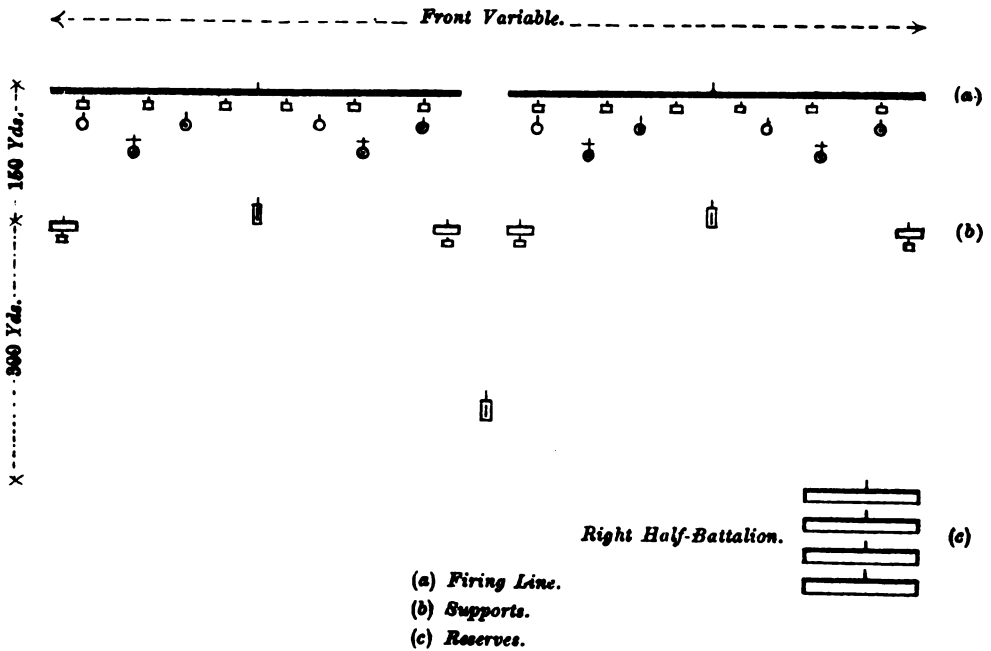
# PLATE. I.

## DEFENCE.

### DISTRIBUTION OF A CENTRAL BATTALION IN THE FIRST LINE.



### DISTRIBUTION OF A FLANK BATTALION IN THE FIRST LINE.





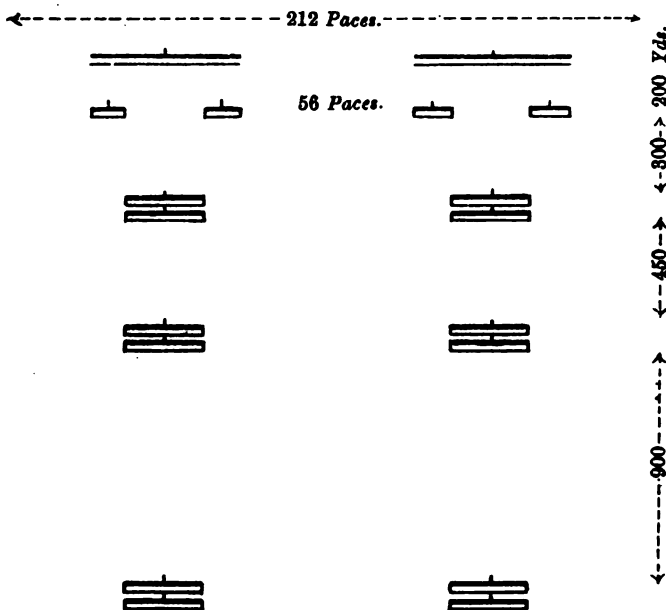
## PLATE II.

### BATTALION ATTACKING.

#### SECOND ZONE 1700 TO 800 YARDS.

##### SECOND STAGE.

1700 to 900 Yards.



#### EXPLANATION.

##### SECOND STAGE.

##### FIRST LINE.

*Firing Line extends to one pace between files.*

*Supports move in line or extend to one pace between files, according to cover procurable, and the fire they come under.*

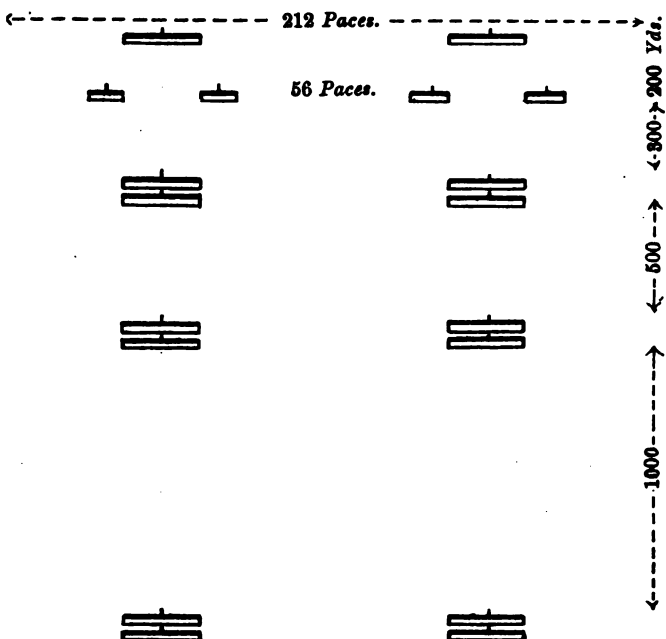
*Reserves extend if necessary.*

*SECOND LINE reduces its distance from First Line.*

*THIRD LINE proceeds as in First Zone, gradually reducing its distance from Second Line.*

#### FIRST ZONE 3000 TO 1700 YARDS.

##### FIRST STAGE.



##### FIRST STAGE.

##### FIRST LINE.

*The two centre sections of the leading Companies advance 200 yards, followed by the two flank sections in support.*

*The Companies in reserve of First Line follow the supports at 800 yards in Half-Company columns.*

*SECOND LINE follows at 500 yards' distance from Reserves of First Line.*

*THIRD LINE follows about 1000 yards in rear of Second Line.*







# PLATE III.

## BATTALION ATTACKING.

THIRD ZONE 800 YARDS TO POSITION.

FOURTH STAGE.

800 to 500 Yards.

EXPLANATION.

FOURTH STAGE.

FIRST LINE.



*Firing Line assumes rank entire, and opens fire by volleys, by order.*

*Supports are being gradually absorbed on the flanks.*

*Reserves incline towards the flanks of the Companies they are supporting.*

*SECOND LINE extends to one pace interval between files, and continues to reduce its distance.*

*THIRD LINE reduces its distance from Second Line.*

SECOND ZONE 1700 TO 800 YARDS.

THIRD STAGE.

900 to 800 Yards.

THIRD STAGE.

FIRST LINE.



*Firing Line extends to three paces between files.*

*Supports advance with one pace between files.*

*Reserves extend to one pace between files.*

*SECOND LINE reduces its distance to 400 yards from Reserves of First Line.*

*THIRD LINE reduces its distance from Second Line.*



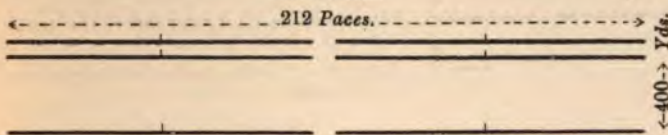
# PLATE IV.

## BATTALION ATTACKING.

THIRD ZONE 800 YARDS TO POSITION.

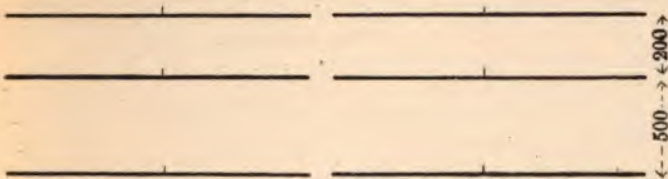
### SEVENTH STAGE.

The Charge.



### SIXTH STAGE.

150 Yards from Position.



## EXPLANATION.

### SEVENTH STAGE.

#### SECOND LINE.

SECOND LINE doubles forward ; on approaching the First Line the line ceases to fire, and the SECOND ASSAULTING LINE passes through it and charges, followed by the original First Line.

THIRD LINE follows, prepared to firm success or cover a retreat.

### SIXTH STAGE.

#### FIRST LINE.

Firing Line ceases to rush, and forms in rank entire ; any Reserves not absorbed move up, and the whole line commences to fire independently.

SECOND LINE, on reaching 400 Yards from position, fix bayonets, forms in rank entire, and doubles forward.

THIRD LINE extends to three paces between files and advances.

### FIFTH STAGE.

500 to 150 Yards.



### FIFTH STAGE.

#### FIRST LINE.

Firing Line advances by rushes, the Reserves and Half-Companies always leading.

Reserves move up into Firing Line flanked by Half-Companies.

SECOND LINE continues to gain ground.

THIRD LINE follows, reducing its distance from Second Line.





supports and reserves, will be regulated by the officers commanding battalions, and, within certain limits, will depend on the cover available, and the progress of the fight. Supports should not seek for natural cover farther back than 150 yards from the firing line, and reserves should rarely be posted farther back than 300 yards from the supports.

The simplicity of this formation is, perhaps, its strongest recommendation. It allows of 25 per cent. of the firing line being kept in hand to replace casualties and give fresh vitality to the defence, and 50 per cent. of the whole first line in local reserve, keeps the different units intact, and is more or less applicable to all defensive positions.

Troops in the first line should be economised in the defence—for the object is to achieve a decisive result—in order to keep strong reserves at points from which an offensive movement can most readily be executed at any given moment.

#### THE ATTACK.

The infantry fight is, as a rule, decided by fire action, and this can only be developed in extended order. The extended line is therefore the principal fighting formation of infantry.

In order to prevent the front being unduly extended during the course of the fight, or a premature mixing up of units, a comparatively narrow front is required at the commencement of the attack. In any stage of the attack on a position, the front occupied should not be greater than can be occupied, notwithstanding ordinary casualties, by a fighting line of constant density, and one which can maintain its fire action throughout.

The Drill Book says: "The front allotted to an attacking force should not exceed that which the troops composing its first line would cover were they deployed with the intervals allowed between units in the firing line, viz. 6 paces interval between companies, 12 paces between battalions, 30 paces between brigades, and 60 paces between divisions." This arrangement gives to a battalion attacking alone, *i.e.* when it provides its own second and third lines, a front of 212 paces,\* which is equal to the front of the four companies composing its first line, if in line + 12 paces allowed for intervals. For a battalion, when posted all in the first line, it allows a front of 424 paces, which is equal to the front of eight companies in line + 24 paces allowed for intervals.

\* When a battalion attacks alone, half-company intervals are allowed for on the flanks of the two companies in the firing-line.

Reinforcements become necessary when the fire action of a fighting line requires to be sustained or increased, or when a fresh impulse is needed to enable it to continue its advance. In the case of infantry *v.* infantry the result depends on the musketry training, fire discipline, and the direction of the fire of the troops engaged.

The distances between the lines in the attack is regulated by their formation, the weapons of the enemy, and the ground to be traversed in reaching him. The accompanying diagrams are illustrative of the different stages in the attack of a battalion acting alone, and all attacks, whether of brigades, divisions, or army corps, are regulated on precisely the same principles, the front varying according to the number of battalions ranged alongside of each other in the first line. Thus we find a brigade with two battalions in the first line attacks on a front of 848 paces, a division with four battalions in the first line on a front of 1,726 paces = front of 32 companies + intervals between companies, battalions, and brigades; an army corps on a front of 5,232 paces = front of 12 battalions in first line + intervals between companies, battalions, brigades, and divisions.





## The Tales of Insign Steel.

(From the Swedish of J. L. RYNEBERG.)



### VIII.

#### THE MAJOR AND HIS ORDERLY.

“AND wast thou not picked up out of the mud by me,  
And all for a fancy I took for the like of thee?  
And have I not given thee honour, and power, and pay,  
And made thee a corporal, private of yesterday?”

“And have I not placed thee when we to battle hied,  
Just like a companion close to my right-hand side?  
And have I not praised thee oft as a soldier tough?”  
Thus angrily spoke the Major to Corporal Rough.

“ But now with complaints about thee the camp resounds,  
And everyone says thine arrogance knows not bounds ;  
The soldier who shoots his best thou art wont to beat,  
And chewest two quids at once out of pure conceit.”

But sullenly Rough he listened, and thus replied :  
“ You made me a corporal, true, it is not denied ;  
But what I became I got by unfailing pluck,  
And, Major, I rose from blood and not out of muck.

“ If blows now and then I deal, why make such a fuss ?  
You deal them yourself at times, like the rest of us ;  
And, Major, had you alone the prescriptive right,  
I’d let the remainder wheedle and still would smite.

“ As everyone sees, a couple of quids I chew,  
Because I am proud to stand in the ranks by you ;  
But if the distinction seems unto you so slight,  
I’ll take away one and do with a single bite.”

The Major he knit his brows, according to use,  
And said : “ Tho’ a trump, thou art obstinate as the deuce ;  
But still be my right-hand man as thou wast before,  
A fellow like thee hath uses in danger’s hour.”

A battle occurred ere long, and a wood hard by  
The Major attacked with skirmishers ; Rough was nigh.  
The Orderly’s face an awful expression wore,  
The Major he blazed away and horribly swore.

Four wearisome hours had he been marching afoot,  
And gained no advantage over the foe to boot ;  
For very few dead he saw as he slow advanced,  
But marked how from stem to stem the enemy danced.

“ Damnation ! ” he roared at last, “ this is tiresome work !  
I see how your bullets strip off the pine tree’s bark ;  
Behind them, however, the Muscovite goes scot-free.  
You cannot, my boys, distinguish a man from a tree.”

But scarce had he spoken, when a tremendous blow,  
From Orderly Rough on earth laid the Major low.  
It really was more than tit-for-tat ; such a cuff  
He had not expected, leastways from Corporal Rough.



The Major jumped up, and pallid with rage drew sword,  
"Thou varlet, and dar'st thou handle me thus!" he roared,  
"The foul fiend shall have thee now with liver and lights,  
Who strikest thy Major when in the hottest of fights!"

The Corporal, however, stood in his usual style,  
And answered him, "Major, wait but a little while,  
Till I've served out a ration to him who behind yon bush  
Was taking his aim at you when I gave ye a push."

Thus saying, the Corporal fired with an aim so good,  
That the Major saw, from behind a bush in the wood,  
A bearded Muscovite tumble to earth, who sank  
Not twenty yards away from his skirmishing rank.

"And if it was he whose bullet whizzed past mine ear,  
When ye knocked me down, we still may be comrades near;  
A feat such as thine was worthy a better man,  
And never shall I forget it, I never can."

Now Rough with his Major lives since many a year;  
Where one of them goes the other is surely near:  
For more like friends than master and man they seem,  
And just like friends together they quarrel and scream.

H. S.



## Clippings from Foreign Magazines.

THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO.—The *Rivista di Artiglieria e Genio* for June contains an interesting architectural and historical monograph on this subject, which will amply repay perusal by those addicted to antiquarian research. Why it is included in the programme of a review devoted to artillery studies is, perhaps, explained by the fact that the castle is at the present moment used as a barrack for Engineers, and it is proposed to convert it into an Artillery Museum. When the mausoleum of Augustus was "full"—when the last vacant mortuary cell received the body of the Emperor Nerva—it became incumbent on his immediate successor to provide a new one. On the western bank of the Tiber, therefore, Hadrian commenced his beautiful mausoleum—though this, we are told incidentally, is not the correct term, a mausoleum being, strictly speaking, a mound of earth planted with trees and contained by a wall of masonry. This was finished in the year 140 by Antoninus Pius, and connected with the city by the magnificent Aelian Bridge. After an exhaustive comparison of authorities, ancient and modern, the writer, Captain Mariano Borgatti, of the Italian Engineers, describes how the structure presents itself to his imagination, and a brother officer has reduced this vision to a concrete form in a drawing appended to the article. Having thus concluded the archæological part of his task, the captain traces the fortunes of Hadrian's structure through the rough vicissitudes of the Middle Ages. In 271, Aurelian incorporated it in the new circle of defences which he threw around Rome, as a *tête-de-pont* to the Aelian Bridge; the fortress thus created being styled the Hadrianæum. More than a century later its defences were augmented by Honorius, but in 410 Alaric burnt the castle when he sacked the city. In 537 the renowned Belisarius was besieged in Rome by an army of Goths, and then it was that the work of destruction commenced which succeeding ages have had so bitterly to deplore. The tomb of Hadrian, now and thenceforth a fortress for the protection or domination of Rome as the case might be, offered



a stout resistance to the assailants. "The defenders," we read, "despairing of safety, soon became panic-stricken, and, *breaking into fragments many of the largest statues*, hurled them on to the heads of their foes." But there have been more recent offenders than the Goths; only two centuries ago Urban VIII. removed the bronze ornaments of the Pantheon to cast cannon for St. Angelo; and for centuries during the Middle Ages it was customary to calcine marble statues of the most exquisite workmanship for the sake of the lime they yielded. In the evil times when Guelf and Ghibelline were struggling for mastery in the Eternal City, the castle fell by turns into the power of the dominant faction. Within its walls Crescentius was besieged by Otto III., and flung headlong from them after its capture. In 1083 Henry IV. attacked the Leonine City, and a desperate conflict raged around the church of St. Peter, Pope Gregory taking refuge in the castle. There he was besieged by the Emperor, but rescued by Robert Guiscard with a motley host of Normans and Saracens, in strange conjunction. A promiscuous massacre ensued, which lasted two days, at the end of which the city was a heap of ashes. Thus ended the pontificate of the great Hildebrand, amid the horrors of war and the maledictions of his subjects. Released from the castle, and feeling ill at ease in Rome, he retired to Salerno, where he expired a year after these terrible scenes. Again, in 1167, the cardinals under Breakspear, the English Pope, successfully defended St. Angelo against the Emperor Frederick I. The castle was held by the *Masnadierei*, the relatives of Alexander III., till 1191, when the partisans of the anti-Pope, having gained possession of it, attempted its demolition, but without success. In 1277, Nicholas III. transferred the seat of the Papacy from the Lateran to the Vatican, in order that, in close proximity to St. Angelo, he might find refuge there in case of popular tumult. Beyond this point in history Captain Borgatti does not carry us. This is to be regretted, as also that he fails to trace the gradual steps by which the tomb of Hadrian assumed its present architectural aspect and shape.

THE AUGMENTATION OF THE ENGLISH FLEET.—Under this heading the *Revue Militaire de l'Étranger* gives a useful *résumé* of the various phases and oscillations of public opinion which have recently, and most fortunately for the interests of this nation, terminated in the definite augmentation of our maritime forces. It would be useless to quote from the article in this country, as its facts are known to all who have followed the question in the public press—its utility lies in the connected summary it presents

of what has recently happened. A perusal forcibly reminds us that our weak points are as well known to our neighbours as to ourselves, the mistaken policy in the matter of heavy ordnance being dwelt upon with emphasis and set forth with perspicacity. The following passage with reference to our auxiliary fleet of ocean steamers deserves attention:—"Let us remark, in passing, that the rôle assigned by Lord G. Hamilton to his auxiliary cruisers bears a singular resemblance to that played by the privateers in days gone by. One cannot avoid considering the establishment of an auxiliary fleet as other than a roundabout way of resuscitating that privateering which was suppressed by the Treaty of Paris in 1856." The article, as we remarked, is an excellent one, though too implicit reliance is sometimes placed on questionable authorities.

**HORSES AS CARNIVORA.**—The *Mittheilungen über Gegenstände des Artillerie und Genie-Wesens*, published at Vienna, informs us in a note extracted from a periodical devoted to the equine race, that horses can adapt themselves to a flesh diet. "It is not generally known," says our contemporary, "that during the siege of Metz the feeding of horses with meat gave excellent results." The French veterinary surgeon, Laguerrière, has published the following deductions on this subject:—

1. Beef is an excellent form of nourishment for horses.
2. The repugnance of horses for meat does not last so long as is generally imagined. The animal soon becomes habituated to it if it is properly prepared and the usual daily ration be reduced. In case of need, one or two feeds can be omitted.
3. As compared with a vegetable diet, the horse digests meat equally well and without difficulty.
4. A horse partially fed with meat gets by degrees into excellent muscular condition, and he gains in strength and energy.
5. Meat may be given to horses in a raw state; it is better, however, to boil it. In the latter case the broth may be given to him as drink.
6. Whether raw or cooked, the meat must be minced up with other articles of diet, such as leaves, straw, hay, meal, oats, clover, &c. If possible, it is best to mix a little salt with this.
7. At first meat ought to be given in very small quantities, which may be gradually increased. At Metz each horse consumed at last from 2 to 3 kilos per diem.
8. Some horses were fed by hand, others with the nose-bag.
9. Some horses readily consume pieces of meat which have been



slightly covered with meal, oats, clover, or merely wrapped in two leaves. Such animals will soon eat their ration of meat without any preparation being needed.

10. If horses manifest an unconquerable aversion to meat, it will be necessary to blend vegetable substances with it in a cooked and pounded state, and make cakes of the mixture. Horses never refuse meat in this form.

We are informed, on good authority, that many natives in India feed their horses on flesh, and that the fine fierce horses of the Panjab which the chiefs and sirdars swagger with are thus fed. This we know from natives who actually keep such horses themselves.

THE DANISH ARMY ON A WAR FOOTING.—A recent issue of the *Revue du Cercle Militaire* gives the following details on this subject. Denmark, with a population of two millions, possesses an army of 80,000 on a war footing, of whom 59,000 are combatants, the rest being non-combatants or recruits under instruction at the depôts. Twenty-one thousand recruits form the yearly contingent, of whom 6,000 are rejected, 4,000 dismissed for another year, the balance of 11,000 being incorporated in the ranks of the army. The Field Army numbers 940 officers and 40,000 men, organized into two divisions and one brigade, in which latter the guard is included. Five thousand horses and 96 pieces of field artillery are attached to this force. Each division contains two regiments of infantry of 3 battalions each, a cavalry regiment of 3 squadrons, 3 batteries of artillery, a company of engineers, and the required proportion of administrative and sanitary troops. Its effective strength is 320 officers and about 14,000 of the lower ranks, with 1,000 horses and 14 pieces of artillery. There also exists a reserve brigade of cavalry of 3 regiments of 3 squadrons apiece, and a corresponding provision for the artillery. The garrison troops, 12 battalions of infantry, 4 of artillery, and 5 companies of engineers, muster 330 officers and 18,000 men. The depôt troops number 400 officers and 9,000 men; and there are 5 sections of labourers, each 1,200 strong. The administrative branches of the army are said to be in an efficient condition.

In the same Review Captain Bruté de Rémur begins an essay on the DEFENCE OF THE VOSGES AND MOUNTAIN WARFARE. Seeing that the line of defence offered by these mountains is, except during winters of extraordinary severity, penetrable at numerous points, and that the salient conformation of the frontier in this region exposes the French to the dangers of concentric invasion, such as that which proved so calamitous in 1870, the writer proceeds to



argue that the Vosges must henceforth be regarded merely as a buffer to deaden the force of the assailant's onslaught, and that the real concentration of defending armies must be effected behind the Meuse and Moselle, under the protection of the fortresses constructed since the war. The space betwixt those two rivers, he maintains, is destined to be a principal theatre of action in any war between the two rival nations which the future may have in store. This established, the writer proceeds to epitomize the military events which took place in this region in 1870. The article is usefully illustrated with sketch plans to elucidate the text.

THE CAUCASUS FROM A MILITARY POINT OF VIEW.—The contents of the *Jahrbücher für die Deutsche Armee und Marine* for the month of July are remarkably attractive. That gigantic barrier to Russia's southward progress, the Caucasus, has been penetrated in recent years, and its warlike inhabitants have bowed their necks to a yoke to which they are now reconciled. By the edict of 28th May 1886, the Tsar extended the principles of universal liability to military service over Cis- and Transcaucasia. Six million additional subjects thus contribute to swell the overgrown forces of the Empire, and Mr. Otto Wachs thinks the moment opportune for examining Russia's military position in that quarter of the globe. "Nature," he says, "has created it unassailable, except in the section of coast comprised between the ports of Novo-Rossiisk and Batoum (rechristened *Mikhailovsk*); but here science has taken care to correct omissions. These are neither many nor important: the rocky coast is unapproachable for landing purposes, and the few harbours which exist have been carefully fortified." Batoum, *i.e.* "the deep harbour," has retained its original Greek name, and still deserves it. The depth varies from thirty to fifty fathoms, while close to the shore it measures as much as five. It is completely protected from the storms of the Euxine; but at intervals a wild hurricane sweeps with resistless fury down the gorge of the Chorokh and carries everything before it; a few gusts snap the heaviest cable like "a spider's web"; masts are smashed; ships driven out to sea; mighty trees uprooted and houses unroofed. A squadron of twelve battle-ships may manœuvre securely inside. It was from this point that the Turkish armies used to start when invading Armenia, a region which is completely commanded by the power which occupies Batoum. For the last ten years the Russians have been actively employed in fortifying their newly acquired position;



even the great Suram railway tunnel, which pierces the spur of the Caucasus dividing the valleys of the Rion and Kura, is defended by guns of heavy calibre at its western entrance. Next in importance to Batoum comes the port of Novo-Rossiisk, which is 10 miles in circumference and defended at its narrow entrance by strong fortifications. Here the Russian ironclads pump their fuel out of great reservoirs of petroleum, which is conducted in pipes from the Kuban district, where the oil abounds. Sukhum Kaleh again is the port where the flotilla for the defence of this coast is permanently stationed; it consists of row-boats. This defence is likewise very considerably facilitated by the resuscitation of Sevastopol as a military port and naval arsenal, the granite docks which were destroyed in 1856 having been completely restored; while the canal through the isthmus of Perekop will bring it into secure and accelerated communication with Odessa and Nikolaieff through the Sea of Azoff. "Thus," writes the author, "is Russia industriously preparing to seize command of the unruly Euxine, and to execute her final spring upon Constantinople." The article should be studied by soldiers and statesmen interested in the Eastern Question, and we recommend to the notice of travellers in search of novel sensations the description of the great road over the Dariel Pass in the Caucasus, whose scenery differs totally from that to be seen in Europe. It will be continued.

Elsewhere, in the same Magazine, the writer of *EPISODES IN COAST WARFARE* incidentally mentions how Russia, step by step, lost command of her southern shores, at the time of the Crimean War, through the want of those fortified posts which she is now so laboriously constructing. He likewise arrives at the conclusion, that, in the present state of the military art and with the modern appliances of warfare, it would be impossible to carry such another expedition to a successful termination, especially when we consider the improvement which has in the meantime been effected in the internal communications of Russia. It was, even for those days, a risky undertaking. What would have been the fate of the Allies had they been beaten at the Alma, when cut off from their base of operations by a casual hurricane? Something, we know, must be risked in war, but the chances should always be on the side of the invader; and in this case the object to be attained was surely not commensurate with the risk incurred. Who, again, would have imagined that so powerful a fleet as that of the Russians would have remained idle spectators while a hostile

army was being thrown on their shores? What would have happened had Admiral Korniloff's gallant proposal been accepted: had the Russian squadron sallied forth from Sevastopol and attacked the Allies while in the act of disembarkation.

**A NEW MONITOR CRUISER.**—The *Mittheilungen aus dem Gebiete des Seewesens*, published at Pola under the auspices of the Imperial Hydrographic Office, provides an account of a new and enormously powerful monitor, which has been projected by Mr. R. Thomas, of the United States Naval Department. The peculiarity of this vessel is that it is partially submergible; previous to action water is admitted into water-tight compartments, and the freeboard thus diminished greatly. The following are its dimensions: length at water-line, 235 ft.; greatest width, 55 ft.; cruising draught, 14 ft. 6 in.; displacement at same draught, 3,078 tons; coal capacity 550 tons; horse-power, 7,500, and maximum speed 17 knots. The draught of the vessel when ready for action amounts to 17 ft. 6 in. The armament consists of two 10-inch rifled breech-loaders, placed in a single turret, which is protected by 10-in. steel plates. In front of this turret is a dynamite cannon which will project a charge of 800 lbs. of that explosive. Besides this, two tubes are fixed under the bows for the discharge of fish-torpedoes. Aft is mounted a 6-in. gun, and three quick-firing guns, with a machine gun, completes this formidable armament. The armour on the broadside descends 4 in. below the water-line, and it varies from 3 in. to 4 in. in thickness. The interior of the vessel is lined with water-proof material to stop the influx of water in the event of the armour being fractured by a shot. The vessel is divided into water-tight compartments, and special attention has been directed to the pumping apparatus. Above the armoured-deck the sides consist of a light frame-work, through which the bulwarks are drawn up when under sail to increase the freeboard. The bows are equipped with a ram. Twin screws will be employed, and the coal space suffice for 8,500 knots at a speed of 10 per hour, thus allowing her to keep to sea for thirty-five days without renewing the supply. The officers reside in the deck-house, except during hostilities, when they would occupy quarters underneath the steel deck.

The same Journal reviews Captain Gall's *MODERN TACTICS*, a work which has created considerable sensation both in this country and on the Continent. "This work," writes the critic, "well deserves its name, since it expounds a system of tactics quite in harmony with the fundamental organization of the English army and the spirit of the English drill-book, which is based on



the tactics adopted by the Continental nations. The author exhaustively treats of the three arms: infantry, cavalry, and artillery in the different phases of an action, notices the colonial relations of Great Britain, cites interesting illustrations from modern military history, and selects suitable problems. We are astonished, however, that the author does not invariably make his cavalry march in front of the other arms, as experience tells us that it is extremely injurious for horsemen to move behind infantry, artillery, or the train. The horses get unnecessarily fatigued, and the men ride negligently and heavily. Whenever possible, therefore, it is usual to allow them to march at their ordinary paces, this either on parallel roads, or well in advance, or lastly on the flank of the line of march. In the last resort they march at the head of the main body of infantry." With reference to the section of Captain Gall's book which is devoted to cycling, the reviewer exclaims: "For the modern trooper no mountain is too high, no obstacle insurmountable, but the cyclist requires good roads; he must therefore reserve his energies for carrying messages, for the whole cycling system appears ill adapted for serious action," and concludes by heartily recommending the work, which is handsomely got up, to the notice of officers.

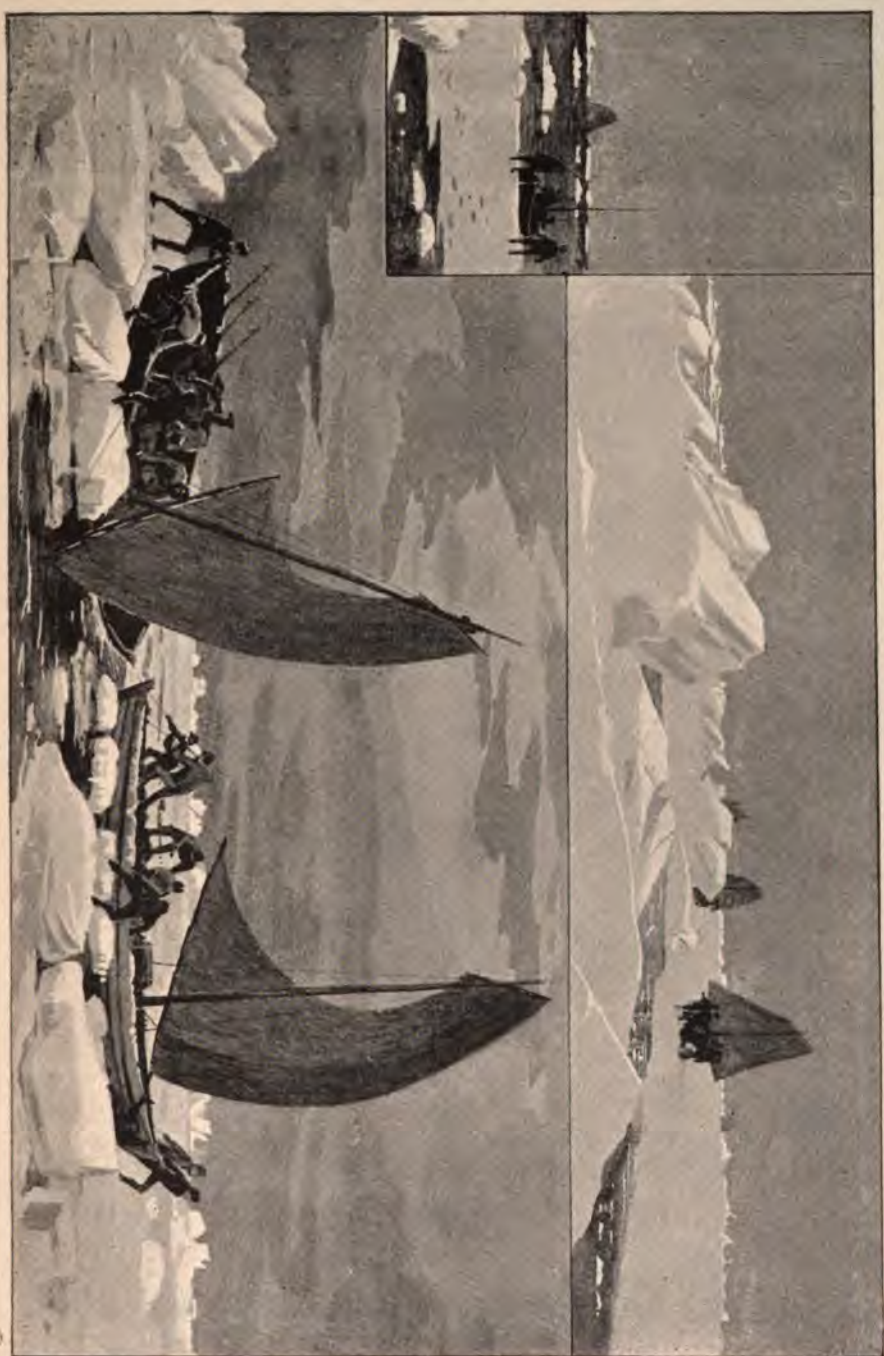
The *Military Magazine* (Voyenni Sbornik) for June commences a narrative by General Kurapatkin relative to the passage of the Balkans by Skobeleff, and the battle of Shernovo in the winter of 1877. The present number gets no further than the preparations for the advance. It is instructive, and proves what immense pains Skobeleff, in common with most great commanders, devoted to the interior organization of troops committed to his charge; how solicitous he was for the comfort and health of the individual soldier. It also accentuates a fact to which we alluded in June under the heading of "Military Changes in 1888," viz. the immense amount of "coddling" which the Russian soldier receives at the hand of the authorities. The equipment he gets to enable him to withstand the rigour of a winter campaign is marvellous in its complexity, and contains articles of attire for which no equivalent could be found outside the Russian language. Nevertheless, and in spite of these precautions, deaths from cold were numerous, though it was rarely necessary to bivouac in the open.

On the 25th December Skobeleff marched his corps from Lovcha to Selvi in a frost which, after sunset, descended to  $-18^{\circ}\text{C}$ ., the distance being over twenty miles. The most peremptory measures were resorted to in order to prevent the men from sitting down

degrees to Christian rule. Military discipline on the West European model is, however, repugnant to their habits and the injunctions of their creed. Sixty thousand Greeks inhabit the coast of the Euxine, maintaining themselves by fishing and the pursuit of commerce. On various pretexts they evade military service when possible, and they are said to make indifferent recruits. The same holds true of the descendants of the Jews who emigrated from Spain in the time of Bayazid II. This medley of races is described as living in amity together, and a breach of the peace is of the rarest occurrence in the ranks. A peculiarity of the law is that the father of three children is exempted from military service, so every youth strives to fulfil this condition as soon as possible !







THE POST BETWEEN SWEDEN AND FINLAND IN WINTER. (From the *Ny Illustrerad Tidning*.)

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SURELY we must have slept a century—  
 slept a Rip Van Winkish sleep—  
 awakening to a vastly-improved  
 condition of affairs. The railway  
 travelling of 1889, remembered as a  
 snail-like system, has, in this electric year  
 of grace 1989, made rapid strides; for were  
 we not a moment since in South Kensington,  
 and are we not now in a picturesque market-  
 place in sunny Spain, where gaudy draperies attract the  
 eye, and melons, nectarines, and Seville grapes whet the appetite;  
 it really seems as if Time's whirling must have made some rash  
 eccentric leap!

So realistic is it all as one stands there on the Puente de  
 Cordoba and looks down into that quaint square, with its tall  
 white houses, green shutters, and coloured blinds, as one glances  
 on the massive masonry of the Casa Consistorial on the right,  
 and gets a glimpse of the open country on the left; or, again,  
 looking away into the middle distance, one sees the spire of a  
 veritable local church blending so admirably with our surround-  
 ings that it is impossible to say where canvas leaves off and  
 architectural realities begin. Then one cannot help feeling how  
 peculiarly happy the choice of site has been. Come with me,  
 reader, and enjoy the aroma of those fruit-laden stalls; let us see  
 what odds and ends in the shape of quaint pottery we can pick up;  
 let us discuss brown bread and butter and Spanish onions at a  
 posada, where we may wash them down with a draught of rosy

Raneaia, and finish our frugal repast with a nip of aguardiente and a cigarette; let us languish under the silken lashes of the lovely senorita who serves us, and beware of her jealous admirer who presides over that stall hard by; or would you wander at will over the vine-clad hills yonder, and catch the refreshing breezes which come from those snow peaks far away in the distance; or follow the trail of the ox waggon, which are being loaded with tempting supplies, to be presently spirited away, let us suppose, by that same electric force, to the markets of the world, which in a few brief moments has brought us from South Kensington to the land of sunshine and romance. Come, I say, and be undeceived; crude colours and broad effects, big brushes and a huge expanse of canvas will tell you, on closer acquaintance, that you must awake from your reverie to the fact—a terribly prosaic one—that you are within measurable distance of the Hammermith bus, which will presently whisk us off in the direction of that

suburban retreat where this article will be written.

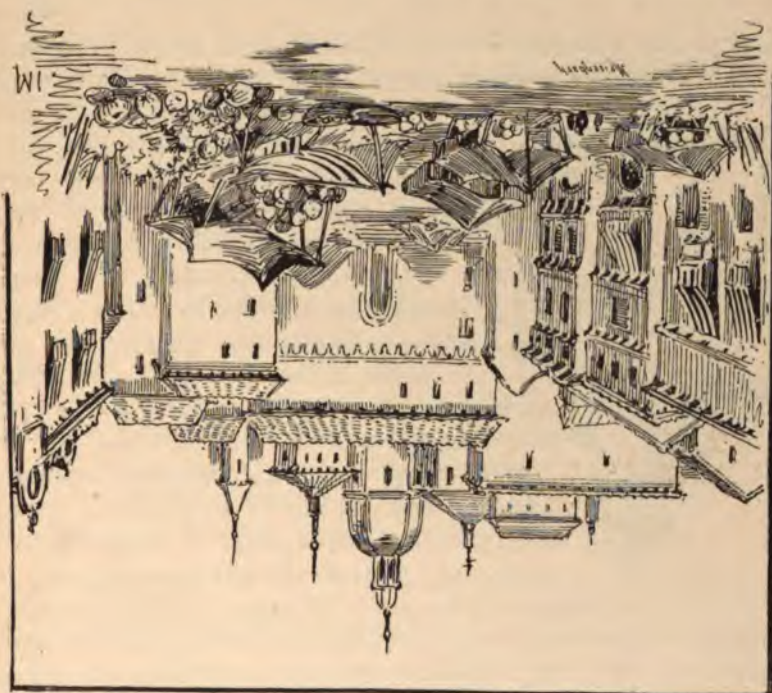
But, listen. Toro, Toro! It was surely not fancy; besides, see those crowds crossing the Puente, and those great bills which tell of a bull-fight—"Just about to begin"—on the other side. Toro, toro! Let us hurry up, and join the spell-bound throng who are awaiting the issue of that athletic bull-fighter's next lunge. The silence positively thrills one to the marrow; the supreme moment has arrived; the exasperated bull, goaded to madness, has placed himself in position to do or die. The lance is in rest, which, to the brilliantly-attired horseman in whose firm grip it is, may in one short moment mean death or victory. Horses, and bulls too, have already fallen and been dragged to the side of the bull ring, but these incidents have only led up by slow degrees to the now all-absorbing event of the day.

It is one of those seconds in a lifetime one never forgets. You could hear the proverbial pin drop; that great concourse of people are motionless—positively breathless. Of course they are, seeing it is merely a huge, cleverly-contrived picture, which, with cut pieces, is so arranged as to curiously resemble reality from the private box from which we see it; indeed, with all its vast proportions and scenic tricks, it is a picture which will not compare unsatisfactorily with many in the picture gallery, which, by the





at all. This, however, is explained to us by a gentleman who, with the modesty of true merit, withholds his name (for to his personal zeal is due the getting together of this collection within a very few weeks); he tells us that, being a loan exhibition, he had in many cases to permit the exhibiting of works which he would gladly have excluded in order to secure others, many of which are, as I have said, excellent. They are not by any means, however, *all* Spanish pictures; though Martin Colnaghi has a gallery to himself of old masters, and for the modern



Now, quite in defiance of the opinions of many other art critics who have recently made attacks upon it, we would say that in this collection there is much to be seen which is well worth the seeing. True, there are many pictures here, by very old masters, the antiquity of which seems their sole recommendation, while there are others by very young masters, some of which are so utterly bad that one cannot help wondering how they got there.

merable. in ordinary exhibition proportions, there are bull-fights innu-

Spanish school a special recess has been apportioned off. In this, one comes across marvellously imaginative pictures, weird in conception in some cases to a degree, and painted chiefly in an impasto style, which, if looked at too closely, is suggestive of chaos, but to which a little distance lends much enchantment and displays a vigour one cannot help admiring. Beyond this charmed—I should say charming—semi-circle of native art, there are to be found a large collection of pictures, some by Spanish painters, some Spanish in subject only.

Of the sprats—of which there are many—which were thrown in to catch the mackerel let us say nothing. There is a boarding-school simply about some which places them beyond, or rather below, the critic's notice. Of the better ones, however, one may say there is a majority, which quite overwhelms the worse, and to a few of them we would refer in passing. Foremost

amongst them is (240) Faler's "Vanishing Dream," marvellous in finished execution and fantastic conception, by the side of which, by the same painter, is a most delicately painted half-length figure of a girl in Eastern draperies. Ludovici, too, is much to the fore with his impressions of "The Ballet," so full of vapoury atmospheric effect, such perfect harmonies, all

in a low key of colour, that at a first glance one is refreshed by their tone, the subject dawning upon one afterwards. No. 503, a still life subject of fish, &c. struck

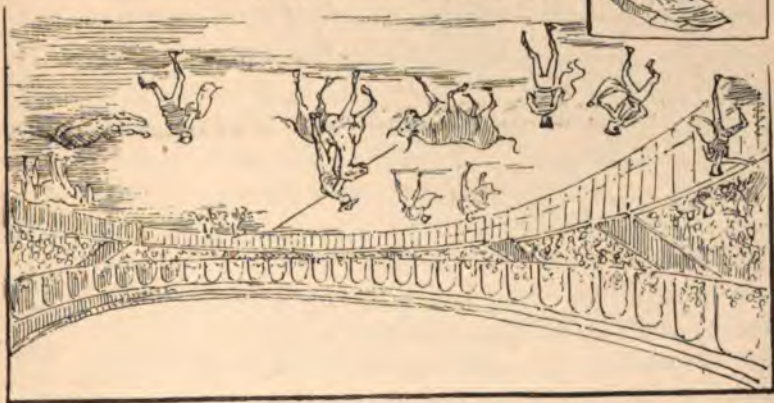
us as being one of the most realistic pictures we had ever seen; if truth to nature be a merit in art, this subject is full of merit indeed.

Beavis and Haynes Williams are also well to the front with Spanish subjects, while a stony mountain gorge by Poindestre reminds one very vividly of a sultry summer afternoon somewhere in the Basque provinces. There is also (No. 428) a "Turk's Head," by Ethel Rose, which should not be forgotten as being a most vigorous example of what the fair sex are capable of. Indeed, had we space, we might devote a good deal of it to dilating on the merits of the works exhibited. Take it all in all, we were much interested in the collection, and think that very great praise is due to that energetic gentleman who insists on being nameless,





and who has got together this attraction for lovers of art visiting the Spanish Exhibition.



But to every shield there is a reverse, and with regard to this, as one of the shows of the season, we cannot help feeling as we go from stall to stall, from place to place, how very far short of success the whole exhibition is, and how good a result might have been scored had the same energy been displayed by the promoters generally as that shown by their art director.

For instance, where are the Spanish beauties, of whom we at least hoped to see some? When last in Spain, we ourselves too often found them conspicuous by their absence; still, the soft-eyed southerner, who sticks a damask rose negligently in amongst the curls of her raven hair and the folds of her mantilla, may sometimes be met with, who will set one's heart on fire, though not quite so often in reality as romance would lead us to suppose. But we certainly



did not care for the Anglicised variety who ignored our modest Spanish compliments when inquiring after native pottery, and who responded in the vernacular: "They are 3s. 9d. each, or 6s. if you take the pair"—South Kensington sell-

ritas, whose little brothers in semi-brigand costumes sold pro-

grammes and, true to their bandit-like appearance, took the shillings of the unwary for a pamphlet in itself a guide to nothing, so padded with advertisements as to leave out everything which could pretend to the name of programme. The happy-go-lucky way in which the stalls were managed was curiously Spanish: in many cases the goods were left to take care of them-



BEHIND THE SCENES.

selves, conveying an admirable idea of how the confiding Spaniard conducts his business. As to the theatre, the entertainment was of the most dismal kind, divided as it was between anything but sparkling accompani-



ments and songs, and anything but effective dances. Where were the boleros and fandangoes of the Peninsula, in which

When we were young and beautiful (?) a year or two ago,

we even joined? No. There was nothing at the theatre calculated to induce pleasant memories, unless it was the modest price of admission, although a glimpse behind the scenes we did think worth making a pencil note of, as the first little bit of Spanish real life we had so far come across. We heard of a Gitana who, in a rocky retreat, told fortunes, but we went there on the opening day and found only a certain amount of *debris* from the Italian Exhibition of last year, and a few withered ferns; and so, fearing disappointment, we preferred resting awhile on one of the many seats which command the lovely panorama of the Alhambra.



The vine-clad slopes on which that picturesque Moorish

palace stands are most realistically painted, the plains beyond conveying a capital idea of distance, while the long range of blue hills by which these are backed seem to be miles away, till the illusion is spoiled by the sudden arrival on their summits of a London sparrow. Then it is that one of two impressions must take place—that the vast expanse of country must be of a diminutive description indeed, or that that sparrow must be of

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ments and songs, and anything but effective dances. Where were the boleros and fandangoes of the Peninsula, in which

When we were young and beautiful (?) a year or two ago,

we even joined? No. There was nothing at the theatre calculated to induce pleasant memories, unless it was the modest price of admission, although a glimpse behind the scenes we did think worth making a pencil note of, as the first little bit of Spanish real life we had so far come across. We heard of a Gitana who, in a rocky retreat, told fortunes, but we went there on the opening day and found only a certain amount of *débris* from the Italian Exhibition of last year, and a few withered ferns; and so, fearing disappointment, we preferred resting awhile on one of the many seats which command the lovely panorama of the Alhambra.



The vine-clad slopes on which that picturesque Moorish palace stands are most realistically painted, the plains beyond conveying a capital idea of distance, while the long range of blue hills by which these are backed seem to be miles away, till the illusion is spoiled by the sudden arrival on their summits of a London sparrow. Then it is that one of two impressions must take place—that the vast expanse of country must be of a diminutive description indeed, or that that sparrow must be of

such gigantic proportions as to dwarf the lofty walls of the Alhambra itself.

Our next experience was "A journey through Spain," a badly

arranged peep-show, similar to those found at country fairs, in which the spots and blemishes in small photographs are magnified

fourfold. Having entered doubtfully, and thankfully made our exit,

we wandered back into the main building, where we found it difficult to discover the products of Spain, from the odd way in which they seemed mixed up with those of every other part of the globe. Some examples, however,

of the many decorative purposes to which Cordova leather is put were most artistically displayed; while Toledo blades and iron fret-work gates, lecturns, lamps and brackets, occupied another tennement. These, too, were unique exhibits, and told directly of the places they represented. Then, with the pleasing satisfaction of having done our duty,

we again made for the open, where, to the delightful strains of Dan Godfrey's band,

we sipped our coffee and smoked our cigar, musing the while on what might have been—how, for instance, that canvas market-place might have been made a thousand times more realistic by the introduction of real fruit stalls, where Spanish products might

have been vended by pretty Spanish girls; or how, again, a

Spanish ballet might have attracted at the theatre; how Spanish muleteers might have coined money with a few mules gaily caparisoned in velvet and gold, on which the little ones might have ridden; how Spanish brigands might have attacked Spanish travellers in some Pyrenean dells; in short, how charmingly Spanish it might have all been made had a little more

energy been shown, and a greater effort been made to invest it from entrance to exit with the national

character which lends itself so admirably to artistic effect. Night closed in as I was musing thus, and thousands of coloured lights glittered round the flower beds and pavilions; the blue smoke from my Spanish (?) havana rose upwards, and I saw through its mist before me the loveliest Spanish girl





I ever beheld; a blush rose nestled in her dark wavy hair, her penetrating eyes spoke volumes. Pleasant memories of the land of the Cid were recalled by those soft glances: I had not, after all, come to the Spanish Exhibition in vain; when "Is it matches yer want, Sor; or braided fusees, or vestas; or cigarettes, may be, o' the very best quality?" brought me back to myself again, proved my picturesque señorita to be of Irish extraction, shattered my idol, and sent me home "a sadder and a wiser man."



## Volunteer Notes.



FOR the Volunteers, July is, perhaps, in musketry parlance, the "culminating point" of the year's business, and, in some cases, of the year's pleasure as well. For many the annual camp is still in prospect, if it is not an actual fixture for the month, while for all there are marches-out and other open-air functions, pleasant and profitable, which serve to remind the citizen soldier that he is a public character and as such must not shrink from displaying himself and his exercises *coram populo*, when the weather permits. But, busy as the month is, much of its business is, of course, thrown into the shade by the fierce light which beats upon the annual meeting of the National Rifle Association, with its numerous contests and splendid prize-list, headed by the blue ribbon of English marksmanship, the Queen's, and that scarcely less enviable distinction, the St. George's Vase. Of the last camp at Wimbledon we shall have something to say later on; in the meantime there are several, perhaps minor, but still noticeable, items of interest which deserve attention, as indicating either progress or reform in the little *kosmos* in which the Volunteers live and move and have their being. To these let us address ourselves, merely premising our remarks by the repeated expression of a hope that in future months this portion of the Magazine will receive larger assistance from outside, such as will make the writer feel that his readers are not merely appreciative, but as anxious as himself to promote Volunteer interests by open and regular discussion in these pages of the Volunteer topics of the day.

The 1st of the month was signalized by an important shuffle of military districts, the general effect of which can be readily gauged by a comparison of the *Army List* for June and July. So far as the Volunteers are concerned, the principal alteration has been in the case of the Northern corps, of which rather more than 100 were formerly grouped together under the General Officer com-



manding the Northern District, with head-quarters at York. Under the new arrangement this enormous command has been split up into two, the North-Eastern District with head-quarters still at York, and the North-Western with head-quarters at Chester. For purposes of administration the new order of things is unquestionably a great improvement; one which the Volunteers concerned will probably soon recognise in the increased personal attention they will naturally receive from district head-quarters. At the same time a severance of old associations between counties has unavoidably occurred, and in other ways it will be some little time before everyone settles down into the new grooves provided, and wisely provided, by the War Office. It may be mentioned, by the way, that in the process of partition, coupled with changes in other districts, the Northern Volunteers, as represented by the head-quarters at York and Chester respectively, have lost one county—Northamptonshire; which has one infantry battalion and one engineer corps. Against this, the North-Eastern District now reckons Lincolnshire as one of its counties, while Worcestershire, by a somewhat elastic geographical conception, is included under the command of General Goodenough, the new general at Chester. This means an increase to the northern army of three infantry battalions and two brigades of artillery, and a loss of one engineer corps, the total of corps in the North of England being now 114.

In the matter of camps it is satisfactory to note that, emboldened perhaps, by the success attending the gatherings at Blackpool, Skegness, and Morpeth, of the West Yorkshire, Manchester, and Tyne and Tees brigades respectively, a home counties brigade camp has been projected to last from the 3rd to the 10th August. As all Volunteers, at any rate, should know, the Home Counties Brigade consists of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd V.B. Bedford, the 1st Bucks Rifles, the 2nd V.B. Oxford Light Infantry, and the 1st V.B. Royal Berks, the whole commanded by Lord Wantage, V.C., whose portrait appeared in the June number of the *ILLUSTRATED NAVAL AND MILITARY MAGAZINE*. It is satisfactory to find one who has done so much to promote the best interests of volunteering thus prominently demonstrating that he does not intend being a brigadier only in name, but is prepared to assert the brigade principle in practice as well as on paper, and in a direction calculated, so the critics of the Mobile Brigade system said, to bring volunteering into disrepute if not to utter extinction.

An important and useful decision has recently been arrived at

by the War Office, to the effect that in future no more rifle battalions are to be allowed in the coast counties. By some, perhaps, the decision may have been questioned on the ground that it is better to have rifle volunteers on the coast than no volunteers at all; but the theory is manifestly unsound when we come to consider the fact that even Volunteers cost money; that the money available is limited, and that experience has shown that whenever, on such a question as this, the War Office has laid down conditions, it has always been found possible by local aspirants to military honours to comply with those conditions, and generally to justify the action of the War Office in making them. As to the general advisability of allowing the volunteering movement in the coast counties to take only the direction of Engineer or Artillery corps on this point there is no such sort of question.

The Lord Mayor's "Patriotic" Volunteer Fund has attained highly respectable proportions, something like one half of the total amount asked for having been already subscribed. The provincial committees, too, are showing activity, and there seems little doubt but that the movement at no distant date will have the excellent and permanent results which we prophesied for it when commenting on its inception last month. At the same time, we would urge upon provincial committees, if not upon the Lord Mayor himself, a careful and continual attention to Lord Wolseley's recent remarks at Blackheath, in which he repeated his former statement, that in the event of an invasion the fate of England would be decided in a fortnight, and declared that upon this premise the question of Volunteer equipment should be based. Lord Wolseley is, in the opinion of many, the writer included, the greatest living authority upon a matter of this kind, and if his conviction be a correct one, it would certainly seem ridiculous to mulct the public for contributions towards an equipment almost as complete as that supplied to the Regulars in a protracted foreign campaign. In fourteen days, for instance, as one critic has observed, it is not likely that a Volunteer would wear out his present pair of trousers. The Lord Mayor's estimate of the absolute requirements of the Metropolitan Volunteers includes an extra pair of these useful garments at a cost of, say, £12,000! With all due respect for the enthusiasm and excellent spirit shown by the Lord Mayor in this connection, it certainly seems as if he might now take the advice of an expert like Lord Wolseley, and hesitate before lending his name and influence to a movement involving a



public appeal for thousands to be invested in articles not likely to be required, even in the most serious contingencies.

The Oxford University Volunteers some months ago were, according to popular report, in some danger of disbandment. The many other sports and pastimes available rendered volunteering by no means so popular with the undergraduate community as it certainly ought to be in the home of so much physical development, and presumably of so much intelligent patriotism. Evidently deprecating the disbandment of the local corps, Lord Wolseley himself journeyed down to Oxford some three months ago, and harangued the young gentlemen of the place on the advantages of disciplinary physical training as afforded by the Volunteer Force. In the June number we expressed a hope that this timely representation might have some effect. At the same time it must be confessed that we had no very sanguine expectations of fruitful results, nor have we now, although it has been announced that the Oxford University Volunteers have recently asked and obtained permission to establish a mounted infantry company in connection with their corps. Such a development as this is surely in the wrong direction in the case of a battalion regarding the stability of which only yesterday the liveliest fears seem to have prevailed. Doubtless the evolutions of mounted infantry may be interesting as well as amusing to such of the Oxford University Volunteers as, to the number of 50, possess or are in a position to hire horses; but what requires primary consideration is whether the concession on the part of the War Office—for it should be looked upon as a concession—is in the real interests of the Volunteer movement. Whether, in fact, it is worth while to allow a corps, subject to continual chopping and changing, not to run before it can walk, but actually to *ride*. The permission to start a mounted infantry corps should surely be the reward of exceptional efficiency, and by no manner of means held out simply as an inducement to recruits.

It is pleasant, after the tribulations through which the Honourable Artillery Company passed during the early part of the year, to record their successful official inspection on the 6th instant by General Philip Smith, commanding the Home District. The old corps mustered in very fair strength (cavalry 50 sabres, field battery of six guns, fully horsed, and six companies of infantry of about twenty files each) under their new commandant, Lord De Vesci, and exhibited a smartness evidently gratifying to the inspecting officer. Only one thing remains to reinstate the Hon-

ourable Artillery Company in the good opinion of the public and their Volunteer *confrères*, and that is the return of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to his old association with the corps as its Captain-General. Perhaps even before these lines appear some decisive steps may have been taken towards this desirable consummation, the probability of which has been significantly hinted at of late in many directions.

During the past month the Yeomanry have been making a serious attempt to improve their position, if not with the public, at any rate with the Secretary of State for War. That the necessity for some such effort would shortly occur we rather more than hinted in the June number of this Magazine, and we are greatly pleased to see that at last the Yeomanry have awakened to the fact that the War Office, like Heaven, helps those who help themselves. The meeting, which was held on the 5th July, was a highly representative one, and nothing could have been more sensible and to the point than the resolutions proposed, namely: 1. "That this meeting would strongly represent to the Secretary of State for War the inadequacy of the present contingent allowance of £2 per man, and would urge upon him the necessity of increasing it to £3, as, by so doing, he would enable commanding officers to keep the regimental fund out of debt, and also stimulate them to recruit more men." 2. "That this meeting earnestly begs the Secretary of State for War not to insist on a compulsory reduction of the numbers of the permanent staff, as in many cases it would involve not only the breaking up of individual troops, but also the whole constitution of the regiment." The subsequent reception of a deputation from this meeting by the Secretary of State for War encourages us to think that Mr. Stanhope really sees his way to ameliorating the condition of the Yeomanry, and to making it a more serious factor in the scheme of national defence.

In connection with the subject of Yeomanry we must not forget to advert to the excellent project of Col. Edwards, of the 2nd West York (Prince of Wales's Own), who has established an inter-regimental rifle match to be shot at regimental head-quarters, with a view to improving the present status and future prospects of Yeomanry musketry. The project has met with warm support from the bulk of Yeomanry cavalry regiments, and Col. Edwards has further received the sanction of the Hythe authorities to include this competition among the annual army rifle matches. The shooting of the Yeomanry being by no means up to the mark, it is to be hoped that this energetic action upon the part of an officer well



known for his successful experience as a commandant will have the effect of rendering obsolete and unnecessary such gibes as were levelled against the force when the House last went into Committee of Supply on the Army Estimates.

The librarian of the Public Library at Wandsworth has drawn public attention to a curious relic in the shape of the colours of the old Wandsworth Volunteers, which at the time of writing were hanging in the reference department of that institution. These will doubtless have been visited by some of those who attended the Wimbledon meeting, and it is to be hoped that such have contributed to the proper preservation in a suitable case of these notable colours, whose history dates from 1794. It will, perhaps, be remembered that only the other day the colours of the Westmoreland Regiment were discovered in a pawn-shop. Those of the Wandsworth Volunteers have, happily, not been subject to such vicissitudes, but the publication of their whereabouts is still most interesting, and we doubt not but that volunteers, historians, antiquarians, and critics will give due attention to the fact.

An Indian paper contains a long and serious indictment against the *personnel* of the Indian Volunteer Force, as to which the writer of the article in question, an ex-Indian Volunteer of thirty years' service, has some very hard words to say, neither sparing officers, non-commissioned officers, nor privates. With regard to the latter, he declares that "when a Volunteer dons his uniform he considers himself licensed to commit an excess either in eating, drinking, swearing, or bearing," and he further states that "a barrack-room dinner table in the regular army is a well-conducted club in comparison to a Volunteer camp mess." The present writer has seen something of the Volunteers in India; but, although by no means enchanted with them, certainly cannot remember any evidences of such excesses as are pointed to in the article under quotation. It may be that the latter is strictly accurate, it may be that this is a mass of wild exaggeration; but, in any case, it demands the earnest attention not only of the Indian Volunteers themselves but of the Indian military authorities. Neither is it right that men wearing the Queen's uniform should be permitted to indulge in the offensive blackguardism which we are here told is rampant among the Indian Volunteers, nor is it fitting, supposing such blackguardism not to exist, that anonymous writers should in a country like India be allowed to bring such serious charges against a class whom natives, at any rate, ought to be taught to view with the utmost respect.

The appearance of the Canadian Volunteers at Wimbledon was coupled again this year by a pleasant recognition of their presence in the shape of a special inspection of the team by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge. The Commander-in-Chief, always happy in his remarks on such occasions, was particularly so in his brief and simple allusions to the consolidation of concord between the mother country and its colonies by a reciprocity of military views and sentiments. In the matter of Volunteering, the vigour with which our colonies have of late begun to move is remarkable, and the time is certainly not far distant when in all our colonies a reasonable proportion of males capable of bearing arms will be duly equipped with Government weapons, if not actually provided with uniform or banded together in distinct corps frequently collected for purposes of regular drill. In many cases the possession of a rifle, together with some instruction as to the method of using it, changes a man to be defended into a defender, and the more widely this principle is recognized, the stronger will be the growing feeling of security at home that colonies in the event of imperial trouble can be trusted, at any rate, to raise something more than a finger in self-defence. The latest development of colonial Volunteering, by the way, comes to us from Hong Kong, where it is said that the formation of a local corps of rifles is making satisfactory progress. But it is not only with rifles, even of the newest pattern, that the Hong Kong Volunteers propose to ensure the safety of their community. They have visions of the Maxim gun, visions which, amongst such sporting and well-to-do folk as the merchants in that part of the world are commonly reputed to be, have every chance of being realised.

An important fixture for the month of August is the Annual Prize Meeting of the National Artillery Association at Shoeburyness, from the 10th to the 23rd. The Northern Division, comprising the representatives of Scotland and the English counties of Cheshire, Cumberland, Durham, Lancashire, Lincolnshire, Northumberland, Norfolk, and Yorkshire, are to occupy the camp from the 10th to the 16th, the remainder of the period being taken up by the Cinque Ports, Cornwall, Devonshire, Dorsetshire, Essex, Glamorganshire, Gloucestershire, Hampshire, Kent, City of London, Middlesex, Shropshire and Staffordshire, Sussex and Worcestershire, comprising the Southern Division. The Council of the Association have generously decided to charge the same amount for messing and tentage for a detachment of ten as for one of nine, in order to encourage commanding officers to send an extra



reserve man, to be called upon in case of sickness or other contingency.

The Volunteer Engineer Camp of Instruction at Chatham is another fixture for the coming month. In connection with this, attention has been called to the fact that while each of the three London corps are allowed to send to the camp three officers and fifty-four of other ranks, a very much smaller proportion, namely, two officers and twenty of other ranks, is placed as a limit upon provincial corps in a position to send a much more representative party. The advantage of being associated with Regulars is also to be enjoyed by the Volunteer Medical Staff corps, of which there are now seven divisions with head-quarters in London, Edinburgh, Woolwich, Manchester, Maidstone, Leeds, and Aberdeen respectively. Detachments from all of these, with the exception of the Woolwich Division, which spent its Easter holidays at the training school, are to attend at Aldershot during the present month to the extent of 199 officers and men from London, forty-five from Manchester, and fifty each from Edinburgh, Maidstone, Leeds, and Aberdeen. The growth of this corps, by the way, has been remarkable, the more so considering the slight encouragement it received during its early days from the authorities. Quite a feature of some recent important drills for the purpose of practising the new attack has been the appearance on the ground of the local division of the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps, duly equipped not only with cacolets but even with waggons, fully horsed with animals belonging to officers of the corps.

"The Military Training of Boys" formed the subject of a paper announced to be read before the Royal United Service Institution in the early part of the month, the lecturer being Major A. V. Fordyce, commanding the cadet corps attached to the Birmingham Rifles. Owing to the small attendance, the lecture was not actually delivered; but the arguments advanced in it, as well as various remarks made on the occasion of the meeting, have since been published. The general feeling of experienced soldiers seems to be greatly in favour of the military training of boys; but we cannot help thinking that, on such a subject as this, it would be well to have a few remarks from the boys' point of view, as well as some observations by well-known and responsible schoolmasters. Great soldiers are not always the best judges of what is good even for a nation, not to speak of schoolboys, and there must be some to whom this boy-soldiering, however admirable in theory, is distasteful for sound practical reasons. In the writer's opinion

the gymnasium should afford all the physical training that the average school boy requires, and in the face of many *dicta prudentium*, he holds it unadvisable to introduce into a boy's life an imitation of training and discipline only really applicable to those whose careers, whether military or otherwise, have been at any rate for the time satisfactorily decided.

The last camp of the National Rifle Association at Wimbledon has been so carefully and so thoroughly "done" by the daily and weekly papers that any extended notice of it here would be out of place. Still, as the last meeting on the almost historic Common, it deserves some record, more especially as it has been, at any rate from a musketry point of view, an undeniable success. The National Rifle Association, which of late has been subject to considerable criticism, not always of the politest description, has evidently been inspired by a determination to show itself able at least to conduct its Annual Meeting on a scale worthy of its influence and position. The arrangements throughout were everything that could be desired, a fact reflecting no common credit on all concerned, when the mass of competitors and the complexity of the competitions is taken into consideration. Even the adjustment of the prize-list, amounting to between eleven and twelve thousand pounds, in prizes ranging from two to two hundred and fifty pounds, must be a matter of more than common difficulty. The work, however, seems to have been done throughout with commendable completeness; and although naturally there are scores of dissatisfied competitors, there should be few with any real grievance against the National Rifle Association. Even the weather displayed a creditable attempt to obscure the memories of past Wimbledon fortnights, although now and then the old familiar drizzle made its appearance, and one of the days of the Queen's competition was marred by moisture of more than ordinary abundance. Altogether it was a most successful meeting, and as such will long be remembered even when Bisley Common has been fairly started, and Wimbledon is known but by hearsay and tradition to half the representatives of Volunteer marksmanship in England, Scotland, Ireland, and "gallant little Wales."

The leading competition of the meeting, that for the Queen's Prize of £250, with the Gold Medal and Badge of the Association, proved a most interesting one by reason not only of the exciting finish, but of the sound shooting in the earlier stages. In the first stage the Bronze Medal of the Association was won by a score of 99 points out of 105, a very fine performance, beating by three



points the record of last year. In the second stage a similar improvement was noticeable, the Silver Medal being won by the brilliant total of 205, indicating an increase of four points over the winning score last year, and topping this year's list of second-stage marksmen by no less than five. In the final stage, shot off on the 16th, the excitement became, of course, very great when at 900 yards the contest lay between Major Pearse of the 4th Devon, a former Queen's Prizeman, Private Wattleworth, 2nd Liverpool, Private Jones, 1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and Sergeant Reid, 1st Lanark Engineers, the first being credited with 243, the others having tied with 239. At the ninth shot the contest lay between Major Pearse and Sergeant Reid, the latter leading by one point with 278. A "magpie" each at the tenth shot decided the competition in favour of Sergeant Reid with 281, out of 330 possible, one point above the total made last year by Private Fulton, of the Queen's Westminster, who in his turn had beaten the record by six. It is five years since the Queen's prize was won by one of the Scotch Volunteers, whose national enthusiasm on the occasion of Sergeant Reid's victory may well be imagined.

Nor was this the only victory for our *confrères* over the border. On the previous Friday the competition for the St. George's Vase, only second in its importance to the Queen's, had been decided in favour of Sergeant Lawson, of the 1st Lanark, with the possible of 50 points, 35 in the original competition, and 15 for ties. This wonderful score represents no less than ten consecutive bulls-eyes at 500 yards under circumstances in which the most brilliant shot might well be forgiven for descending to the inglorious outer. After this double victory, Scotland in general, and Lanarkshire in particular, have a prescriptive right to wake for another year the echoes of the musketry world, at least, with the familiar pæan which Lady Butler has used as the title of one of her most famous pictures.

With these few notes of the last camp at Wimbledon we must close our present budget. But there is room yet for the reflection that this final Meeting on the old ground is curiously synchronistic with the development of volunteering in other directions than that of "vile guns and villainous saltpetre." Elsewhere, in the blow aimed by the authorities at regimental camps, we have had evidence of a tendency to dissociate the idea of picnicking with that of serious volunteering. That the former should linger to the last possible moment in connection with even a National Rifle Meeting is only natural, but even here the solemn seriousness of

aim and object which is beginning to surround citizen soldiery has come to be felt. Some may cry, "Ichabod, Ichabod," as they muse over the departed glories of Wimbledon Common, the parties of friends from town, the festivities, the flowing bowls, and all that tended to make the Meeting almost what it would be if it were held in Hyde Park. But others, more jealous of Volunteer efficiency and of the dignity of the great Force, which, criticism and contempt notwithstanding, is a mighty factor in the great scheme of Imperial interests, will rejoice at the prospect of the change. The gathering may not be so large, the parties from town so pleasant, nor even the claret-cup so ubiquitous, but Bisley Common will be more of a business meeting than Wimbledon has ever been, and it will be the fault of the National Rifle Association if it does not also surpass Wimbledon in another important respect—that, namely, of being in every detail representative of Volunteer interests as vested in every subscriber, whether he be Metropolitan or North-countryman, or even from Canada or Bengal. The success of their last Meeting has done much to reinstate the Association in provincial favour. It now remains to be seen whether it will take the many hints that have been given and in leaving Wimbledon enter upon a new and, so far as its important duties range, a truly national régime.





## The Canalization of the Thames and Defence of London.

By PHILIP REVELL.



IVERS, like all sublunary things, have their periods of youth, maturity, and decay. Frequently these periods are prolonged through countless ages, but cases have been observed by physical geographers, in which a few years have sufficed for passing through all of them. The causes of decay are various; first, the carrying down of detritus from the upper reaches of the river to the lower, and the consequent deposits at or near the mouth of the same. They are, of course, more thickly strewn where the in-coming tide and the out-flowing river are so balanced as to be in equilibrium. In some cases thousands of tons a day are thus carried down and deposited, notably in the case of the Ganges and the Nile, where, for hundreds of miles, deltas are formed and navigation impeded. The other chief element of decay may be found in the gradually increasing sinuosity of the river, and this is particularly the case with the Thames. An extreme instance of this is in the bend round the Isle of Dogs, which is fatal to the continued existence of the Thames as a first-class navigable river. Already it has been found necessary to establish deep-water docks at Tilbury, twenty-three and a half miles from London. Though this may answer the purpose of the companies owning large steamers, there can be no doubt that, as far as the trade of London is concerned, it is distinctly a calamity. It has been stated that Tilbury is merely an outport of London, but this can scarcely be said with accuracy. As anyone acquainted with shipping will readily understand, the brokers' and merchants' offices must be in proximity to the ship-

ping and docks, not to mention the hundreds of labourers and stevedores employed, who must be on the spot. Bills of lading are continually being signed by the captain or first mate, ship's articles drawn up, and many other indispensable arrangements carried out, which can only be done in proximity to the vessels. A cook might as well try to use a frying-pan with a handle a mile long, as commerce be carried on at a distance of more than twenty miles from the shipping. There can be no doubt that the present East and West India Docks owe their decline to the decreasing depth of water afforded to the shipping, and constant dredging is only a palliative to the evil.

The plan for deepening the Thames at this point will afford nature the help she requires by increasing the scour of the river just at the very spot where it is most needed, and will convert the bend around the Isle of Dogs into a magnificent wet dock. It includes the following proposals:—

1. To alter the course of the river in the manner indicated in the plan.
2. To convert the bend of the river round the "Isle of Dogs" into an immense "wet dock."
3. Government to purchase the "Isle of Dogs," and to erect forts and an arsenal on it, so that it shall be to London what Cronstadt is to St. Petersburg—an impregnable fortress, in time of war to be surrounded by a fleet of gun and torpedo-boats for the defence of the river.

The following advantages would accrue:—

1. A saving of nearly three miles of difficult navigation in approaching London.
2. An increase in the scour of the river which would carry the sewage from Barking at least two miles farther out to sea, the same increased scour deepening the channel of the river, and carrying away mud and sand-banks in Bugsby's Reach and Long Reach.
3. Providing London with the finest dock in the world close to the city, with ample space for a large fleet in time of war.
4. The establishment of a *place d'armes* near the centre of London, and in the heart of that quarter of the metropolis where the "dangerous classes" from all parts of Europe (in the absence of a passport system) are, and have been for many years, congregating.
5. Work for the unemployed.



*A Plan for the Canalization of the Thames and Defence of London.*



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Combined with this plan is a suggestion for the defence of London. There seems to be a general consensus of opinion that it would be impracticable to attempt to defend London by means of a series of outlying forts, as in the case of Paris, and there is another very important aspect of this question. In case of war, the chief danger to London would doubtless proceed, like that which assailed Paris in 1871, not from foes without, but from foes within. The teeming population of the East-end would be reinforced by a mass of foreigners forced to quit their own country; and this most desperate class would form a serious source of danger, and require a strong force to keep them in awe.

It is proposed that the Isle of Dogs should be held as a fortress, wherein a large arsenal with stores of ammunition might be established, and thus serve as a general military depôt. It has been said that the cost of all this would be enormous; but the question is, would it not be worth the cost? If we consider the importance of keeping London as a first-class port, and also the immense facilities for defence which this scheme would ensure, it will, I think, be admitted that whatever the expense it would be justified by results. There is no alternative plan that I am aware of, which is equally efficacious, and believing that mine will tend to the security and prosperity of London, I now submit it to public criticism.



## A Franco-Chilian Armour-clad.



IN October 1887 the Chilian Government appointed a Commission, presided over by Rear-Admiral Latorre, to draw up a programme for the reorganization and reconstitution of the fleet, and to invite plans from the great ship-building yards of England, France, and Germany, for the construction of a number of new war vessels.

This Commission has now concluded the first part of its labours. A few weeks ago a contract for two cruisers of 2,000 tons displacement, provided with an armoured deck, and designed for extreme speed, was placed with the *Société des Forges et Chantiers de la Méditerranée*, and a second contract has now been concluded with the same firm for the construction of a large armour-clad. These, and in addition, two small steamers, represent the share of the French ship-building yards in the construction of the new Chilian war-vessels. That of England, says *Le Yacht*, from whom we quote the particulars of the new vessels, is only two torpedo despatch-vessels of 730 tons displacement, which have been put on the stocks at Messrs. Laird Brothers' yards in Birkenhead. The French press at large is naturally jubilant over this victory of the national ship-building industry.

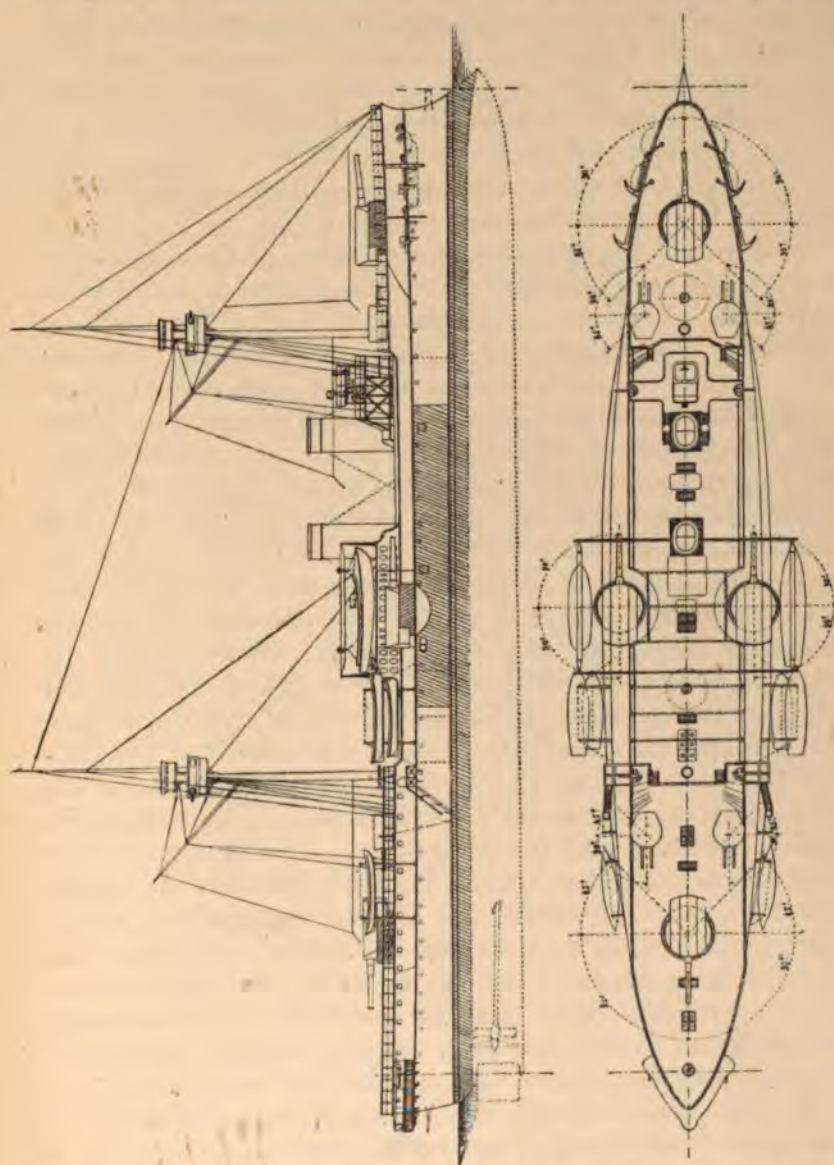
The plans of the new armour-clad were the subject of long and varied debate. Sir Edward Reed, who has acted for several years past as Consulting Engineer to the Chilian Government, was appointed to consider the purely technical aspects of the question.

In November 1887 he prepared the plans of an armour-clad provided with two turrets, *en échelon*, and each armed with a couple of powerful guns; but acting on the advice of several practical naval authorities, the Chilian Ministry rejected these plans, and instructed the Commission to formulate a certain number of conditions under which the general competition of European ship-building yards was invited.

In March 1888 the new programme was communicated to the



various competitors. Its principal conditions were as follow :— That the displacement should not exceed 6,000 tons; the armament should consist of four 24-cm. guns in turrets or cupolas, and



PLANS ACCEPTED BY THE CHILIAN GOVERNMENT.

a battery of six 15-cm. guns; a belt of Creusot steel, placed parallel to the water-line, and an armoured deck, were to extend the whole length of the vessel; the speed should be 17 knots per

hour at ordinary draught; the vessel should be able to steam at least 7,000 miles at a speed of 10 knots per hour. So far as the arrangement of the guns was concerned, the Commission imposed no conditions whatever, but they expressed themselves somewhat in favour of mounting the heavy guns in turrets arranged in quincunx, a method adopted in first-class French armour-clads such as the *Hoche*, *Marceau*, *Neptune*, &c., and in the new Spanish armour-clad, *Pelayo*. They admitted, however, that it would probably be difficult to provide for such a method of armament with the small displacement of 6,000 tons which the Chilean Government had laid down as the limit of size.

In May 1888, the date fixed for the delivery of the plans, nineteen tenders were submitted by English, German, and French contractors. As Consulting Engineer, Sir Edward Reed made a preliminary examination of these plans. At the request, however, of the French contractors on the one hand, and of the German yards on the other, the Chilean Government instructed the President of the Commission to accept the advice, in conjunction with Sir Edward Reed, of M. Peschard d'Ambly, Director of Naval Construction to the French Navy, and of Herr Dietrich, Chief Constructor to the German Navy.

The displacement of 6,000 tons was found to be exceeded by all competitors. In order to keep the dimensions as near as possible to the official limit, some had dangerously reduced the weight of the engines, while others had weakened the hull, and yet others had decreased the height of armour above the water-line. Only one firm, the *Société des Forges et Chantiers*, had provided, says the *Yacht*, against the new danger to which vessels of war are now exposed through the practical application of such explosives as melinite, and the development of rapid artillery fire. They proposed to protect not only the heavy guns but the smaller pieces, by means of turrets, and to construct a strong central redoubt which would cover engines and boilers—advocating, in a word, the arrangements which had become for two years past the rule in the construction of large war vessels for the French navy, and which the English Admiralty are now adopting in the construction of the new armour-clads of 14,000 tons displacement.

The Commission rejected unanimously all plans by which the heavy pieces were arranged two by two in turrets.

The remaining proposals were discussed at great length, and the only point upon which anything approaching unanimity was



reached was that the four 24-cm. guns should be arranged in as many turrets, forming a quadrilateral on the main deck.

Sir Edward Reed was invited in December last to draw up fresh plans for the construction of a new vessel on these modified lines, and he eventually submitted designs for an armour-clad having the following dimensions :—

|                                                                  |             |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|
| Length between perpendiculars - - -                              | 93·72 m.    |
| Extreme breadth - - - - -                                        | 19·58 m.    |
| Depth - - - - -                                                  | 11·80 m.    |
| Displacement - - - - -                                           | 6,705 tons. |
| Mean draught - - - - -                                           | 6·72 m.     |
| Horse-power of motive machinery at ordinary draught - - - - -    | 8,000       |
| Speed at ordinary draught - - - - -                              | 17 knots.   |
| Speed at 12,000 horse-power obtained by forced draught - - - - - | 19 knots.   |

The protection of the vessel was limited to a belt of armour-plates, parallel to the water-line and 2·135 metres high (·71 metres above, and 1·425 metres below the water-line), and to the armour-plating on the four barbette turrets provided for the reception of the 24-cm. guns.

The arrangements for placing the smaller guns had not previously been made. They were now placed in a battery situated below the main deck in an extremely vulnerable position.

In the new circular to the various competing firms, the Commission stated that a "better solution of the problem of placing these smaller guns should, if possible, be found." The limits of weight were fixed at the same time as follow :—

|                                                             |       |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
|                                                             | Tons. |
| Crew, provisions, and water - - -                           | 207   |
| Light armament - - - - -                                    | 166   |
| Artillery and ammunition - - - - -                          | 508   |
| Motive and auxiliary engines - - - - -                      | 1,036 |
| Armour, including the plates of the armoured deck - - - - - | 2,102 |
| Hull and accessories - - - - -                              | 2,280 |
| Coal - - - - -                                              | 406   |

The 2,280 tons allowed for the construction of the hull comprised the wooden backing of the armoured deck, and of the plates protecting the lower battery. Deducting this weight, there remain, continues the *Yacht*, only 2,130 tons for the construction of the

hull proper, which is admittedly insufficient for insuring adequate resistance.

Several of the competitors, in handing in their plans, commented upon this fact, and also upon the limit of 970 tons—deducting the weight of the auxiliary engines—within which the motive machinery must be constructed: a weight by no means corresponding to the speed requirements, which were laid down at 17 knots per hour for six consecutive hours at ordinary draught, or six trips on the measured mile at a speed of 19 knots.

The Commission admitted the force of these objections, and the competition was once more adjourned. The constructors were then invited to modify their plans with a view of allowing a slightly increased displacement, but no arrangement was made for any corresponding modification in price.

In February the new tenders were submitted to the President of the Commission.

The *Société des Forges et Chantiers de la Méditerranée* alone had slightly departed from the official programme, refusing to discard the central redoubt, together with the protection of the smaller guns, which they had proposed in May 1888. They substituted for the battery of Sir Edward Reed, designed for six 15-cm. guns, four independent armoured cupolas, each mounting two 12-cm. guns. For the armoured belt they adopted a height of 2.1 metres and a thickness of 300 mms. amidships. In spite of the increase of weight due to the central armoured redoubt, the length of which is 41 metres, they were able to satisfy the conditions of the programme with a beam of 18.5 metres as compared with 19.58 metres in Sir Edward Reed's plans. Moreover, the ship is divided into a very large number of water-tight compartments, which would preserve it from danger of sinking, even if she were seriously injured by artillery fire. The weight of the artillery armament was increased from 508 to 565 tons; and finally the vessel was provided with extremely strong motive machinery, for it was thought that since the Chilean navy possesses no properly organized arsenals, it is absolutely necessary for any vessel of importance to be provided with engines of durability and power.

The principal dimensions provided by the plans of the *Société des Forges et Chantiers* are as follow:—

|                               |   |   |   |          |
|-------------------------------|---|---|---|----------|
| Length between perpendiculars | - | - | - | 100 m.   |
| Extreme beam                  | - | - | - | 18.50 m. |
| Depth                         | - | - | - | 10.64 m. |



|              |   |   |   |   |   |             |
|--------------|---|---|---|---|---|-------------|
| Mean draught | - | - | - | - | - | 6.65 m.     |
| Displacement | - | - | - | - | - | 6,901 tons. |

The total displacement of 6,901 tons was distributed as follows:—

|                                                   | Tons.       |
|---------------------------------------------------|-------------|
| Crew, provisions, and water                       | 183         |
| Light armament                                    | 160         |
| Artillery and ammunition                          | 665         |
| Motive and auxiliary engines                      | 1,145       |
| Armour, including the plates of the armoured deck | 2,108       |
| Hull and accessories                              | 2,240       |
| Coal                                              | 400         |
|                                                   | <hr/> 6,901 |

It is interesting to note the prices submitted by the various competing firms:—

|                                        | England.          | £       |
|----------------------------------------|-------------------|---------|
| Armstrong                              | -                 | 387,000 |
|                                        | (Without armour.) |         |
| Barrow-in-Furness                      | -                 | 399,000 |
| Earl                                   | -                 | 390,000 |
| Fairfield                              | -                 | 465,000 |
| Palmer                                 | -                 | 425,000 |
| Samuda                                 | -                 | 398,000 |
| Thames Iron Works                      | -                 | 395,000 |
|                                        | France.           |         |
| Forges et Chantiers de la Méditerranée | -                 | 391,000 |
| Société des Chantiers de la Gironde    | -                 | 468,000 |
| Société des Chantiers de la Loire      | -                 | 397,000 |
|                                        | Germany.          |         |
| Germania                               | -                 | 435,000 |
| Vulcan                                 | -                 | 260,000 |
|                                        | (Without armour.) |         |

It is probable that the tenders of the German shipbuilding yards Vulcan and Germania would have been considerably lower had they not been tolerably busy in consequence of the recent vote of nearly £6,000,000 for the increase of the German Navy.

The tender of the *Société des Forges et Chantiers* was accepted a few weeks ago; and this Company has thereby added another to its already long list of industrial triumphs.

## A List of Military Inventions

PATENTED DURING THE FOREGOING MONTH.

*[This List is specially compiled for the ILLUSTRATED NAVAL AND MILITARY MAGAZINE by Messrs. Rayner and Cassell, patent agents, 37, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., from whom all information relating to patents may be had gratuitously.]*

- 9,887. Improvements in projectiles for small arms. THOMAS R. BAYLISS, 7, Staple Inn, Middlesex.
- 9,908. An improved manufacture of shells for cannons. THOMAS E. P. ISZATT, 1, Quality Court, Chancery Lane.
- 9,952. Supporting the muzzles of military rifles in skirmishing fire, and named "Captain Gallaher's Patent Rifle Muzzle Rest." GEORGE R. S. GALLAHER, 160, Upper Osbaldeston Road.
- 9,976. Improvements in or relating to coast and similar defences. THOMAS RAFFERTY, 323, High Holborn, Middlesex.
- 10,113. Improvements in cartridges and projectiles for small arms and machine-guns. EDWARD RUBIN, 53, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.
- 10,136. Improvements in projectiles for breech-loading rifled firearms. THOMAS FERDINAND WALKER, 55 and 56, Chancery Lane, London.
- 10,157. Improvements in registering targets and balance frames for same. ROBERT FREDERIC JEFFRIES, 77, Chancery Lane, London.
- 10,265. An improved magazine repeating rifle. ALEXANDER HAYES SINGLETON, 94, Holland Road, Kensington, London.
- 10,666. Improvements in machinery for making gunpowder pellets or compressed cartridges. LEYSHON DAVIES and JOHN TURNBULL, junior, 62, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.
- 10,809. Apparatus for miniature practice with ordnance. LEICESTER BRADNEY STEPHENS, Darlington Works, Southwark Bridge Road, London.

### SPECIFICATIONS PUBLISHED.

- 10,018. JEFFRIES. Machine-guns. 1888. 8d.
- 10,905. CHRISTIE (Canet). Gun mountings. 1888. 1s. 1d.
- 11,738. ALLPORT. Rifle rods. 1888. 6d.
- 11,851. MITHLE AND FRANKE. Rifle. 1888. 8d.
- 1,157. JONES. Guns and rifles. 1889. 1s. 1d.
- 3,141. LAKE (Die Actien Gesellschaft Grusonwerk). Quick-firing guns. 1889. 8d.

The above specifications published may be had of Messrs. Rayner and Cassell, 37, Chancery Lane, at the prices quoted.



## Reviews.

*Cold Steel: A Practical Treatise on the Sabre.* By ALFRED HUTTON, late Captain King's Dragoon Guards. (London: Clowes & Sons. 1889.)

This handsome volume should certainly find a place in the library of all interested in the noble art of self-defence. Its contents are as comprehensive as the title *Cold Steel* naturally leads us to expect, including as they do not only a complete treatise on the use of the sabre, but cursory remarks and general instructions on the employment of that weapon against the small sword or the bayonet. The *jeu d'épée*, the modern and in our opinion degenerate representative of the ancient duel, is not forgotten in these pages; and space has been found by the author, who is evidently a devotee to the theme of his choice, for a word or two on dagger or sword-bayonet play, and even the use of the constable's truncheon. This latter section the writer dedicates to his late comrades the specials of 1887, who should certainly master the concise directions here given, in case our thoroughfares should again be threatened with a revival of mob rule. We likewise recommend to the notice of peaceful and law-abiding citizens who are not disposed to submit tamely to terrorism, organized or individual, the instructions given for "commanding" the person of an antagonist armed with a knife or other short lethal weapon—the more so that they are illustrated by a number of old plates by Achille Marozzo, dated A.D. 1536. The "great stick" must be a singularly excellent gymnastic exercise, which we should like to see widely practised in this country. Being a species of cross between the quarter-staff play of Old England and that of the big two-handed sword as practised in Italy, its potentialities, both for amusement and physical development, are evidently great. As to Captain Hutton's system of sabre play, with a laudable desire to exhaust the subject, he has included in his treatise every trick of fence, whether practically useful or merely curious and ornamental, which the mind of the sabrist hath ever conceived. The plates are numerous and excellent, both in execution and reproduction, more than fulfilling the promise of the rather top-heavy sabre whose blade flashes across the surface of the book's cover.

*Pig-sticking or Hog-hunting.* By R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL, 13th Hussars. (London: Harrison & Sons. 1889.)

Impressed with the conviction that hunting is the image of war, Captain Baden-Powell thinks that Government should offer inducements and afford opportunities to young officers who are anxious to qualify themselves, physically as well as mentally, for their profession. It is probably true, in a limited sense, that "a good pig-sticker cannot be a bad soldier," for whatever qualification he may lack, he must possess courage, a firm seat on horseback, good nerves, an eye for country, and presence of mind; while if not originally endowed by nature with these precious qualities in an exalted degree, the soldier will surely improve them while indulging in this manly recreation. However, there is much truth in the observation that out-of-door exercise requires no State encouragement among Englishmen, whatever may be the case with the officers of the Continental armies. It is rather their intellectual powers which they are somewhat prone to neglect. But, apart from considerations of public policy, Captain Baden-Powell has written a very entertaining book, replete with incidents and facts connected with natural history. In 1885, during the great manœuvres which took place near Delhi, a boar suddenly broke cover, and, charging a Horse Artillery gun, overthrew two of the horses. Lances were instantly obtained by the head-quarter staff and the foreign officers from their native escort, and all started in swift pursuit, "amidst a chorus of *vivas*, *sacrés*, and *houp-làs*," till the brute was slain. Indeed, the ferocity of the animal seems to be of that unreasoning kind which strikes at any object, living or inanimate, which may chance to cause temporary annoyance. He has been known, for instance, to attack an elephant (very few of these pachyderms will face him), and seen to pitch his own progeny out of the way with his snout when they happen to impede his flight; while, fortunately, he will vent his fury on the hat instead of the person of the dismounted sportsman, as is represented in one of the illustrations. The graphic account, quoted at p. 72, of a conflict between a boar and a tiger should be read by everyone. It is to be regretted that the plates are of an uneven quality which by no means does justice to the writer's narrative.

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*Everyday Heroes: Stories of Bravery During the Queen's Reign, 1837-1888.* (London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.)

We have before remarked that too much publicity cannot be given to the books printed by this Society: and that support and encouragement should be liberally afforded it in its efforts to purify the general taste in the choice of literature. It has to combat the tendency to depravity in this respect which has been observable since the spread of instruction made books accessible to all classes, and to prevent the lower orders from be-



coming "rotten before they are ripe" from an educational point of view. In an age too when the love of notoriety, as opposed to true fame, drives men to such extremes of perverse folly, it is expedient to glorify, quoting from the title-page,

The bravely dumb that did their deeds,  
And scorned to blot it with a name;  
Men of the plain heroic breeds,  
That loved Heaven's silence more than fame.

In these pages we trace how Grace Darling unwittingly acquired true glory; we read of the humane exploits of Mrs. Seacole, the soldier's "mother;" of the gallant self-devotion of Captain Boyd, of H.M.S. *Ajax*; and "How the Victoria Cross was won" by Thomas Kavanagh; and such like themes.

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*The Rambler Papers.* By JEFFERY G. JEFFERY. (London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1889.)

Those who know military social life will find in these "Papers" a faithful reflection thereof. They are from the pen of one who is conversant with it. There is incontestably a freshness and power in this narrative, combined with a command of language which, with time and experience, will place the writer high among our authors of fiction. "Meg" is certainly an eccentric character, and perhaps, as such, will make enemies among those who are obstinately wedded to the conventionalities of existence. Dorman, the hero, will perhaps carry his unpopularity with him through the book's first edition; nevertheless, whatever their failings, a marked individuality is stamped on the various *dramatis personæ* who play a part in this military tale. The death of poor Dandy from poison is depicted with remarkable pathos and power.

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## At the Play.

WITH this month begins the dull time or "off season" of the theatrical world, and London finds itself with no less than a dozen of its principal theatres closed. These are the AVENUE, DRURY LANE, GARRICK, GLOBE, HAYMARKET, HER MAJESTY'S, NOVELTY, OLYMPIC, ROYALTY, ST. JAMES'S, TOOLE'S, and VAUDEVILLE, and at least five of the number break off in the middle of successful runs and by no means for lack of patronage. That a good number of playgoers remain to be catered for in August and September is evident from the fact that some sixteen or seventeen of the West End theatres still keep their doors open, and that managers as experienced as Mr. Chas. Wyndham and Mrs. John Wood bring out new pieces for their benefit.

The ADELPHI has made a popular move by reviving Dion Boucicault's "Shaughraun," one of the most spirited and telling of his many clever melodramas. The author is, of course, missed in the part of Conn, but Mr. Shine fits the place well enough; and as the cast includes Mr. Terriss (in his original part), Miss Millward, Mr. Pateman, and Mr. Abingdon it well satisfies an Adelphi audience.

The COMEDY during the absence of Mr. Hawtrey and its legitimate occupants has been taken by Miss Kate Forsyth, an American actress, for the production of "The Tigress," a drama for which Mr. Ramsey Morris is responsible. The puzzling part of this production is the reason that induced Miss Forsyth to select it for her *début* before a London audience, for she herself has a very poor part, and the only chances of the play are given to Miss Amy Roselle. Not but what this is very greatly to the advantage of the piece, which is, indeed, thereby rescued from absolute failure, but from the point of view presumably held by Miss Forsyth it seems a mistake. The story of the play is very badly put together, and its motive is so weak and wavering that one never knows which character is supposed to deserve one's interest, and one's sympathy is kept perpetually hovering in the hopes of discovering someone on whom it may settle. Practically Miss Roselle's clever, decided acting makes one chiefly sympathize with the Tigress herself, but this, we presume, is hardly the intention of the author. A rather strong cast is wasted on this feeble play. Mr. Royce Carlton, though there is a sameness about all his acting, is at home in the polite villain; Mr. Glenney struggles manfully with a vague



uncertain part; Mr. W. F. Hawtrey, as usual, does well the little he has to do; Miss Le Thiere makes the most of an aristocratic—but very badly dressed—mother; and poor Mr. Graham and Miss S. Vaughan (who are sincerely to be pitied) occasionally put a shade of humour into some of the very dullest “comic” scenes ever produced—probably the very dullest excepting those in “The Circassian.” We do not see much signs of talent in Miss Forsyth; but, as we have said, she severely handicapped herself.

At the COURT an amusing piece has been produced, called “Aunt Jack,” in which Mrs. John Wood appears, as usual, to advantage. This is preceded by “His Toast,” from the pen of the successful author, Mr. A. M. Heathcote.

At the CRITERION Mr. Wyndham has reproduced his well-known rendering of “David Garrick” for a short run before producing Mr. Burnand’s new comedy.

The HAYMARKET, which has now closed its doors till the autumn, finished up the season with a few nights of each of its late successes, “Captain Swift,” “Masks and Faces,” “The Merry Wives of Windsor,” “The Red Lamp,” and “The Ballad-monger.” In the first-named Miss Louise Moody filled the place of Lady Monckton, and Miss Norreys that of Miss Cudmore, otherwise the cast was as before. Miss Norreys also appeared as Loise in “The Ballad-monger,” instead of Mrs. Tree.

At the LYCEUM two events, both looked forward to with interest by play-goers, came off in the same week: the production of Verdi’s “Otello,” with Signor Tamagno, Signor Maurel, and Signora Cataneo in the chief parts; and Madame Sarah Bernhardt’s first appearance in England, as Lena, in the French version of “As in a Looking-Glass.” “Otello” was in every way a complete success, and probably no finer tenor than Tamagno and no better operatic actor than Maurel, have been seen on the London stage. Madame Bernhardt’s first night was much spoilt by the lack of preparation behind the scenes and the actress’s consequent “indisposition,” which, indeed, nearly prevented her appearing, and obliged her to reserve all her acting for the last acts of the play. Here, however, she gave evidence of a very thorough study of the character, and won enthusiastic applause.

At the PRINCESS’S, where the “Still Alarm” is to be revived for a time, Miss Hawthorne gave two *matinées* of “Heartsease,” which should specially be noticed here, as the latter was for a military charity.

Miss Grace Hawthorne herself represented the heroine of this mawkish and unwholesome play—so well known as “La Dame aux Camelias,” with Madame Bernhardt in the title rôle—and did her best to embody the character designed by the author, fairly supported by Mr. Lawrence Cautley as the lover. Her dresses were exquisite, and she died in the most *recherché* of demi-toilettes; but the play is in no way to our taste, and the other characters are poor and uninteresting.

At the OPERA COMIQUE, Mr. Musgrave’s successful three-act

farce, "Our Flat," has been produced, and gives Mr. Edouin and Miss Fanny Brough many opportunities for raising a laugh, of which those experienced actors make the most. There is little enough story, but the fun is well kept up, and altogether the piece answers its purpose very successfully.

At the STRAND Mr. Penley has found another part quite after his own heart, and equally to the taste of his audience. Horace Rudderkin, in "Æsop's Fables," exactly suits him, and he is much helped by Miss Alma Stanley in a part well contrasted with his. Mr. Alfred Maltby is also in the cast, and Miss Saker.

The GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT has brought out a very amusing piece called "Tuppins & Co.," in which Mr. Alfred Reed shines as usual. Mr. Corney Grain still continues his successful sketch "My Aunts in Town."

*Pieces already noticed and still running.*

COVENT GARDEN.—Italian Opera, under the management of Mr. Augustus Harris.

CRITERION.—"David Garrick," comedy, Mr. Chas. Wyndham, Mr. David James, Mr. W. Blakeley, Mr. Giddens, Miss Mary Moore, &c., and "A Pretty Piece of Business."

GAIETY.—"Faust up to Date," burlesque, Mr. J. Lonnen, Mr. H. Parker, Mr. G. Stone, Miss Florence St. John, Miss Violet Cameron, &c.

LYRIC.—"Doris," comic opera, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Hayden Coffin, Mr. Furneaux Cook, Mr. A. Williams, Miss A. Albu, Miss A. Augarde, Miss A. Barnett, Miss H. Coveney, &c., and "Funni-bone's Fix."

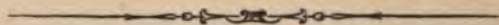
PRINCE OF WALES'S.—"Paul Jones," comic opera, Mr. H. Monkhouse, Mr. H. Ashley, Mr. Templer Saxe, Miss Agnes Huntington, Miss Phyllis Broughton, Miss Wadman, &c., and "John Smith."

PRINCESS'S.—"The Still Alarm," melodrama, Mr. E. Clery, Mr. D. G. Longworth, Miss Grace Hawthorne, Miss Cicely Richards, Miss Fanny Leslie, &c.

SAVOY.—"The Yeomen of the Guard," comic opera, Mr. G. Grossmith, Mr. R. Temple, Mr. W. H. Denny, Mr. Courtice Pounds, Miss G. Ulmar, Miss J. Bond, Miss R. Brandram, &c., and "Mrs. Jarramie's Genie."

SHAFTESBURY.—"Jim the Penman," drama, Mr. E. S. Willard, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Elwood, Mr. F. Terry, Lady Monckton, Miss Lindley, Mrs. Brooke, Miss Hardinge, &c.

TERRY'S.—"Sweet Lavender," comedy, Mr. E. Terry, Mr. A. Bishop, Mr. Brandon Thomas, Mr. H. Dana, Miss Victor, Mr. H. Reeves Smith, Miss M. A. Victor, Miss C. Addison, Miss Maude Millett, Miss B. Horlock, &c.





## Foreign Service Magazines.

### SUMMARY OF ARTICLES.

REVUE DU CERCLE MILITAIRE—ARMÉES DE TERRE ET DE MER.  
(Paris : 37, Rue Bellechasse.) June 16th, 23rd, and 30th, 1889.

The rôle of Cavalry as compared with that of other arms—The Discharge of High Explosives—The Defensive System of Spain—Artificial Inundation in Holland—The Fortifications of Antwerp.

REVUE DE CAVALERIE. (Paris : Librairie Militaire, Berger, Levrault et Cie., 5, Rue des Beaux Arts.) June 1889.

Fournier-Sarloveze (1773-1827), by General Thoumas—Reconnaissance by Cavalry, by Major-General Baron Kaulbars—Captain Raabe.

JOURNAL DES SCIENCES MILITAIRES. (Paris : L. Baudoin et Cie., 30, Rue et Passage Dauphine.) May and June, 1889.

Commissariat Tactics in the Field, by General Lewal (*continued*)—Reforms in the English Army (*continued*)—How was the Military Genius of Napoleon formed?—Fire Tactics in the French Infantry—Permanent Fortification in the Present Day—The Cavalry in the Manœuvres at Châlons in 1888—Recollections of the Campaign in Tonquin (*continued*).

REVUE MILITAIRE DE L'ÉTRANGER. (Paris : L. Baudoin et Cie., 30, Rue et Passage Dauphine.) June 1889.

The New Regulations for the Manœuvres of the German Artillery—The Artillery and Engineers in Spain—The Composition and War Effectives of the Austro-Hungarian Army—The Attack of Fortifications.

REVUE D'INFANTERIE. (Paris : 11, Place Saint André-des-Arts.) June 1889.

The Organization of the General Staff (*concluded*)—The Supply of Troops in the Field (*concluded*)—Study on the Mobilization of a Company—The Use of Railways in the Field.

REVUE GÉNÉRALE ET DE L'ÉTAT-MAJOR. REVUE MILITAIRE DES DEUX-MONDES. (Paris: Berger, Levrault et Cie., 5, Rue des Beaux Arts.) June 1889.

The Battle of Frœschwiller (*concluded*)—The Army and the Exhibition—A Journal of the Siege of Grave (*continued*)—Regulations for the General Staff.

LE SPECTATEUR MILITAIRE. (Paris: 15, Rue Saint-Benoit.) May and June 1889.

The Campaign in Mexico—Sketch of a New Regulation for Infantry Manœuvres (*continued*)—The Army and its Organization *apropos* of the Army Bill (*continued*)—The Use of Gendarmerie in the Field (*continued*)—The Great Autumn Manœuvres—Aluminium Shields and the New Projectiles—The Concentration of the German Armies.

REVUE D'ARTILLERIE. (Paris: Berger, Levrault et Cie., 5, Rue des Beaux Arts.) June 1889.

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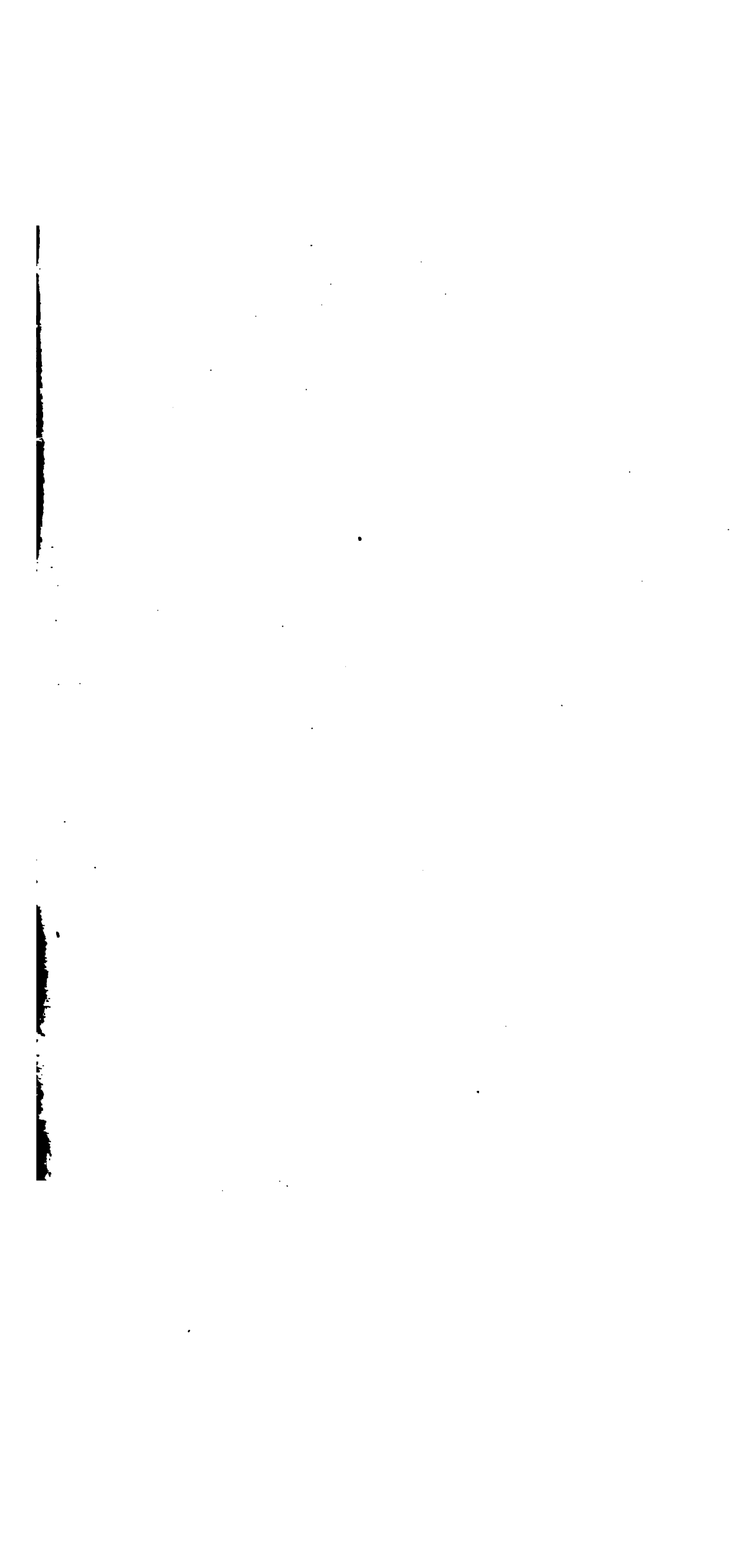
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